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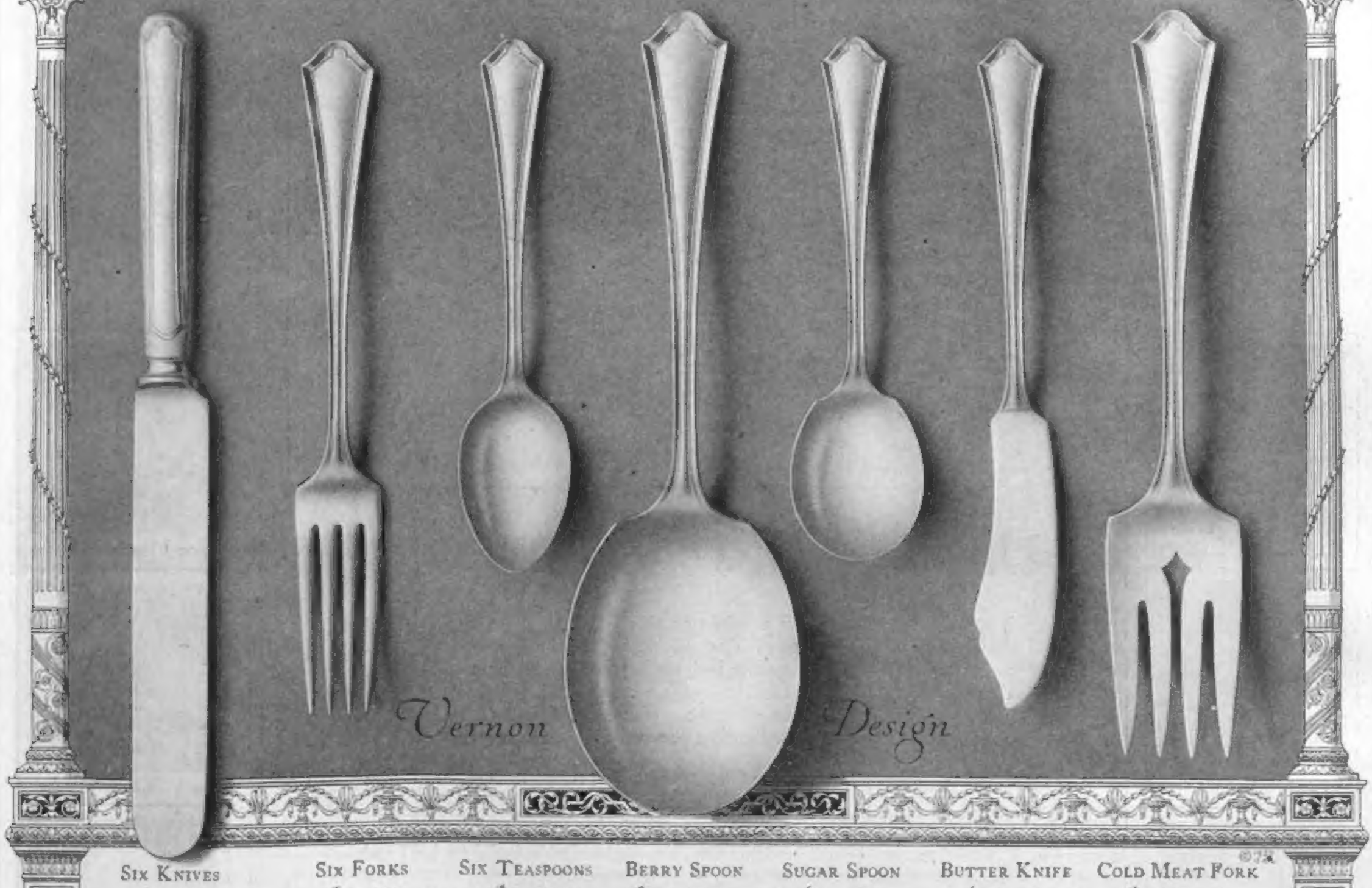

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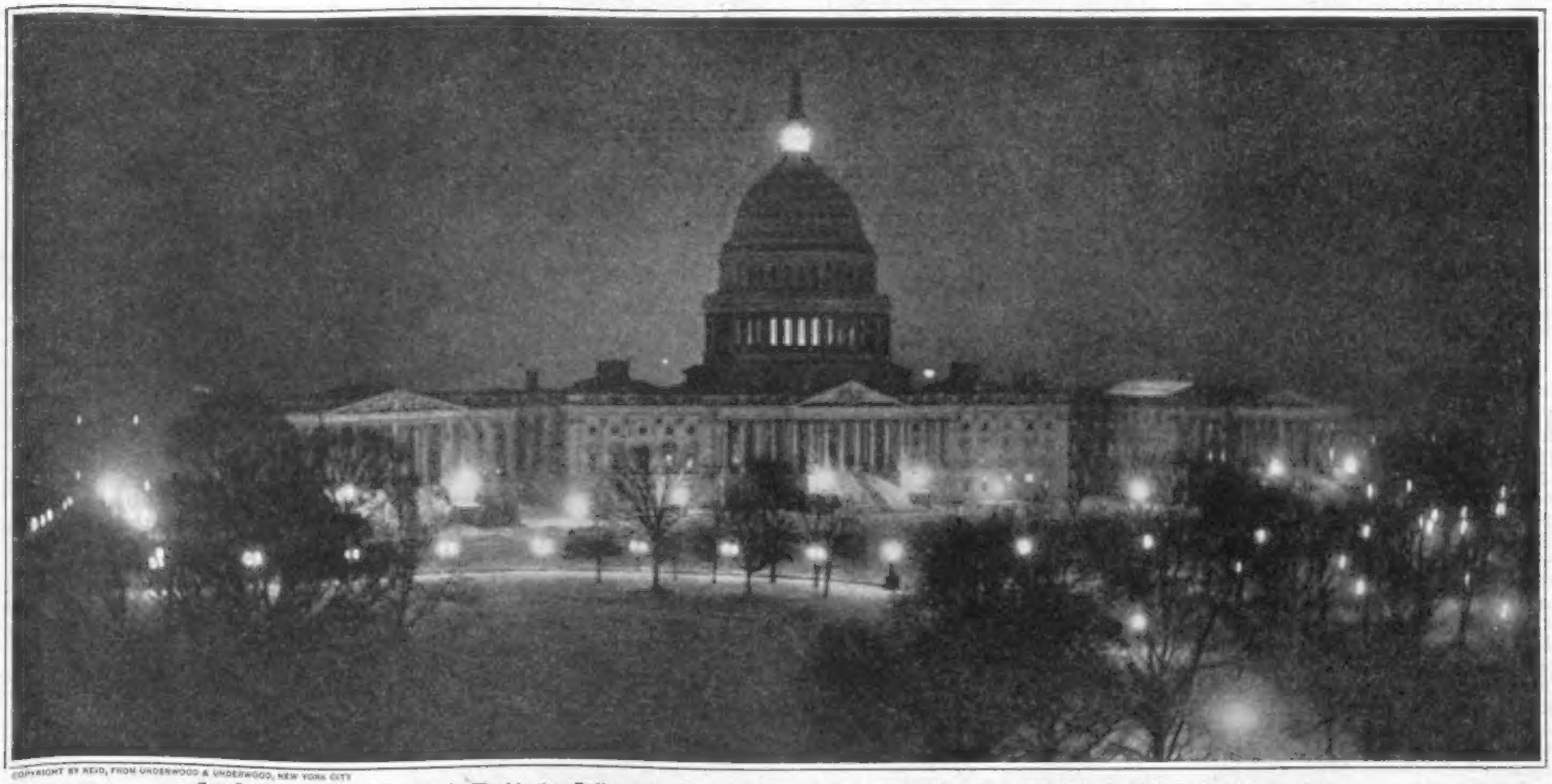
Punching the White House Time Clock—By Frank Ward O'Malley



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Any Inaugural March Fourth, So Washington Believes, Is More Glorious and Scintillant Than Even Any July Fourth the Capital Has Known

THE ghastly details of the fall from grace of the Honorable Uncle Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, on a certain Saturday afternoon in March, 1901—details which I purpose to relate in a moment in all their hideous horror—in themselves give the lie to the mistaken notion of inauguration day held by legions of complacent, self-satisfied, untraveled Americans; the half-baked notion, I mean, that a presidential inauguration is comparatively and merely more or less a necessary function of doubtful importance, anticlimactic as compared to the vital realities of the quadrennial national election day itself. And now is the time, I feel, to call a halt to the far too widespread tendency to look upon an inauguration as only a sort of glorified moving day; one on which the prominent tenant who has just taken a lengthy lease on the old place facing Public Square—and an option on a four-year renewal when the original lease shall have expired—differs from the rest of his fellow movers in no respect, except that instead of hiring the ordinary moving van of commerce he chooses to back up to the front door on March fourth hilariously, with the morris chair, bedticks and parlor furniture piled high on a red-and-gilt circus calliope that toots the whole length of Main Street steaming the Star-Spangled Banner.

There you have a superficial notion of inauguration day not shared by the residents of the national capital—who ought to know. And by the national capital I do not limit myself to the native, permanent population. For Washington, after all, really has a native, permanent population. I have in mind also that great army of acute and semichronic Washington residents who patriotically at the call of the people sever home ties by the grateful that they may flock to the capital, there to labor as nation savers as long as the voters back home will let them get away with it.

Senator Borah himself is so much more than a semichronic Washingtonian that I feel sure he must have wanted to cry out piteously, "Great Scott! Can't you take a joke?" when, a few weeks ago, it had begun to dawn upon him that his single yell "Economy!" had dumped the entire apple cart. Just when everyone else was cutting capers up and down Pennsylvania Avenue because of the certainty—then—that the inauguration ball was to be revived to top off an inaugural that gave promise of being an ecstatic riot! Far be it from me to presume to voice President-elect Harding's inner thoughts, but without looking at my hand I'll bet all the chips in front of me that when Mr. Harding—himself somewhat of a Washingtonian too—gave way to the perennial congressional yawp for economy in something or other the President-elect gave until it hurt.

For to Washington the quadrennial national election day had come to be merely a more-or-less necessary prelude to the inauguration-day celebration, as generations of Washingtonians had come to know the function, and as the happy doings this year had promised to be until Senator Borah booted the ball. No election day could hope to affect the lives, the life habits, the secret springs of innermost beings of Washingtonians, native and semichronic, as the inaugural ceremonies influenced them—meaning, of course, the kind of inauguration that was in the making this year until Senator Borah spoke out of his turn.

Can you imagine, for instance, any Texas statesman, from Joe Bailey down, annihilating life practices and principles to the extent of buying—especially wearing—a fool suit of evening clothes to wear while receiving returns on election night? Not on the election night that sends him to Washington to help save the nation! Nevertheless, in the course of the even hundred years—from 1809 to 1909—that the transcendentalized variation of the Old Home Week Grand Reception to Visiting Firemen, which a century of national capitalizers knew as the inauguration ball, exploded with quadrennial regularity, the miracle was achieved; and if President-elect Wilson at his first inauguration hadn't called off the historic night function, perhaps also Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona would have fallen for white kid gloves.

Let us briefly consider the case of Uncle Joe Cannon for proof that an inauguration day of the old kind could grip the soul of even a near-chronic citizen of Washington with a fierceness no other national shindig could hope to approach.

Uncle Joe Cannon, far back in the dim days before his party was so much as born, made a solemn vow. National celebrations came and went through the generations, each a menace to his vow, yet Joe and vow remained one and inseparable. Even when Illinois elected a President, reëlected him; even the Union troops passing through Pennsylvania Avenue in grand review after Appomattox; even Republican victories

piling triumph on triumph through the many years—all these glories came, passed, and still Joe Cannon held true and steadfast to his vow, to himself and to Danville.

Yet it was only a matter of time until the insidious something about an inauguration day got him. He fell. After fighting the devil within him for a lifetime; after, to be exact, a period of soul struggle lacking only one more month to make it total sixty-five years, Joe Cannon threw up his hands and his vow, skidded, flopped; and it was thought of a coming inauguration day that at last had put the rollers under him.

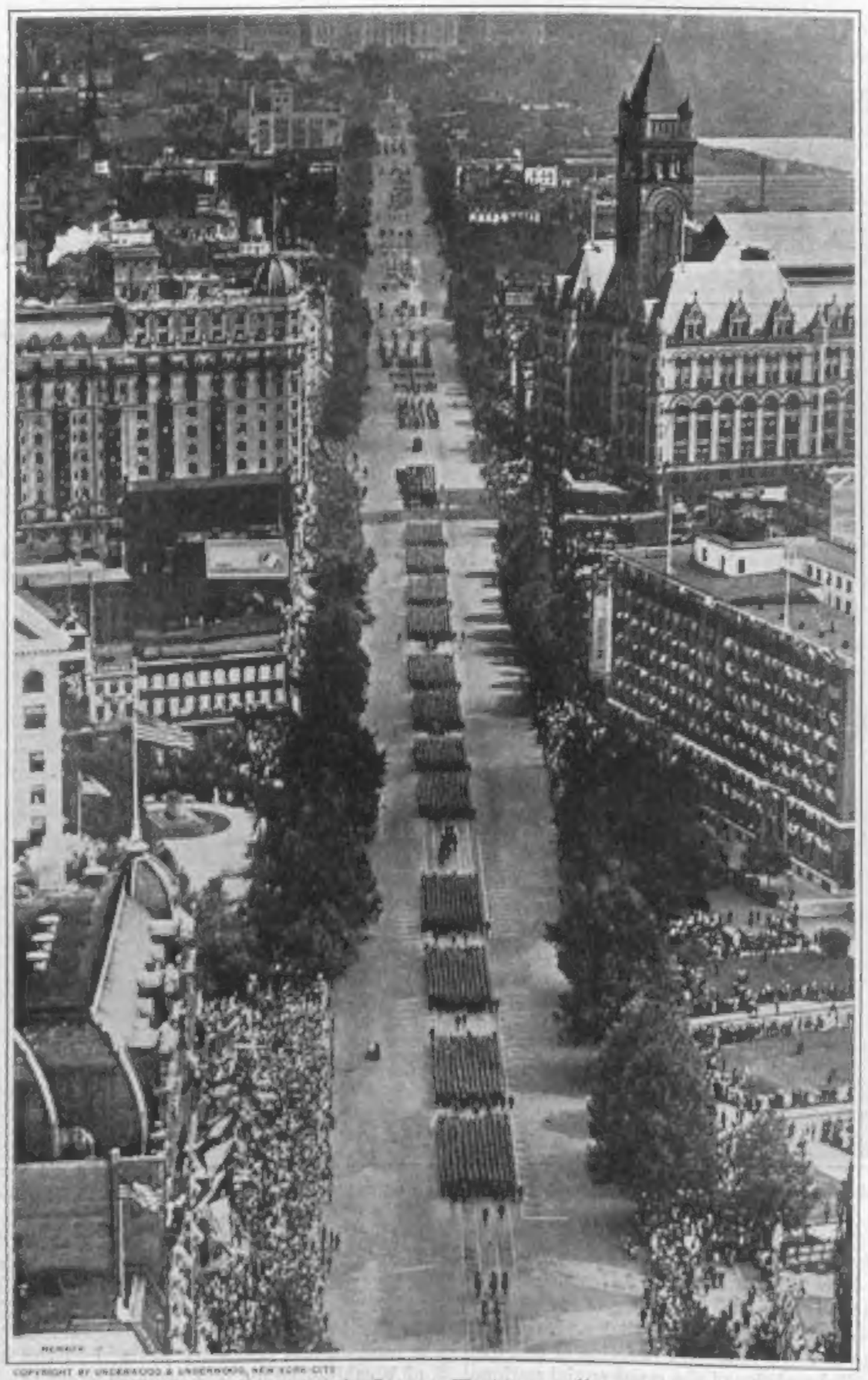
The afternoon of Saturday, March 2, 1901, saw his good intention fall to the place where such things are used for paving purposes. On that afternoon Uncle Joe was seen to halt reluctantly in front of a certain number in F Street, Washington—suddenly shy toward the curb and break into a short gallop—waver, halt, turn round and go back—pass and repass the place again and again—finally burst into the shop with a rush!

"Bub," he blurted out throatily to the nifty youth behind the first counter he came to—and the far, far end of Joe's glowing cigar was whirling with electric-fan rapidity in his nervously working jaws, until the sinner seemed to be peering at the clerk through a halo of hell-fire—"Bub, let me have a look at a gosh-dratted, seven-and-a-quarter-size, gol-darned, damphool huh-high hat! Whew!"

It had taken one hundred and twelve years of presidential history, the triumphs of one Civil War and two or three lesser wars, eighty-four years of rough-and-tumble fighting between the Senate and the House over the question of which wing of the Capitol should manage the staging of each succeeding inauguration—it had taken all this historic effort and achievement to get Joe Cannon under a high hat. The point I make is that it was the thought of a coming inauguration and of an inauguration alone that finally shattered his vow.

The Battle of the Chairs

IN FAIRNESS to Joe, however, it should be stated that the provocation in 1901 was great. At this second inaugural of McKinley, to be celebrated on the Monday after the Saturday Joe bought his first plug hat, the House, Joe realized triumphantly, was to find itself on top for the first time in the fourscore and four years that the House had been battling with the Senate for the honor of stage-managing presidential inaugurations. Extremely on top, for during the ride from the Capitol back to the White House at the head of the inaugural parade none other than the Honorable Uncle Joe Cannon—representative—found in himself the first member of the Lower House that ever had ridden in the same carriage with the President at the head of an inauguration-day procession. And Joe wore his new plug hat all the way, barring the few minutes he devoted to approaching, to passing and to leaving beyond vision one section of a reviewing stand filled with home folks from Illinois. How he concealed his new plug hat from the view of Danville neighbors who could look right down from their high seats to the floor of the passing carriage is still one of the few secrets of an otherwise notably open career openly arrived at.



Act III. Scene: Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington: "Forrrrrrd March!"

So vigorous had been that almost century-old squabble between House and Senate as to which should run the ceremony of setting new Presidents to punching the time clock that the fight was potent enough, even back in a first round that was fought in a smaller congressional ring in the last days of the winter of 1817, to change the ceremony of administering the presidential oath from an indoor to an outdoor sport. Until the inauguration of the fifth President of the United States the Senate had monopolized the inaugural exercises without serious interruption, not excepting two inaugurations—those of John Adams and Madison—which had been held in the old Hall of Congress. President-elect Monroe also announced that he would take the oath in the old Hall of the House of Representatives—now officially known as Statuary Hall, unofficially as the Chamber of Horrors and always sculpturally confused by brides, grooms and other Washington transients with the Congressional Cemetery.

Scarcely had the about-to-be fifth President of the United States let it be known that he would take the oath in the House's quarters when the first great gun of the eighty-four-year inauguration war detonated all over the Capitol.

And the whole fuss started over the kind of chairs which the House purposed to place at the disposal of the Senate during the ceremonial. The Senate let it be known that instead of sitting in the House's plain wooden chairs the senators would move the red morocco chairs in their own chamber to the House side and sit in these during the exercises.

The Speaker of the House in 1817 was Henry Clay. The idea that the senators did not think perfectly good undertaker's chairs were swagger enough for them spoiled Henry's whole day. As so frequently happened when Henry was or was not angry, he began to talk. There are, of course, no shorthand notes available. Therefore, in quoting Henry briefly I am relying largely on my memory, which is none of the best, aided by such knowledge of congressional oratorical style as I picked up while still young enough in the old days to climb to the House galleries and listen.

"Red morocco chairs!" stormed Henry Clay. "Are not the plain wooden chairs fashioned by the horny hand of honest labor"—cheers—"fashioned, I repeat, from our forest monarchs that tower in our sunset fires of red"—cheers—"to white"—cheers—"clouds in our blue"—cheers—"skies, are not these chairs of the great common people"—cheers—"a people who, despite the crass incompetence, vicious extravagance and criminally stupid lack of preparedness on the part of a bureaucracy"—cheers and hisses—"which but lately plunged this nation into a second conflict with perfidious Britain"—hisses—"have triumphantly swept our seas of ——"

"In short, Mr. Speaker," interrupted President-elect Monroe approximately at this point, "you officially bar the Senate's morocco chairs from the House?"

"To coin a phrase, Jim, I'll tell the world I do!" cried Henry Clay. "When a great people—to resume—whose very Government is based on that equality of man which ——"

"Very well!" again broke in the President-elect. "If you boys refuse to get together on this proposition, I'll make you do it. I hereby announce that I shall take the oath of office outdoors on the Capitol's east stoop."

Wherefore, because of the ructions over wooden-versus-leather chairs, President Monroe was the first American Executive to take the oath out under the skies. He failed, however, to get the boys together. When he died fourteen years later, or less than five years before the birth of our still incorrigibly youthful Joe Cannon, the quadrennial Senate-House inaugural fuss was just getting into its real stride.

It gained rather than lost pep with age. The war had been going on sixty-four years when General Garfield was inaugurated, and still it had not reached its peak. The congressional din attending the Garfield inaugural exercises may have lacked the length of the Hayes-Tilden uproar of four years earlier, but equaled it in breadth and breath. By this time the Senate had become so obsessed with the notion that any inaugural function at the Capitol was its own private property that it passed a ruling to the effect that members of the House who wished to get inside the Garfield inaugural lines must first show admission tickets, issued by the Senate, to the blue-clad soldiers assembled by senatorial act on the Capitol grounds.

E-e-e-e-e-yow! Fiery syllables, poison gases, entire sentences that sputtered sparks from end to end belched from the windows of the south wing of the Capitol almost to the stroke of noon on the day Garfield was inaugurated. All of Speaker Randall's tact, all the wallop left in his right, or gavel, arm were needed to prevent a Capitol Hill debacle.

Effervescent Indignation

"MIS-TUR-R SPEAK-UR-R! This demunstration of R-r-r-republican militarism on the-e-e sacrud sod of this tem-pul of ——"

"Not even the revolting spectacle, gentlemun, of Napoleon Bonaparte rimming the nay-shun-al us-sem-ba-ly with troops to force his election as First Consul can compare with this monstrous ——"

"Cromwell himself dismissing the English Parliament was as nothing to this outrageous ——"

"In the name, suh, of this honohed body, Mistah Speakah, suh, I ask—nay, I demand, that the awmed fawces at the doahs of the Cap'tol be instunt-ly removed—in-stunt-ly, suh!"

The armed forces consisted merely of a few lines of militiamen which, at the instance of the Senate sergeant at arms—a Democrat!—had been distributed about the Capitol and its lawns to help the local police force handle the gathering crowds; also, alas, to demand that the representatives show their nice white tickets or stay in their own yard. But one militiaman in the remains of an 1865 uniform was sufficient inspiration, then as now, for a forenoon of oratory on the militarism of the opposition. The oratory did not cease until the crack of noon on inauguration day. For once the House had talked itself calm. Then everybody wiped his brow, and, as usual, hurried northward through the corridors to watch the Senate run the inaugural proceedings in the Senate chamber and out on the east portico.

By the time the Harrison inaugural exercises came along, eight years later, the boys had just about reached highest blood pressure. This time a young representative named Henry Cabot Lodge—himself a Republican, if I'm not mistaken—was the chief oral kicker at the head of the House's quadrennial inaugural battle with the Senate. The young man named Lodge let loose the instant the House learned that the Senate committee running the inaugural show had provided for the House members white tickets of doubtful potency, but had supplied the senators and their friends with tickets of a passionate red that would carry one as far as a flask of five-star hard stuff will carry one in Washington to-day, which is as far as one physically can go.

Again almost until the crack of noon on an inauguration day things threatened to become cataclysmic. It was

(Continued on Page 62)

European Hoe Men and American Farmers — By E. Davenport

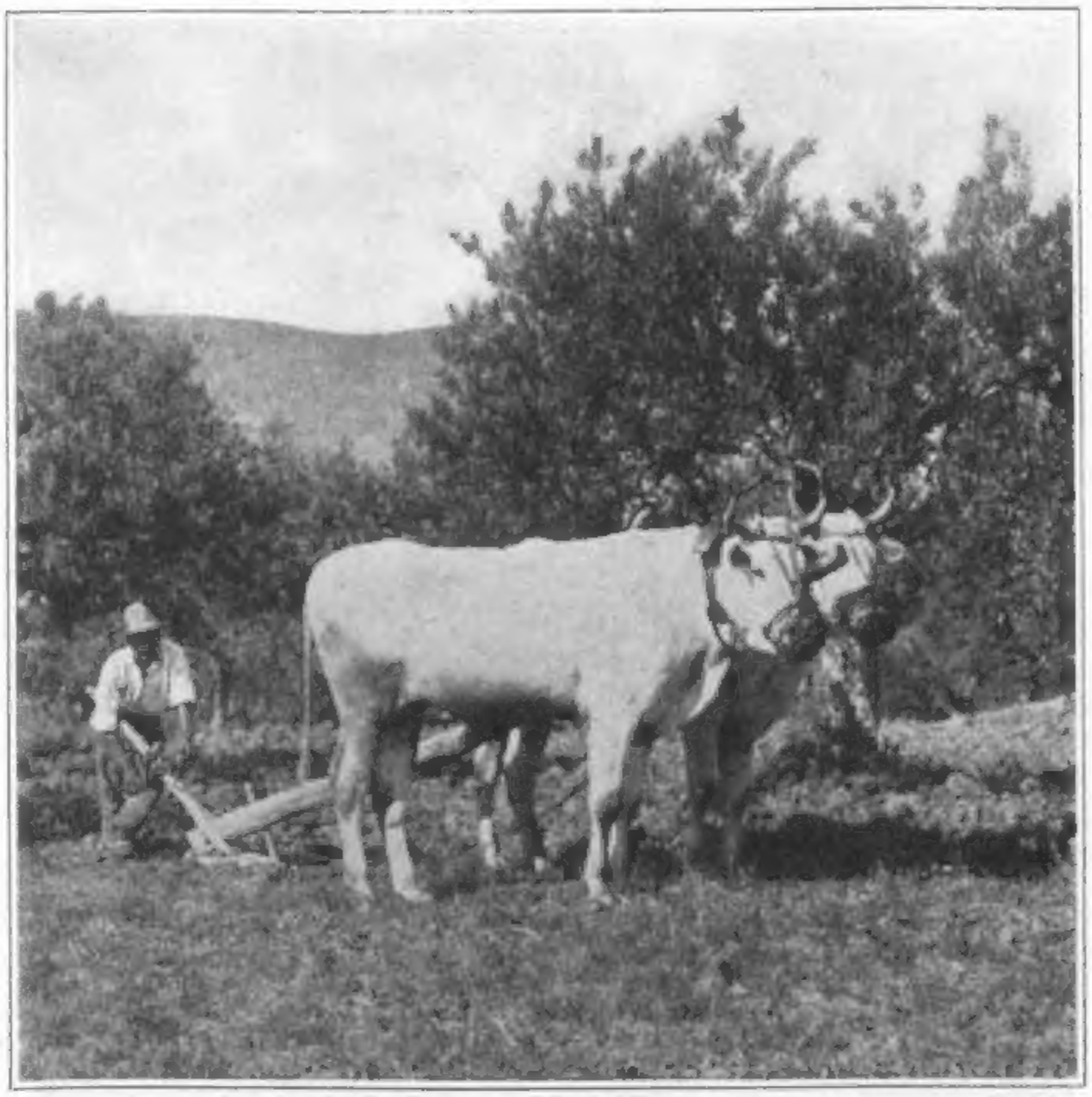
THE problem of labor is by no means confined to the city and to those organized industries that have given rise to the so-called labor problem. There is another kind of labor problem in the country and on the farm, and it is one that should command the attention of all classes fully as much as has the more noisy one of the city. It is one, moreover, about which most people outside the farm know next to nothing and about which certain misconceptions are little short of dangerous to the public welfare.

Speaking roughly, half the cost of producing food is represented by land, its appurtenances and maintenance, including taxes; and the other half is represented by labor. It may, as in most countries, be performed by man alone, or, as in this country, by man, by animals and by machinery; and thereby hangs a tale, because food production is not only our largest but our most important industry from a national point of view. It is worth while, therefore, to give some attention to the problem of labor from the farmer's point of view.

Green But Not Unskilled

WHEN the country boy comes to the city, as thousands of them do, he must, like any other novice, learn the details of his new duties, whether his position be in the office, the factory or the shop; that is to say, the farm-raised lad enters city employment as unskilled labor; and the city employer and the workmen as well make the mistake of assuming that because of this the boy himself is an unskilled laborer, and they make the further mistake of assuming that because the farm-raised boy must begin at the bottom in city work therefore farming itself is a branch of unskilled labor.

As a matter of fact, in all probability this farm-reared boy of seventeen or eighteen already knows more different kinds of activities and possesses skill in more directions than any of his associates in office or factory, or indeed most of his superiors in the ranks of the employer group. As Shakspere would say, he is green only "north northwest"; at home he would "know a hawk from a handsaw."



Abroad — An Italian Plowman and His Primitive Equipment

On his native heath it is almost certain that he can plow a straight furrow and go down the corn rows taking out the weeds without uprooting more than one hill in a thousand. He not only can milk a cow but he knows what makes her hold up her milk. He not only can teach a calf to drink without getting his fingers skinned but probably he can break and teach to work the most fiery of colts.

If he comes from the Western range, the chances are more than even that he will not only be able to ride a bucking bronco and rope a steer but that he can shoot the heads off mountain grouse with his revolver. In any case it is entirely within the probabilities that he knows precisely how to feed a bunch of cattle or a pen of pigs, and it is among the possibilities that he has both bought and sold, not only in the home markets but even in the larger markets of the world.

It makes no difference, however, what may be his knowledge of the out-of-doors or what his skill with plants and animals—they are all useless in his first start in a new environment.

He is as helpless there as his employer or his associate would be with the plunging colt or the hungry, bunting, chewing calf, and he makes about the same spectacle of himself—hence he passes as green and unskilled.

City Provincialism

FOR about the least cosmopolitan place on earth after all is the highly standardized city job and the highly organized city life. The most provincial place on earth is the modern factory organized on the efficiency basis, and the next place in provincialism is the business office organized on the same plan—namely, that one man shall know and do one thing day in and day out, and that only, knowing little and caring less as to what the end product is to be.

When such a place makes its own standards it is natural and right for its own purpose, but it must not make the mistake of assuming that every man who does not happen to know its particular brand of skill is therefore an unskilled laborer, or that other activities not so organized are therefore unskilled and can be successfully manned by what is really the unskilled labor of the world.

Measured by any reasonable standard, American farming is skilled labor. In many sections of the world crops are raised solely by hand labor and the hoe is about the only implement. It is fair to call this unskilled labor. Even though notable results are achieved by empirical methods,

(Continued on Page 72)

PHOTO. BY ASAHEL CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

In America — The Vast Palouse Wheat Fields of Washington, a Yield of No Oxen-Drawn Plowshares

HARD TO BEAT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"IS THAT so?" jeered Hardtack, who was mightily suspicious of war heroes. "Well, well! I reckon your outfit must of been the Jordan Highlanders, then, hey, buddy?—no advance without security!"

Before his new acquaintance could snap back a suitable rejoinder a fat, elderly man who occupied one of the window seats in the compartment leaned forward and said soothingly: "Shentlemen, shentlemen! The war is the one subject taboo over here. Let us not start no riot."

They were on the early morning train from Venice to Verona, which leaves the dream city at the hour the canals are steaming with dank dawn mists. Venice is not at its best then, any more than an elderly coquette. The time to see it is when the Grand Canal glows like an opal under the setting sun, or in the moonlight, with a passionate, busted tenor caroling in one of the glee-club boats, for in the cold gray of daybreak one is conscious only of the penetrating odor of stale fish and mud flats at low tide. It would make a Winthrop commuter from Boston homesick, but Hardtack hailed from Tennessee and Wally from the Middle West.

They did not show at their best, either. The clammy dew of unwashed faces after sleep was still upon them, and their clothes bore the unmistakable look of having served as pajamas. Furthermore, they were traveling third class, which in Italy is very awful and keeps unhardened visitors from overseas shimmying in misery.

The train rattled into Verona, and almost before it came to a stop a surging, struggling mob of passengers was pouring out onto the platform. They bellowed and argued, pinched, shouldered and pushed. Wally set down his suitcase in order to scratch a difficult spot between his shoulder blades and came near being submerged by the rush.

"Just like New York," he remarked philosophically. "Always in a hurry, and never do nothin' when they get there."

An official wearing a peaked cap labeled Interpreter idled on another platform. They approached him.

"Say, major," began Hardtack affably in his hoarse bass, "when does the next train leave for Innsbruck?"

"Yes," answered the interpreter.

The two pondered this reply. Then Wally tried his luck—"What days does that special run from Innsbruck to Vienna?"

The interpreter gave the query a full minute of thought.

"Yes," he said.

Upon which Wally sat down on his suitcase and lit a cigarette.

"Say, this bird's good!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now, just one more question, colonel—ain't it true that you and Julius Cæsar went to school together and you're the biggest fathead in these parts?"

"Yes," returned the interpreter, and Wally gave him a couple of lire.

"Where do you boys want to go?" It was their dish-faced acquaintance of the train again, wholly undaunted by the earlier exchange with Hardtack. They were not fastidious, but even to them he was not a prepossessing object. Originally his nose had been prominent, but something had occurred in his bright young life, and now he looked as though some lusty person had patted him heartily with a spade.

"Oh," answered Hardtack guardedly, "no place in particular. We're just scoutin' round. Sort of tourin' the Continent."

"Sent your valets on ahead, I suppose?" the other countered. "Well, anyhow, if you're figuring on goin' to Innsbruck, you got three hours to wait, because the train's late. I know, because I'm headed there myself."

"*Merci beaucoup*, general. Much obliged," said the friends and, declining an invitation to take something, installed themselves in a corner of the station bar, where they were presently joined by three wandering sailors of the United States Navy, who blew in from nowhere in particular.

"Man Alive, I'll Look Like an Aviator Scoutin' in the Boulevard des Italiens!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the third day following a secretary noiselessly entered Colonel Causey's office in Elisabethstrasse, Vienna, with the announcement, "Two gentlemen of Verona to see you, sir."

"Hey? What? What's that you say?" demanded the American technical adviser to Austria, glancing up from an intense study of coal reports. "What is this, anyhow? A Shaksperean comedy?"

"That's as much as I could gather from their conversation, sir."

All our representatives abroad are being constantly pestered by people with no other claim than a tale of woe, so this information was rather ambiguous; but a peculiar gleam in the secretary's eye caused the colonel to say, "Show them in."

Entered Hardtack and Wally. They tried to come in unobtrusively, but such was the effect of their personalities that their advent was like a gusty April wind. Although in civilian clothes, they halted three feet in front of the colonel's desk, clicked their heels together, threw back their heads with a jerk and stood rigidly at attention.

"Humph!" grunted the colonel. "I could name your outfit right now." Then he added in a tone of courteous inquiry, "Are you the two gentlemen of Verona?"

Said Hardtack in a husky rumble: "That was just a stall of Wally's, sir. He'd ought to of said a coupla mutts from Chicago. Verona was the last place we went broke. Had to put in four hours there waitin' for a train."

"Hah, I thought so! Broke, hey? And how did you go broke in four hours?"

The childish simplicity of this query from an A. E. F. veteran shocked the two friends, but they needed help and bore with him. Wally spoke up:

"Stud poker, sir. Hardtack met up with some gobs from a warship of ours that was layin' up in Venice, and they cleaned him. Twenty-seven hundred lire—and a hour and twenty minutes to spare."

"But what did he keep on for? Didn't he have sense enough to quit?"

"Colonel, sir, he don't know better'n to draw to a three-card straight, once he gets goin'. If I've told him once I've told him a thousand times stud poker ain't his game. He's a natural-born crap shooter; but when it comes to poker he's a fine mule skinner, that guy is."

"Is that so?" cut in Hardtack bitterly. "Is that so? A lot you know about it! It looked like the luck was goin' to turn any minute, colonel. I won a right nice pot, and ——"

"Sure!" his bunkie sneered. "He won once when nobody else stayed in."

"You got to admit them birds kept sayin', 'Gee, but this doughboy is hard to beat!' Didn't they now? You done heard 'em yourself!"

Wally exploded into a raucous "Har, har!" which precipitated a wrangle, quickly cut short by the colonel.

"That's enough! You can argue it outdoors. You're broke—that's the main thing. So what do you intend to do? And what're you doing here?"

It was Hardtack who supplied the information.

"We're lookin' for a war, sir. Me and Wally got fed up back home."

"Didn't get enough of fighting, hey?"

They grinned, and fidgeted uneasily.

"We was sure enough sick of it when the armistice come," Hardtack confessed. "But pretty soon it didn't seem such a bad li'l' ol' war after all. Ain't the colonel ever felt the same way?"

"Go on!" said Causey.

"Well, we played nursemaid to a express team in Chicago for nigh onto a year, sir, and the only thing that ever happened was one night when a taxi done chased Wally across the sidewalk and upstairs plumb into the middle of a wop familee. If he hadn't of hid under the bed that taxi would of nabbed him sure."

"Had a grudge of some kind against him, I take it?" hazarded the colonel, reaching for a cigarette.

"No, sir. It was a perfect stranger to me," answered Wally. "It turned out that the driver'd filled the tank up with home brew by mistake."

"Indeed!" said Causey reflectively. "Then what?"

"Well, about a month ago we blowed. We figured there'd ought to be some good chances of grabbin' a piece of money over here, sir."

The colonel nodded. "A lot of people have figured just that way," he admitted.

"Anyhow, after steerin' four army mules through the rain night after night when they was shellin' the roads, colonel, we couldn't settle down to peddlin' parcels. I swan, I was gittin' right sissified!"

"Me and you both!" cried Wally.

The colonel gazed at the warts on Hardtack's hands, shifted in his chair and said: "Of course I am always anxious to oblige. But just what sort of a war are you two gentlemen looking for?"

"We ain't choosy, sir. Just a good, average war'll do."

"With a chance at some loot now and again," Wally was emboldened to add. The colonel's manner changed.

"Now you two men listen to me!" he said sharply. "It's none of my business what you do over here so long as you behave yourselves. But the woods're full of bums with no other excuse for being here than a desire to get something for nothing. And they make trouble for us. They give Americans a bad name. You don't want to do that, do you?"

Taken aback, they were inclined to be sullen, but both replied "No, sir."

"Then my advice to you is to forget about your little war and go back to your jobs—the sooner the better. You showed you had the guts for shell fire and gas and machine guns; do you mean to stand there and admit you haven't got enough to earn an honest living?"

Neither knew what reply to make to this, but feeling vaguely that it was not the issue, Hardtack managed to mutter, "That's different."

"You bet it's different!" snapped the colonel. "We all look up to a man who has been a good game soldier in war, but don't you boys forget the good game man of peace, either. He's some hero himself. I've known many a fellow ready to take any chances in a fight who couldn't stand the gaff when it came to plugging along day in and day out taking care of a family. Take it from me"—and Causey laid deliberate emphasis on each word—"the toughest test of a man's pluck I know about is the hard, monotonous grind of standing up to everyday duties and responsibilities. For there's no excitement in that, no glory—just—just guts."

The worthy pair glanced at each other and shifted restlessly. Their tactics had been rotten—of that they were convinced—else how could an interview which had started so blithely flivver this way?

"Has the colonel anything more to say to us?" inquired Wally, plainly anxious to be gone.

"No, I think that's all. Anything I can do for you? Want a chance to go home, maybe?"

A momentary hesitation, and then Hardtack replied, "No, thank you, sir. We aim to stick round this burg a spell."

They gave him a snappy salute, made a right turn and headed out.

"Wait a minute!" cried the colonel as they reached the door. "You said you were from Chicago, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Causey, stirred by tribal instinct, "perhaps you could use this then," and from his note case he fished a ten-dollar bill.

As they descended the four flights of stairs the sobering effect of his admonitions evaporated.

"I knowed he'd come across!" exulted Hardtack. "The colonel's a good ol' guy. The minute I seen him I knowed it was all right. Us birds've got to stick together, I tell you."

"Ten iron men! Wow! Why, that's more'n three thousand seven hundred kronen in their money here, Hardtack!" declared Wally. "We're sittin' pretty now, ol'-timer. Which one of these here palaces will we buy?"

Hardtack opined that Schönbrunn, a former residence of the Hapsburgs, would make a right nice P. C., but by the time they reached the street they had decided to compromise and buy a drink as a starter. Accordingly they rallied round a table in a café and proceeded to hoist a couple.

It was the usual sort of Continental cabaret and the usual sort of crowd. An orchestra was playing American jazz, of course. They whang it in your ears morning, noon and night everywhere in Europe, so that café life has become one long, hideous din. You imbibe your soup to the agonizing moans of a saxophone and ply knife and fork to the maddening rhythm of a Broadway shimmy; and when you lay yourself down to bye-bye, hyenic cachinnations hammer you into insensibility. Strange that the Continent should make mock of some solid American virtues while taking so eagerly to our weaknesses.

Several couples were dancing, and there were at least a dozen pretty girls in the place. The display of hosiery surpassed anything to be seen in Paris—nowhere in the world have they better justification for it than in Vienna. This is the considered opinion of competent judges I have canvassed.

Hardtack noted this circumstance and then announced, "Say, this burg is all right."

To their surprise, one of the dancers jiggling past their table stopped. "Best town in the woild," he assented. "You boys been here long?"

The dish-faced man again! The pair eyed him coldly.

"I reckon you ain't never been to Chicago?" inquired Wally.

"Say, listen, buddy!" said the stranger, placing a plump, moist hand familiarly on his shoulder. "That's a jay town. I been everywhere, see? And when it comes to towns, there's only one burg worth mentioning across the Big Drink."

"I knowed it," cut in Hardtack sadly—"knowed it the minute I set eyes on this bird! He's from New York!"

Introductions now being in order, the stranger indicated his partner.

"Gents," said he, "I want to present you to the Countess Szienzi. Mitt my friends, Sophie."

The countess smiled charmingly and gave each of them a warm little hand. Wally appeared flabbergasted, but the stouter Hardtack was not a whit dismayed.

"Pleased to meet you, countess. Put her there! You're all right! My friend here is General Pershing, and I'm Marshal Foch."

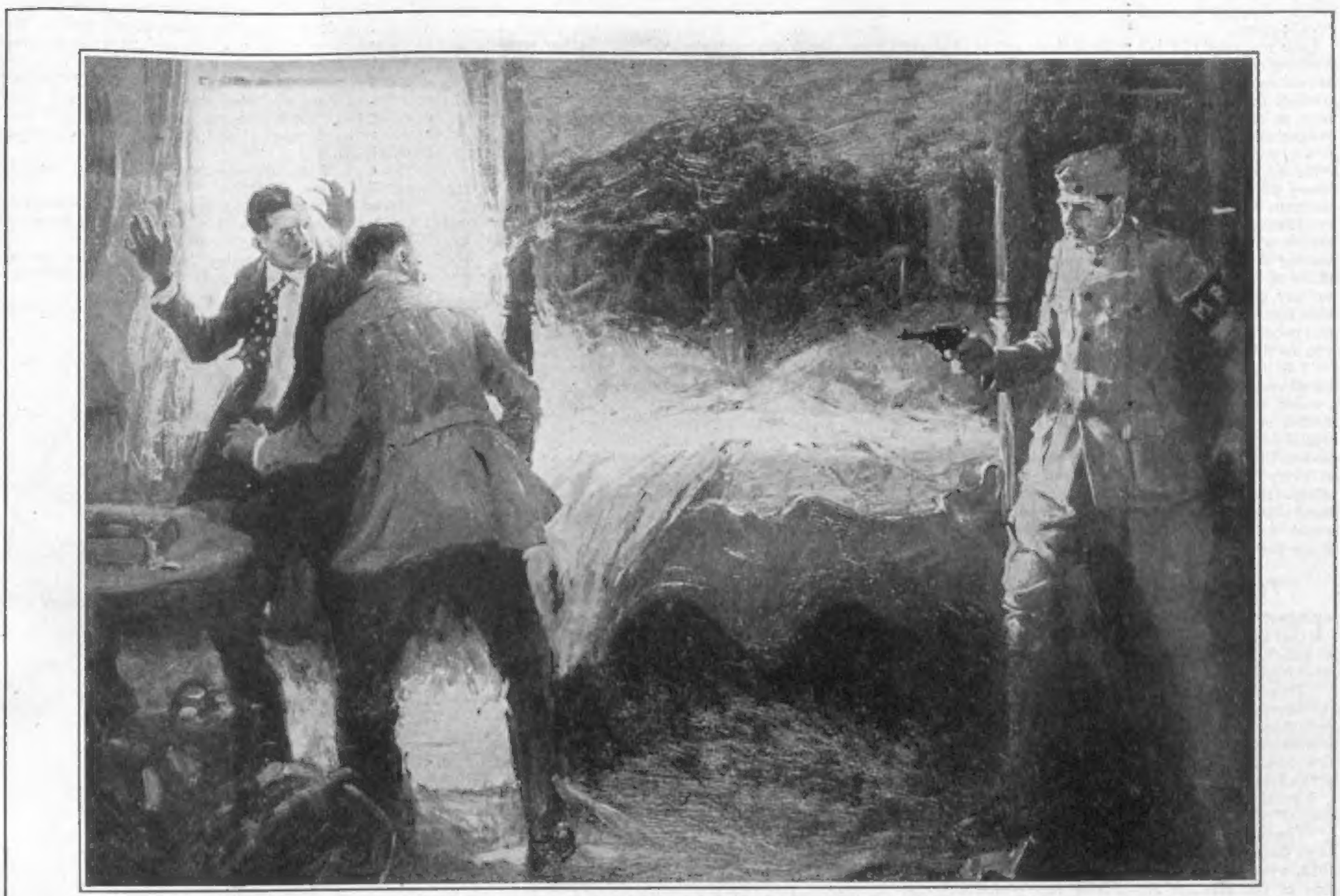
This pleasantry was lost on the countess through the fact that she did not understand a word of it. She smiled again, and accepted one of the chairs, turning her head away indifferently to survey the crowd. A deep-bosomed, slender-limbed brunette, with the whitest of velvety white skins and dark, disturbing eyes fringed with lashes about a mile long; and she had style—a sort of dashing air, tempered with soft, feminine appeal, which the French sum up in *beaucoup de chic*.

Her type is not unusual in Vienna. Far be it from me to enthuse unduly on this subject, but an observer ought not to neglect facts.

"So she's a countess, is she?" bawled Hardtack in his best foghorn manner. "Say, that's goin' some! And I suppose you're one of these here grand dukes or Knights of Pythias or somethin', ain't you now?"

Their new acquaintance frowned at him with a significant shake of the head, as though to say, "Sh-sh! You'll hurt her feelings!" Then he leaned forward and informed Hardtack in a loud whisper: "But she is a countess! I'm givin' it to you straight. I'm just a bum, you might say, but Sophie belongs to the old nobility here. Down on her luck, that's all. Sophie's a lady."

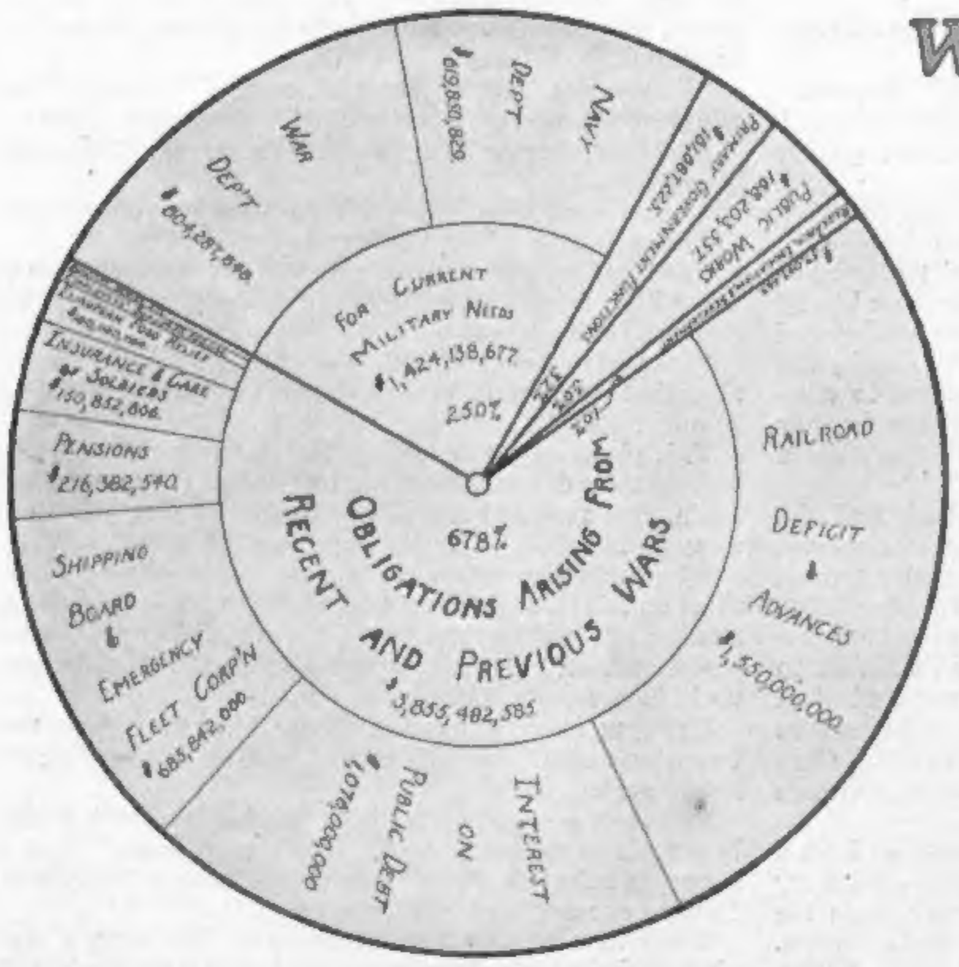
(Continued on Page 27)



"All Right, You Guys!" He Cried Briskly. "Stay Just Like You Are"

WE, U. S. & CO.—By Edward G. Lowry

Where the Big Money Goes



ONE of the most ancient stories in the world is about the fellow who, given ten dollars to buy supplies for a fishing party, bought $9.50 worth of bottled beer and fifty cents' worth of bread.

When he got out to the lake with the stuff everybody said, "You big chump! Why did you buy so much bread?"

Extravagance and waste do not lie in spending money, but in what you buy and how you apportion what you have to spend.

I was reminded of this a score of times as I went about Washington questing facts about how the Government ran its business and paid out its revenues, all derived from our earnings and savings. I found all about me in the government service men who maintained that no amount of reorganization of the Government's civil business would save us any money.

Indeed, some of these men made the assertion that more money properly could be spent to advantage on the civil functions of government. They thought a budget system, a tightening and modernizing of the mechanism, a reclassification of the personnel and a general readjustment and relating of all daily business and routine processes of the affairs of the Government might save a few dollars, but not any great appreciable sum; not nearly so much as some members of Congress and others thought. One of the men peculiarly concerned with this efficiency problem put it to me this way:

"I do not wish to minimize the importance of eliminating all waste in the civil establishments of the Government. I would do away with every scrap of duplication, every shadow of overlapping. I would reorganize the departmental service in accordance with the best practices of modern business. I would have the people get full returns on every penny expended in running the government offices. But what I want you to understand and understand clearly is that, whittle away as we may, we can only reduce the total public expenditures by perhaps a fraction of one per cent."

The Direction Economy Must Take

"I MAKE this explanation because I have the impression that many persons feel that in some way the Bureau of Efficiency ought to reduce the public expenditures several billions of dollars. Frankly, it can't do it.

"About ninety-three per cent of the money spent by the Government during the last year was on account of past and future wars. So long as we wish to maintain a military establishment of 300,000 officers and enlisted men, so long as we feel the necessity of building and maintaining a navy of the first rank, high taxes are inevitable."

A government scientist—of whom more later—thought that he could prove to me that:

"The cost of all the civil-service activities of the Government during the ten years from July 1, 1909, to July 1, 1919, averaged $2.15 a year per capita for the population of the country, and during this period the cost increased barely as rapidly as the population of the country increased. At the same time the cost of commodities more than doubled, the cost of living doubled and the cost of doing private business increased in proportion. Put in other terms, the cost of the civil side of the Federal Government in 1920 was only a little more than half of what it was in 1910, if measured in commodities or if measured in money of equal purchasing power.

"During this ten-year period the wealth of the country had greatly expanded, the war had come and gone, the problems of government had enormously increased, and yet the per capita cost of these civil activities measured in commodities had fallen to a little more than one-half.

"In the face of these facts," he went on, "people are saying that the Government is extravagant, inefficient and overdeveloped. Would it not be fairer and within the truth to say that the civil side of the Government, taken as a whole, is not subject to such unqualified statements? To be sure, there are inefficiency and incapacity. Because salaries in many grades are inadequate, the turnover in the personnel has been excessive. This has tended to make the service in many cases inefficient and unsatisfactory. Too large a proportion of the personnel is inexperienced; too many are learners; and too few thoroughly competent.

"In some branches salaries are higher than the average, and conditions are more favorable; and if at an early date the salary scale can be standardized and appreciably raised—especially where it is below the average—there is good reason to believe that conditions can be greatly improved. Given favorable conditions as to salaries, and an even chance with private business in other respects, it seems safe to expect that an enormous improvement would follow and that the executive departments of the Government would obtain results both creditable and gratifying."

As it was constantly put to me by civil servants of the better type, educated thinking men who felt that criticism of the government service was not sufficiently discriminating:

"The civil side of the Government isn't perfect. It can be improved. It wants reorganizing and reshaping. It needs a wage policy and an employment policy and some sort of central planning board to direct its daily routine processes. But we don't spend the big money. We are just pikers. We are the people who get the chicken feed—the small change that's left over after the real spenders have dipped in with both hands."

Where, then, does the big money go? Who gets it and who spends it?

Once I started looking, the answer was easy to find. The big money goes for wars, past, present and prospective. I found a hint in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, submitted to Congress in December, where he remarks:

An analysis of government expenditures for the fiscal year 1920, on the basis of daily Treasury statements, develops the striking fact that of the net ordinary disbursements of $6,403,000,000, about ninety per cent consisted of expenditures under the following heads:

Purchase of obligations of foreign governments	$ 421,000,000
War Department	1,611,000,000
Navy Department	736,000,000
Shipping Board	531,000,000
Federal control of transportation systems and payments to the railroads under the transportation act, 1920	1,037,000,000
Interest on the public debt	1,020,000,000
Pensions	213,000,000
War-risk insurance	117,000,000
Purchase of Federal farm-loan bonds	30,000,000
Total	$5,716,000,000

Substantially all the expenditures entering into this total, and a large share of the expenditures on various minor accounts, represent burdens directly traceable to the war, to past wars or to preparedness for future wars. These figures serve to indicate the direction which sincere efforts to reduce the cost of the Government must take.

I sought details. If more than ninety per cent of the entire disbursements of 1920 went for past and prospective wars, how much had we been spending to keep the world safe for democracy? We are all familiar with the argument that the best way to prevent war is to be prepared for war. I thought I might find out whether that was true. I went back into the records and found that year by year, from 1834 to 1919 inclusive, the Treasury had kept an account of the actual disbursements—not appropriations, mind you, but actual money expended—of the War Department, the Navy Department and for pensions. When I got all the figures before me I couldn't add them up. They were staggering.

I went to the biggest bank in Washington and said, "Please total those columns on one of your adding machines."

The assistant cashier took one look at them and replied, "I'm sorry; we can't. Our machines only work up to tens of millions. We never have any need to go above that. Why don't you go round the corner to the adding-machine company and ask them?"

I did, and was told: "You will want an expert operator and one of our seventeen-bank machines for that job. Try the Treasury and see if they will do it for you."

The Mounting Cost of War

IN THE Bureau of Internal Revenue they loaned me a machine and an operator, and so I know and can tell you that from 1834 to and through 1919 the War Department actually disbursed $23,002,390,008.65. In the same period the Navy spent $6,907,369,032.84; and pensioners of past wars got $5,634,079,694.23.

That is a thundering total of $29,909,759,041.49 for the Army and Navy alone and leaves out of account the $5,634,079,694.23 for pensions.

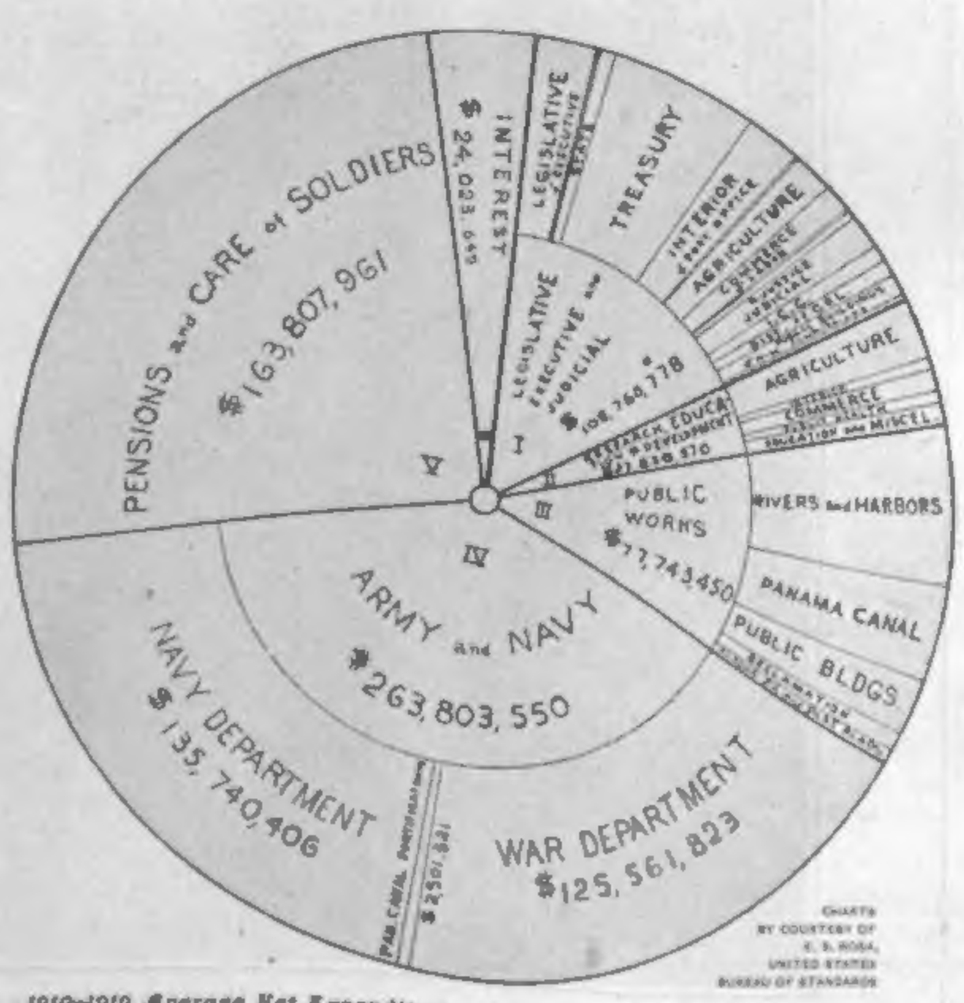
I will let you decide whether any part of this twenty-nine billion dollars spent for preparedness and for war prevented our going to war or found us prepared when we went to war. The three items I have enumerated are only ribs of the skeleton of the cost of war preparation and activity. I have not been able to excavate any other detail figures. But it is known that the War of 1812 cost, according to the most careful available estimates, about $133,703,880.

The cost of the Mexican War is estimated to have been $63,605,621.

The total cost of the Civil War, taking the period from June 30, 1861, to June 30, 1866, may be closely figured at $3,500,000,000.

Mr. Houston told Congress the other day that the net cost of the World War to us to date had been $24,010,000,000.

(Continued on Page 78)



1910–1919 Average Net Expenditure. Average Yearly Total—$662,077,958; Average Yearly Civil—$211,342,798 (Exclusive of War Cost)

VANISHED MILLIONS

The Aftermath of a Great Bull Market

By Albert W. Atwood

NOT the least significant and certainly the most colorful incident in the vast purging process of deflation out of which the country is now working itself has been the extinction through the operations of the Wall Street markets of a whole new generation of paper millionaires and multimillionaires, shoe-string captains of industry and skyrocket financiers. It is the old, old process which is technically and cynically known on the lower end of Manhattan Island as "elimination." Another suggestive method of expressing the same idea is to say that stocks have "passed from weak to strong hands."

Now it may be objected that in the almost cosmic sweep of industrial, commercial and financial forces, the fortunes, the ups and downs of what, relatively speaking, are but a handful of men cannot be of any real or vital import. It is true of course that the taking over of even large properties from weak operators, the so-called uncovering of soft spots in a stock market, the bear raids, and all the other noise and excitement of a falling level of security prices, are but superficial incidents, effects rather than causes of a vast fundamental movement which has been the inevitable aftermath of an orgy of wartime inflation and a craze for speculation.

Indeed the shifts of fortune that make Wall Street such a center of public interest are but fleeting and temporary, soon forgotten in other kaleidoscopic changes. For all the writer knows the scenes may have been shifted completely by the time this article catches the reader's eye. By then a new crop of fortunes may be springing up on a mounting wave. Conceivably the markets may have passed out of a bear and into a bull period for all anyone knows at the moment of this writing.

A Glimpse, Through the Arch of Municipal Building, of New York's Downtown Business Section. Diminutive City Hall in the Shadow of the Woolworth Building

Disappearing Profits

NOR is the general idea a correct one that the greatest losses and the greatest gains of recurring periods of depression and prosperity occur or are made in the securities markets. No stock gambler could have profited so much from sheer luck, from fortuitous circumstance, in the wild markets of 1919 and portions of the immediately preceding years as did operators in ships, sugar, silk, rice and like commodities.

Nor were the fortunes made in these articles any more uniformly due to wisdom than the vast if temporary affluence of those who operated on the Stock Exchange. In the same way even more crushing losses fell upon men in the deflation of 1920 who never operated in stocks or bothered with margin speculation in securities at all. But nevertheless each great sweep, whether downward or upward, has its permanent effect, value and moral. Industrial history of the first order is often and indeed usually made in these major convulsions, these *bouleversements* of the market place. The primary causes lie deeper, but it is in Wall Street, in the stock market, and in the rising and falling fortunes of individual human beings that mighty forces reach a climax and first make themselves apparent. Gains and losses elsewhere may be even more portentous, but they lack the dramatic quality and therefore are less striking indications of the workings of economic law.

So I submit it is not wholly without interest that the stock market through the greater part of last year, and especially toward the end of that period, passed through a slow and for the most part orderly and silent rich man's panic which from the point of view of certain groups of millionaires proved to be one of the most heartbreaking declines in the history of the country.

At the time of this writing a certain captain of industry faces a paper loss of more than $80,000,000. Not long ago this man had an actual realizable fortune of $50,000,000. What he is worth at this moment no one knows, but it is believed that when certain readjustments have been made and financial conditions have improved he will have a fortune of more than $5,000,000, which relatively large salvage is possible only because of the good sense and generosity of those who have supplanted him.

This is not idle gossip or rumor gleaned from the many excited but often penniless individuals who infest Wall Street and are always ready to furnish you with the greatest assorted collection of misinformation in the world. It is a careful and conservative statement of fact regarding what is one of the most conspicuous cases, but far from being the only "elimination" and "taking over" involving millions.

Indeed it may be said without exaggeration that we have had a wholesale wiping out of the paper wealth of men who, worth perhaps one or two or three or even five million dollars when the war boom started, extended, expanded, floated new companies, bought out rivals, dealt and negotiated, in some cases speculated and manipulated, until their fortunes on paper had mounted up to $50,000,000 and even $100,000,000.

The Eliminated

I AM not referring to mere speculators, the more or less nonessential and parasitical type of idlers who infest the brokerage offices; not even to the hundreds and perhaps thousands who in the great bull market of year before last ran modest sums up to anywhere from $50,000 to $500,000 or even $1,000,000. I am not interested even in rumors, which are probably mythical, of speculators who are said to have had credits of $5,000,000 in brokerage houses toward the end of 1919 and only one-tenth of that amount in December, 1920.

No, we are talking about real people. It is of small moment to anyone but himself what happens to this more or less professional, seat-warming type of speculator. But it is of more than passing interest when through mere financial recklessness men who have real genius for building, who honestly desire to interest the public in the great equities they have constructed and not in green goods, are carried down in the storm which perhaps their own lack of prudence has helped to stir up.

It is not a wholly new phenomenon, this sudden rise at the height of a speculative orgy to positions of industrial and financial eminence of new figures, men who mistakenly suppose their success is the result of sound principles. But like other sudden and mushroom growths they do not last. They have not built soundly and substantially enough to endure. They take no notice of changing economic conditions, and as they rise so do they fall. Indeed it may be fairly asked how would sagacity, care, good judgment and prudence meet their reward if the economic forces swerved out of pity to those who err.

Usually the eliminated one is a comparative newcomer to New York, although this is by no means always the case. At any rate he is usually a comparative newcomer to what for lack of a more descriptive phrase we may describe as the higher realms of finance and banking in Wall Street.

It is dangerous to generalize. Among those whose financial houses of cards go down are men of really great constructive ability. Nor does the mere fact that they borrowed heavily condemn them. Rockefeller and Carnegie borrowed in their early days, but somehow were more intelligent in weighing the chances properly. Other men who come to great prominence in boom times and whose crash resounds through the market place in the aftermath have never in their lives been other than gamblers of the purest dye.

(Continued on Page 48

Winnie and the Broken Heart

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Nobody Cares Whether I Fall in Love With Rex the Remarkable or Not. My Heart Might be Broken, But They Would Not Care"

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn looked across at her best friend with a smile of real affection. She had but few friends whom she felt she could really and truly trust, and of these few the one at whom she was smiling was the very best, truest and staunchest. Also, she was looking charming this morning.

"I like your kimono, dear," she said; "but the winter will soon be here, and I think you ought to have a warm, pretty dressing jacket with lots of fur and silk about it."

She nodded, turned away from the looking-glass and the sweet little lady mirrored therein and began to eat the breakfast of foamy chocolate, toast, a neat fried sole and marmalade trimly arranged on a small table drawn close to the glowing gas fire.

"Something like that little dream thing they were showing in Perlette's yesterday," she mused. "But Perlette is so ruinous. One could quite easily spend one's whole income in half an hour at Perlette's—when, like mine, it is only about two hundred."

She ate some sole.

"I do think banks are stingy," she soliloquized. "I have over four thousand pounds in the bank, and they only pay five per cent per annum for the use of it. My money too. I wonder if it would be of any use to interview the president and persuade him to increase my interest. He oughtn't to refuse to pay more for the use of that money when he knows how hard I had to work to earn it."

She laughed. "But he would. Men are such wolves—especially bank presidents."

She finished breakfast and gave a last reassuring nod to her reflection in the mirror.

"You shall have your dressing jacket, my own," she promised, "without disturbing your capital—or destroying your income."

She picked up the only letter of the morning's mail which had really interested her. It was characteristic of Winnie that it was the one letter which ninety-nine per cent of the struggling population of a hard, hard world would have thrown contemptuously into the waste-paper basket, being a request for payment of an alleged debt which Winnie had never contracted and for which she could not by any stretch of the imagination or contortion of the law be held responsible.

It was a request, not unplaintively constructed, from one of the bookmakers by appointment to Winnie's father, the late Capt. Pelham O'Wynn, that Winnie should see her way to extinguishing the amount owed by her father at the time of his decease. The figure was in the neighborhood of a hundred and twenty pounds, which amount had accrued—on paper—to the bookmaker as a result of the failure of Speedwell to win the Derby of the previous year.

What struck little Miss O'Wynn about the letter was the naïveté, the simpleness of Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, the bookmaker in question. The man actually appeared to expect some result from the application. He seemed really to believe that it was worth while wasting a perfectly good sheet of paper, a sound envelope, a certain amount of labor and typewriter wear and a pretty twopenny stamp upon the chance of getting something.

"I think Mr. Mackenzie must be a superoptimist," smiled Winnie sweetly. "I will go and see him. Poor daddy used to say he was one of the biggest bookmakers in London—immensely rich—though how such an extraordinarily advanced optimist ever grew rich is a puzzle. I should like to see how, if only out of curiosity."

She decided to call upon Mr. Mackenzie during her morning walk. On her way thither she had an amusing adventure; at least that is how she described it later to the faithful little friend in the mirror at home with whom she chattered so confidentially.

She had decided also to take in Perlette's place of pretty things in Bond Street during her walk, just to see whether that delightful, heady little creation in quilted silk and fur which she felt would suit her so well as a breakfast-in-bed wrap was still unsold.

Only a few yards from the shop she came face to face with Lord Fasterton. That wealthy wolf about town was charmed to see her.

"Dear Miss O'Wynn, you look like a—er—bluebell in Bond Street. Touch of the countryside—wind whistlin' through the harebells and jonquils and things, you know—herbs sort of thing—wild thyme. Oh, charming!"

They talked a little, and ingenuously she revealed the object of her stroll.

"Little breakfast jacket in Perlette's!" he said. "That's a very sound notion, Miss Winnie—cold mornin's coming. Health to consider—most important. Treacherous climate. Where is it? Must have warm clothes, what?"

Together they inspected the article of warm clothing. It wanted Winnie.

Lord Fasterton said so with a touch of whimsey. It was meant for her. The person who built it must have seen Winnie and designed it for her.

"Oh, but look!" said Winnie sadly, indicating a tiny but highly artistic price ticket. "Twenty-five guineas, and I can get a splendid wool dressing gown for seven guineas."

"Wool dress—oh, but that's too homely, dear Miss Winnie. You're too young for such works of art, what?"

"Oh, but they are awfully warm dressing gowns, Lord Fasterton, and it would be wicked to spend so much money on even a pretty thing like that."

Fasterton frowned slightly. He was thinking hard and it made his head ache.

"Besides, I think I am too young to wear so smart a thing as that, Lord Fasterton," sighed Winnie. "After all, I am not nineteen until to-morrow." She shook her pretty head and offered her hand.

"I must go now, please," she cooed. "Good-by, Lord Fasterton."

He shook hands reluctantly, staring rather hard at her. He was not aware that his eyes expressed anything but that vacuity considered the correct thing by his kind, and he would have been excessively surprised had he been able to read the thoughts deep down below those blue eyes.

"He looks exactly the way the leopards at the zoo look when they stare through the bars just before feeding time," she said to herself, smiled, turned and tripped away.

He gazed at the dressing jacket that wanted Winnie, then turned to look at the girl.

"Birthday to-morrow, by Jove!" he murmured, and disappeared into the shop.

The jacket was gone when Winnie chanced to pass the shop a little later on her way home.

"Oh-h! Somebody has bought it!" she said. Then she smiled very sweetly and passed on.

"I will never show mercy to a wolf, particularly a titled one," she said as she went.

Nor did she. Lord Fasterton called at her flat at tea time. He bore a cardboard box inscribed "Perlette." He had ventured to bring a tiny birthday offering to the little daughter of his old friend, Pelling O'Wynn, he said. He had the name wrong, but Winnie did not correct him. He had just time to accept a cup of tea from her charming hands and then he must run away, he said, putting his hat and stick on the floor with a most unhurried air.

Winnie thanked him with ingenuous enthusiasm, gave him a cup of tea and called forth from her bedroom a large and acidulated-looking lady whom she introduced as her old nurse and companion, Mrs. Darnall, who had come to stay with her. Lord Fasterton expressed himself charmed to meet Mrs. Darnall, heroically drank his cup of tea and proved himself to be a truthteller by leaving within a space of ten minutes. His mouth was oddly twisted.

"There are some people so innocent," he said as he sulkily entered his car, "that they haven't any conscience."

Which, quaintly enough, was exactly what Winnie, in gentler and more polite way, was saying to Mrs. Darnall, the lady in reduced circumstances whom recently Winnie had engaged to come in daily and housekeep for her.

But the affair of the dressing jacket was no more than a passing coup. Winnie had gathered in the dressing jacket on the way to greater things, just as one, on the way to the strawberry bed, plucks a casual raspberry or two *en passant*.

The greater things she envisioned on the horizon had been conjured up by her interview with that optimistic bookmaker, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, who had proved to be a quiet individual about as much like the popular idea of a check-suited, brazen-lunged pale-faced bookmaker as the modern money lender is like the late Mr. Shylock.

He was a lean, heavy-headed, thick-jowled man of middle age, with a few wrinkles too many and many hairs too few. His eyes were silent, ungenerous eyes, in that they told nothing and gave nothing away. He sat in a quiet, comfortable office, well furnished with furniture that looked as if it had been paid for, knew it and was quietly proud of it.

It was more like a visit to a lawyer than a bookmaker. He greeted Winnie briskly, even paternally, and placed a chair for her, permitting a faint surprise to soften his eyes as he took in her childlike loveliness. She was wearing a very trim, very quiet suit of dark gray, with furs to match, and a little round hat of sheeny-greeny blue, natural cock's feathers, and she looked good enough to eat. Men have committed poetry for less. Mr. Mackenzie inquired indulgently what he could do for her, and she produced her letter.

"I am very troubled, Mr. Mackenzie, please," she said, pinning him with her wide, wonderful eyes. "Somebody keeps sending me letters signed by your name asking for some money, you know. They say it is due from my father's estate—here is the last letter. I know you will be so kind as to read it."

She passed him his own letter, and he stared at it.

"They say—and they sign your name to it, Mr. Mackenzie; I think you ought to be informed of that—that my father's estate owes you a hundred and twenty pounds over a horse called Speedwell. But that's impossible, you know. You see, there isn't any such thing as my father's estate. So how can it owe anything?"

Mr. Mackenzie frowned a little. Certainly it sounded odd, put in that way.

"You see, don't you, Mr. Mackenzie?" cooed Winifred in a voice softer than the immemorial murmur of Tennyson's turtle bird. "Nothing is nothing—it can receive nothing, owe nothing and pay nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Mr. Mackenzie rather blankly.

Winnie smiled with the enchanting naïveté of a child.

"The lawyer who explained about poor daddy's debts to people who wanted them paid said that I was the only estate daddy left—a penniless little girl who has to work for her living."

"I see," said Mr. Mackenzie, smiling. "And he left no insurance?"

It was a foolish question—he knew it as it left his lips. Men who were soundly insured rarely backed the Speedwells of the turf. They usually backed those steady old reliables, Endowment or Whole Life, with their good money.

The bookmaker stared intently at Winnie for a moment, then slowly tore the letter to bits, which he contributed to the wastebasket. The surprise in his hard eyes became more apparent. He had seen many ladies sitting in that chair talking about horse racing—from the wrong side of the ledger—but they were chiefly ladies who knew things and knew they knew them. They had been tolerably transparent, but never in his life had he seen anyone quite so transparent as Winnie. Why, the child was crystalline!

Winnie saw a fugitive gleam of the wolf look flash to his eyes for a half second. He leaned forward.

"I see, Miss O'Wynn—I understand. There are no assets. Very well, give me a kiss and I will write the whole debt off."

Winnie stared at him—secretly amazed, for the wolf look was gone.

"I don't suppose there would be any harm in my giving you a kiss to clear this debt off daddy's memory," she said slowly. "Only—please—don't you think I am only a child and I don't understand these things very well, but it seems to me that it would spoil such a generous act to make me kiss you for it; like giving a bunch of flowers with one dead one in it—spoiling them all."

Mr. Mackenzie nodded.

"You are a sensible, good girl," he said. "I was only teasing you. Now—the debt's off—paid—wiped out."

He spoke speciously, as though he had really done a generous thing, but Winnie let that pass.

"I knew you were kind, Mr. Mackenzie, the moment I saw you," she said.

He waved the compliment away, looking pleased. After all, a compliment is a compliment, even from one who is manifestly an ingénue, and few of the people who called to see Mr. Mackenzie produced any compliments.

"So you are Captain O'Wynn's daughter—and penniless," he said briskly. "Allow a man as old as your poor father to say that you are a very charming little daughter to have. Are you working for your living, or are you with friends?"

"I live with Mrs. Darnall, a friend," said Winnie, "but I am hoping that I may get a position."

She threw this small fly instinctively. That transient gleam of the wolf had not escaped her. She was not surprised at its coming, but its swift, almost instant passing had puzzled her. He rose to it like an underfed trout.

"Will you accept a position as companion to a lady—my wife?" he asked, adding quickly and with a certain eagerness before she could answer: "But that is rather an abrupt way of putting it. How could you decide until you have seen our home and met my wife?" He laughed. His laugh sounded as though it was not often used. "It would be a very easy and, I think you will find, a pleasant position."

"I am sure it would be, Mr. Mackenzie. Please, what is the salary? Does that sound very greedy? I have to ask it, don't I, in order to find out?"

"Oh, good very good, indeed! We can settle that later, but my wife likes to pay a very good salary. And I am sure you and she would get on famously." He reflected.

"Now, as it happens, my wife is dining in town with me to-night. Perhaps you could join us, Miss O'Wynn. We can all dine just quietly together and chat it over. Don't you think that's a good idea?"

"Yes, very," said Winnie. "I would like to do that, and it is very, very kind of you to propose it."

"Good! And, by the way, my name is Ripon—Mackenzie is the name of the firm."

II

BUT the peculiar eagerness to secure Winnie as companion to his wife which Mr. Ripon had evinced faded into a mere shadowy wisp against the grim determination shown by Mrs. Ripon within five minutes of meeting the girl that evening.

The lady was a large, ill-preserved blonde, carrying more style—and more signs of her lowly origin—than her husband. Her eyes were large, prominent and hard, her lips thin and her mouth bad tempered. Her complexion did not fit her very well. Her diamonds were excessive, and her furs bore eloquent witness to the fact that poor Pelham O'Wynn had not been the only client of her husband afflicted with a great and ingrowing gift for selecting the more wooden wonders of the turf.

But, nevertheless, after one long, searching, steady stare at the girl, she metaphorically clamped a pair of large, pinkish, slightly muscular arms round the girl and hugged her to her bosom.

"They want me," breathed Winnie to herself. "They want me badly."

Her blue baby eyes absorbed the lady like blue blotting paper absorbing pink ink.

"She's hard—I think she is the hardest woman I have ever seen," reflected the girl. "It is not for my sake that they want me—it's for their own. They have a reason: They want to use me. Oh, why won't the people stop trying to take these advantages of me? They just force me to fight them with their own weapons!"

"And so you think you would like to come to Fonthill Tower as my companion, Miss O'Wynn," said Mrs. Ripon. She signed rather peremptorily to her silent husband. "You are dying to get away to the American Bar, Henry, I know. Come back in half an hour," she commanded.

Obediently Henry went, and the lady came abruptly to the point.

"I usually pay a hundred a year for a companion, Miss O'Wynn," she went on, staring with her hard, glassy eyes at the girl. "But we've taken a fancy to each other, and I would make it another twenty to you. What do you think?"

Her lips smiled.

"I think you are very kind and generous," said Winnie. "That's settled, then."

She ran a quick, bold eye over Winnie's frock. The girl had put on a little black thing—nice, but very plain. This had been purely an instinct on Winnie's part—a valuable one. The wealthy lady frowned a little.

"We mix with very good people down at Lynstead," she said. "In fact I don't mind telling you, Miss O'Wynn, that in a way I am looked upon as a sort of leader in local society. Mr. Ripon, as you may have heard, is a very wealthy man—very wealthy, indeed—and people expect a good tone from us. We've got to be smart, and I don't mind saying that I like to be smart. And I like smart people about me. How are you off for clothes?" Her hard eyes bored into the girl. "Of course I don't expect you to have much—in the circumstances."

"No," said Winnie softly, "it would be absurd for a girl in my position to pretend to have any very nice things, wouldn't it?" She leaned forward, wide eyed. "You know, Mrs. Ripon, that is exactly what I have been afraid of ever since I saw what a wonderful gown you are wearing, and your jewels, and—and—well, you. There's a certain air—a distinction—I don't quite know how to put it; but I knew from the beginning that I could never hope to catch enough of your—your *je ne sais quoi* to do you justice as your companion. I am afraid I am very dowdy," she finished wistfully, with her big eyes fixed admiringly upon the diamond-sparkling lady.

Mrs. Ripon gasped with gratification. She liked to believe that she had an air of distinction, but there were times when

(Continued on Page 32)

Mrs. Ripon Was Charmed; So Charmed That She Had No Objection to Her Husband, Who Came In Just Then, Being Charmed Also

THE HOOCH OWL

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Pardon Me, Sir!" Said a Voice in the Doorway And There Was Thorpe, the Catfooted. "Pardon Me, May I Speak to You a Minute, Sir?"

AH, YES, I am Mr. Wilfred Wilfred. So you're the chap from the perishin' newspapers, eh? No, I don't want to say a word—not a word, mind you—about the Parrington affair. Ah—especial friends of mine, the Parringtons, don't you know. I couldn't say a perishin' word about them! Jolly bad taste, after stopping with them and all that—eh, what? But won't you come in? And—er—sit down, my deah fellow—er—park yourself, won't you? It's an apricot of a day, isn't it? Ha-ha! You see I'm becoming quite used to the American slang!

I'm also more or less permanent heah, and came in the first place because of the Parringtons. Such rippin' people, they seemed to be! Ah, yes! Shocking, was it not? Reahally I would not have believed it of them! To do such a thing voluntarily, my deah chap! Can you flog it—er—beat it? Now if it had been forced upon them, why that would have been another matter—do you perceive my meaning? Ha!

Of course I wouldn't care to be quoted on this, but reahally one would have supposed that their European training would have prevented such a dénouement. But that is one of the most curious things about you Americans—the surface of you changes according to climate and surroundings, like a perishin' chameleon; and all the while underneath you're reahally the same old creatures! Do you apprehend me? I'll remark that you do! Ha!

You see I met the Parringtons in England during the war. Eh? What did I think of the war? Why the bally war bored me awfully; especially after I got invalided out and was hanging about my Cousin Lady Grace's place. Except, of course, that the Parringtons were stopping there. Ann—that's Mrs. Parrington—showed signs of oddity—usefulness and such things—even then. But it was rawther the thing at that time, usefulness. Real knowledge of a practical sort was being displayed even by many of our very best people—no one thought anything of it, don't you know, and everybody expected to revert to normal as soon as the beastly war was ovah. So the fact that Ann Parrington could make beds and look after us chaps and all that sort of thing was in no way held against her—we were all doing curious jobs, you know. And the Parringtons were fearfully good form as well as being awfully good sorts. Reahally you would hardly have taken them for Americans at all except that they had such a lot of—er—berries! Is that correct? Ha! And one could understand them—they spoke one's language, too, remarkably well. I don't mean in a grammatical sense, but in point of understanding. Does that registrar? What I mean to say is, for exarmple, when they spoke of having a little place on Long Island, one knew it wasn't more than a hundred rooms—and she was keen on polo, and took her game of bridge with precisely the right degree of seriousness. In fact she was immensely hooky—er—I mean to say, snappy. For she was careful' nevah to be serious about other things—she had no dowdy causes or boresome convictions about rights and—and—well all that sort of nonsense! I saw quite a bit of her at my' Cousin Lady Grace's—yes! Chawming girl, reahally!

Oh, yes, indeed there was a Mr. Parrington—deah old Joe. Old Black Joe, we used to call him, after one of your Southern negro ragtime melodies, because he was one of those powerful American types which would have a heavy black beard if they weren't so awfully well-groomed—shave-twice-a-day type of chap, you know. Rippin' good sort and away at the Front most of the time—deah fellow! He was a well-known business man here in the States—very much on the magnum tempus, eh, what? Of course he came back from France once in a while, and we three grew tremendously chummy.

Eh? Well rawther! I should say I could recall my meeting with her! She had done herself fearfully well in a uniform thing, of the sort that was being worn in England at the time, and looked top hole! My Cousin Lady Grace introduced us. I recall every word of it—rawther!

"Ann, old girl, this is my cousin, Lieutenant Wilfred!" said Gracie.

"Toppin', I'm sure!" I murmured.

"How-ja-do?" said Ann.

Reahally, a fellow don't forget that sort of thing—what? And I remember Ann introducin' me to her husband, too; oh, quite well!

"Joe!" said she. "This blond infant is older than he looks and has three wound stripes. Also he is your rival, old dear—my especial patient. He's a dangerous man!"

Wretchedly embarrassin', wasn't it? But that's Ann every time. Right to the point and cawn't keep even the mildest secret! Well, after that, of course, when he was home on leave, we three went about a lot and chummed up tremendously. Deah old Joe was a rawther quiet sort with his thinker always on the perishin' war, and it would have been a trifle dull for poor Ann if I had left them alone too much, although her invitation to me usually took the form of "Shall we take the child?" which query was addressed to her husband. But I generally accepted—I understood the American term "kid," d'y' see? Ha!

Well, it so came about that deah old Joe was on leave when the armistice was signed, and during the course of the evenin', which was spent, as it were, rejuvenatin' the London night clubs—durin' the evenin', as I say, our intimacy increased to an extrawdinary degree.

It was a wonderful night, and we were all simply full of pepper, as you Americans say. Oh, deah, yes—quite full. Not that I go in for that sort of thing ordinarily. I care more for ornithology—it's reahally my favorite pursuit in normal times. But Armistice Day was scarcely normal, was it now? The return to normal is never normal at first, if you distinguish my meaning. And for once plenty of champagne and jazz—or perhaps it was absinth, on account of the French, you know—went rawther well, and the night life seemed most pleasing. It's a great life if you don't permit any degree of infirmity to become incorporated in it, as you say in the States.

But as I was saying—oh, yes! During the course of the evening we became awfully deah friends. As a matter of fact, I don't reahally believe that up to the point of the third night club we had realized how frightfully fond of each other we all were; no, nor of another chap in a Belgian private's uniform, who had somehow mysteriously joined us and who later left us despite our mutual protests of—er—well, regard and all that.

The Parringtons were awfully urgent about seeing me again and what not, and I was quite broken up about it and assured them that I felt in a like fashion, and it ended in their asking me to come and live in Rosemere, Long Island, America, as soon as evah I was let out of the army and they had got home, and so forth.

"You won't regret it, Reggie," exclaimed deah old Joe, who always would insist upon calling me out of my name. His little joke, you know. Ha! "You'll be glad you came!" he said. "I got a butler makes the finest cocktail in the whole entire worl'! You can't beat him! 'Strodinary thing, but the feller don' drink dropsh himself! 'Trus' him with all our liquor! Absotively! And he maksh the finesh cocktail in America! You come an' we prove it to you!"

"Dear old Thorpe!" said Ann. "I simply couldn't live without him! He's been with us five years, Will, think of it! Five whole long years! He runs the house and attends to every detail. I couldn't get along without Thorpe."

"I'll come!" said I. "I give my solemn word!"

So you see, my deah chap, in the first instance the Parringtons showed none of this strange new development of theirs which has so completely dumfounded our whole set. They were utterly conventional, and my close friends. That's why I think it a bit thick of you, coming heah like this and trying to get information from me.

Do I like Rosemere now that I'm settled heah? Well rawther! I'll say something to that effect, as you New Yorkers put it! Quite chawming, is it not? Rosemere, I mean. Very American, of course, but quite chawming.

When I first arrived people used to endeavah to make me say that I thought it like England.

"Don't you think Rosemere is very English, Mr. Wilfred?" they would say to me. "We think it awfully like dear England—the hedges around the gardens and the drives and the general exclusiveness."

But, my word, it isn't, you know, reahally! It's too new. Sweetly pretty, but new. And not nearly so large as I

would have supposed. You see you Americans have a way of building huge houses on little pocket handkerchiefs of ground and calling them country places; while the English have enormous grounds with comparatively modest houses upon them—what? And reahally, the Rosemere houses are quite, quite new! In England the place would be considered positively—well—suburban, don't you know!

Oh, yes! I did originally stop with the Parringtons, as agreed. And I was immensely surprised at their house. Eh? Oh, yes! Awfully nice and all that, but rawther modest. I'd got quite a different impression on the other side, when they were describing it. In point of fact, their omission of any detail was what misled me; by saying nothin' about it, except that it was a little place on Long Island, they had implied such a lot. And so when I came on it was a bit of a shock to find a mere two acres with a house small enough for two servants to run.

Oh, indeed yes! The Parringtons, deah souls, were frightfully jolly and insisted upon my staying on and all that, and as I'd nothing else to do, and am awfully fond of them, and had rawther got in the way of hanging about Ann, I stayed a long while. Until I found this place, in fact. I like the community—curious fashion, don't you think, of building a place to the extent that you Americans do round about a country club! I mean making the country club the center of things. Rawther jolly, too—saves such a lot of effort, thinking up amusements for oneself, eh, what? One sits about the house and smokes and has a drink or two and writes a letter or so, and then when that's ovah, why a chap can always motor to the country club and write a letter or so and sit about and smoke for a change. It puts a lot of syncopation into life—I mean, jazz. Don't you think so? I'll affirm that it does!

Well, on one account I was far from being disappointed in the Parrington ménage. By Jove! Reahally that manservant could mix a cocktail! I am in a position to know that they had in no way exaggerated his ability! He could do almost everything else as well—a treasure of a servant, I assure you. So was his wife, the cook. Reahally, her eggs benedictine were immense, simply immense! And as for the clam broth which we had for breakfast—a sort of sequence to the cocktails of the night before, if you apprehend me—was perfection—absolutely! But Thorpe's cocktails were even better. You couldn't trounce them! Man and wife worked, as it were, in perfect harmony, and reahally the Parringtons' was an ideal place to visit, until that extrawdinary performance.

Oh, no! I couldn't say a word about it, reahally! That would be a bit thick, after stopping there so long, wouldn't it now? But I must remark, in my friends' defense, that up to the time it occurred they were perfectly normal—perfectly normal in every way during the six weeks I was in their house, the only guest except, of course, over the week-end when deah old Joe and a lot of other comparative strangers would run down for the Saturday to Monday.

Very characteristic, by the way, of you Americans to shorten the week-end—you are always in such a rush! Now in England of course the week-end begins on a Friday.

But as I was saying, for the first part of my stay everything at the Parringtons' was just the—er—usual thing, regular American home life, you know. Poor deah old Joe would get up at some ghastly hour and motor into town, and just as he was about to go I would stroll in to breakfast, and Ann would always be there. She had the most absurd notions about seeing Joe off, and when she had done so she'd see to my breakfast. It was the same thing practically every day.

"Good-by, dear," she would say—to deah old Joe, of course. "Don't forget we are dining at the Smiths' tonight." Or else "Remember those dreadful Browns are dining with us this evening!" Or some such thing, only of course, old man, you understand those names are purely fictitious. And when she said it, d'you know, Joe would look at her like some big dog that was humorin' a kitten, and say "All right, old girl," although I believe it's a fact he nevah properly appreciated his social responsibilities or cared about them greatly. You know you American men are extrawdinary about such matters, reahally! In England people realize that one has to entertain and be entertained whether one enjoys it or not. It's to be done, that's all; it's customary; and one may as well understand that for a fact and be resigned. But by Jove! D'you know, even then I rawther suspected that deah old Joe would have bolted from the whole perishin' business if he'd been let. Ha! I'm quite observant, reahally. But about our daily life.

When the town motor had driven off with him, Ann and I would go ovah the invitations and decide what had to be accepted, and who simply had to be asked to dinner, and whether or not to have a tea, and all that sort of detail. Ann nevah had even to make an inquiry about the household. Thorpe attended to all that. She nevah gave an order—even to him. And at times there was a certain inconvenience attached to this, although undoubtedly, as she frequently remarked, the comforts she got in the main more than made up for it. For exarmple, at breakfast deah old Joe would sometimes make a remark such as this, "Say, Annie, why don't we ever have pancakes?"

And Ann would reply: "I don't think Isabella cares to make them, dear—you know that each time I have ordered them they have been wretched."

"Well," said Joe mildly, "it's your house."

"And I've either got to do all the housekeeping or none of it," replied his wife. "They simply won't brook interference."

"Well, I like pancakes," said Joe.

"So do I," replied Ann. "But I wish you'd have them at noon. Servants are so hard to get, dear—and I simply couldn't exist without the Thorpes!"

You see, old chap, Isabella was Mrs. Thorpe, and I suppose if one went the other would, being married and all that. But their indifference could be beastly annoying, especially as I greatly prefer tea to coffee with my breakfast, and it meant a continual battle for deah Ann to procure it for me. One day they would have made it, and then again they would forget it, and Thorpe would calmly pour me coffee as though he had never heard the remotest mention made of tea. And of course we would not have dared complain, because in so many, many respects he was a perfect servant.

"Servants all have their faults," Ann sagaciously pointed out. "And these have very few. Where on earth do you suppose I could find another man whom I could trust so completely? We leave tobacco and sweets about and they are never touched. I simply say how many for dinner or for a reception, and Thorpe does all the rest. Why, my dear boy, how on earth could I attend to my social duties if it were not for Thorpe? I'm engaged every minute, and if I were obliged to do my own housekeeping—why you can see for yourself how utterly impossible it would be! And you know, Wilfred, how few butlers there are whom one can trust with liquor! Especially nowadays. And he never touches a drop. Why, I don't believe Joe has even seen the cellar since we got back; Thorpe has the keys; and when we are getting low he simply tells me and I tell Joe and Joe gets some more!"

You may imagine my surprise at this. I instantly drew my chair closer.

"My deah Ann, you interest me enormously!" I exclaimed. "And where, pray, does deah old Joe get it?"

"You must never tell!" said she solemnly. "On your word! I promised to tell no one, but you are nobody, old dear. He gets it right here in Rosemere from the steward of the country club."

"Imagine it!" said I. "Only fawncy!"

"Not at all, it's a fact!" said Ann. "Blump—that's the steward—and Thorpe are great friends. It was Thorpe suggested we try the club. We would never have dreamed of such a thing ourselves. But Thorpe was in the know."

"The man's a treasure!" said I. "Reahally, deah girl, you are wise to give in to him in little things."

(Continued on Page 86)

"It's Only Tea!" Said Ann With a Laugh. "You People Know How It Is Nowadays. We Haven't a Thing in the House—Not a Thing! I'm Terribly Sorry, But What Can One Do?"

WHERE WAS WYCH STREET?

By Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IN THE public bar of The Wagtail in Wapping four men and a woman were drinking beer and discussing diseases. It was not a pretty subject, and the company was certainly not a handsome one. It was a dark November evening, and the dingy lighting of the bar seemed but to emphasize the bleak exterior. Drifts of fog and damp from without mingled with the smoke of shag. The sanded floor was kicked into a muddy morass not unlike the surface of the pavement. An old lady down the street had died from pneumonia the previous evening, and the event supplied a fruitful topic of conversation. The things that one could get! Everywhere were germs eager to destroy one. At any minute the symptoms might break out. And so one forgathered in a cheerful spot amidst friends and drank forgetfulness.

Prominent in this little group was Baldwin Meadows, a sallow-faced villain with battered features and prominent cheek bones, his face cut and scarred by a hundred fights. Ex-seaman, ex-boxer, ex-fish porter—indeed, to everyone's knowledge, ex-everything. No one knew how he lived. By his side lurched an enormous colored man who went by the name of Harry Jones. Grinning above a tankard sat a pimply faced young man who was known as The Agent. Silver rings adorned his fingers. He had no other name, and most emphatically no address; but he arranged things for people and appeared to thrive upon it in a scrambling, fugitive manner. The two other people were Mr. and Mrs. Dawes. Mr. Dawes was an entirely negative person, but Mrs. Dawes shone by virtue of a high, whining, insistent voice, keyed to within half a note of hysteria. In other respects she was just damp. Her eyes and cheeks were eternally moist and never enjoyed the attentions of a handkerchief.

It was she who was voicing the terrors of the inexhaustible array of diseases that "they" said one could get. She had been to see the old lady before and after death. She was full of it, and the gin quickened her morbid palate.

Behind the bar Mr. Booth, the proprietor, bustled about in a businesslike way in an apron and shirt sleeves. The conversation of the company did not either surprise or interest him. It would probably not interest you, but it might surprise as it would certainly disgust you.

Then at one point it suddenly took a peculiar turn. It came about through Mrs. Dawes' mentioning that her aunt, who died from eating tinned lobster, used to work in a corset shop in Wych Street. When she said that, The Agent, whose right eye appeared to survey the ceiling whilst his left eye looked over the other side of his tankard, remarked: "Where was Wych Street, ma?"

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawes. "Don't you know, dearie? You must be a young 'un, you must. Why, when I was a gal everyone knew Wych Street. It was just down there where they built the Kingsway, like."

Baldwin Meadows cleared his throat and said: "Wych Street used to be a turnin' runnin' from Long Acre into Wellington Street."

"Oh, no, old boy," chipped in Mr. Dawes, who always treated the ex-man with great deference. "If you'll excuse me, Wych Street was a narrow lane at the back of the old Globe Theater that used to pass by the church."

"I know what I'm talkin' about," growled Meadows.

Mrs. Dawes' high nasal whine broke in.

"Hi, Mr. Booth, you used ter know yer wye abaht! Where was Wych Street?"

"Do You Remember It?" Said the Lord Chief Justice. "Yes, I Remember It, My Lord. It Was a Melancholy Little Street"

Mr. Booth was polishing a tap. He looked up.

"Wych Street? Yus, of course I knoo Wych Street. Used to go there with some of the boys when I was Covent Garden way. It was at right angles to the Strand, just east of Wellington Street."

"No, it warn't. It were alongside the Strand before yer come to Wellington Street."

The colored man took no part in the discussion, one street and one city being alike to him, provided he could obtain the material comforts dear to his heart; but the others carried it on with a certain amount of acerbity.

Before any agreement had been arrived at, three other men entered the bar. The quick eye of Meadows recognized them at once as three of what was known at that time as The Gallows Ring. Every member of The Gallows Ring had done time, but they still carried on a lucrative industry devoted to blackmail, intimidation, shoplifting and some of the clumsier recreations. Their leader, Ben Orming, had served seven years for bashing a Chinaman down at Rotherhithe. He was a thickly built man, the upper part of whose body appeared too heavy for his legs. His hair had once been red, but was now a kind of pallid sage color, not unlike the color of his small, malevolent eyes. The Gallows Ring was not popular in Wapping for the reason that many of their depredations had been inflicted upon their own class. When Meadows and Harry Jones took it into their heads to do a little wild prancing they took the trouble to go up into the West End. They considered The Gallows Ring an ungentlemanly set; nevertheless, they always treated them with a certain deference—an unpleasant crowd to quarrel with.

Ben Orming ordered beer for the three of them, and they leaned against the bar and whispered in sullen accents. Something had evidently miscarried with The Gallows Ring.

Mrs. Dawes continued to whine above the general drone of the bar. Suddenly she said: "Ben, you're a hot old devil, you are! We was just 'aving a discussion, like. Where was Wych Street?"

Ben scowled at her, and she continued: "Some sez it was one place, some sez it was another. 'I know where it was, 'cors my aunt what died from blood p'ison after eatin' tinned lobster used to work at a corset shop ——"

"Yus," barked Ben emphatically, "I know where Wych Street was. It was just sarth of the river afore yer come to Waterloo Station."

It was then that the colored man, who up to that point had taken no part in the discussion, thought fit to intervene.

"Nope. Youse all wrong, cap'n. Wych Street were alongside de church, way over where de Strand takes a side line up west."

Ben turned on him fiercely. "What do you know abaht it? I've told yer where Wych Street was."

"Yus, and I know where it was," interposed Meadows. "Yer both wrong. Wych Street was a turning running from Long Acre into Wellington Street ——"

"I didn't ask yer what you thought," growled Ben.

"Well, I suppose I've a right to a opinion?"

"You always think you know everything, you do."

"You can just keep yer mouth shut."

"It 'ud take more'n you to shut it."

Mr. Booth thought it advisable at this juncture to bawl across the bar, "Now, gentlemen, no quarreling, please."

The affair might have subsided at that point but for Mrs. Dawes. Her emotions over the death of the old lady in the street had been so stirred that she had been almost unconsciously drinking too much gin. She suddenly screamed out: "Don't you take no lip from 'im, Mr. Medders. The dirty thieving devil, 'e always thinks he's goin' to come it over everyone!"

She stood up threateningly, and one of Ben's supporters gave her a gentle push backward. In three minutes the bar was in a complete state of pandemonium. The three members of The Gallows Ring fought two men and a woman, for Mr. Dawes merely stood in a corner and screamed out, "Don't! Don't!"

Mrs. Dawes stabbed through the wrist, with a hatpin, the man who had pushed her. Meadows and Ben Orming closed on each other and fought savagely with the naked fists. A lucky blow early in the encounter sent Meadows reeling against the wall with blood streaming down his temple. Then the colored man hurled a pewter tankard straight at Ben and it hit him on the knuckles. The pain maddened him to a frenzy. His other supporter then got to grips with Harry Jones, and Ben picked up one

of the high stools, and seizing an opportunity he brought it down crash on the colored man's skull.

The whole affair was a matter of minutes. Mr. Booth was bawling out in the street. A whistle sounded. People were running in all directions.

"Beat it! Beat it!" called the man who had been stabbed through the wrist. His face was very white, and he was obviously about to faint.

Ben and the other man, whose name was Toller, dashed to the door. On the pavement there was a confused scramble. Blows were struck indiscriminately. Two policemen appeared. One was laid *hors de combat* by a kick on the kneecap from Toller. The two men fled into the darkness, followed by a hue and cry. Born and bred in the locality, they took every advantage of their knowledge. They tacked through alleys and raced down dark mews and clambered over walls. Fortunately for them, the people they passed, who might have tripped them up or aided in the pursuit, merely fled indoors. The people in Wapping are not always on the side of the pursuer. But the police held on. At last Ben and Toller slipped through the door of an empty house in Aztec Street barely ten yards ahead of their nearest pursuer. Blows rained on the door, but they slipped the bolts, and then fell panting to the floor.

When Ben could speak, he said: "If they cop us it means swinging!"

"Was the nigger done in?"

"I think so. But even if 'e wasn't, there was that other affair the night before last. The game's up."

The ground-floor rooms were shuttered and bolted, but they knew that the police would probably force the front door. At the back there was no escape, only a narrow stable yard, where lanterns were already flashing. The roof extended only thirty yards either way, and the police would probably take possession of it. They made a round of the house, which was sketchily furnished. There was a loaf, a small piece of mutton and a bottle of pickles, and the most precious possession—three bottles of whisky!

Each man drank half a glass of neat whisky, then Ben said: "We'll be able to keep 'em quiet for a bit anyway"; and he went and fetched an old twelve-bore gun and a case of cartridges. Toller was opposed to this last desperate resort, but Ben continued to murmur, "It means swinging anyway."

And thus began the notorious siege of Aztec Street. It lasted three days and four nights. You may remember that by forcing a panel of the front door Subinspector Wraithe, of the V Division, was shot through the chest. The police then tried other methods. A hose was brought into play without effect. Two policemen were killed and four wounded. The military was requisitioned. The street was picketed. Snipers occupied windows of the houses opposite. A distinguished member of the cabinet in a top hat drove down in a motor car and directed operations. It was the introduction of poison gas which was the ultimate cause of the downfall of the citadel.

The body of Ben Orming was never found, but that of Toller was discovered near the front door with a bullet through his heart. The medical officer to the court pronounced that the man had been dead three days; but whether killed by a chance bullet from a sniper or whether killed deliberately by his fellow criminal was never revealed. For when the end came Orming had apparently planned a final act of venom

It was known that in the basement a considerable quantity of petrol had been stored. The contents had probably been carefully distributed over the most inflammable materials in the top rooms. The fire broke out, as one witness described it, almost like an explosion. Orming must have perished in this. The roof blazed up, and the sparks carried across the yard and started a stack of light timber in the annex of Messrs. Morrels' piano factory. The factory and two blocks of tenement buildings were burned to the ground. The estimated cost of the destruction was one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. The casualties amounted to seven killed and fifteen wounded

At the inquiry held under Chief Justice Pengammon various odd, interesting facts were revealed. Mr. Lowes-Parlby, the brilliant young K.C., distinguished himself by his searching cross-examination of many witnesses. At one point a certain Mrs. Dawes was put in the box.

"Now," said Mr. Lowes-Parlby, "I understand that on the evening in question, Mrs. Dawes, you and the victims, and these other people who have been mentioned, were all seated in the public bar of The Wagtail, enjoying its no doubt excellent hospitality. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir"

"Now, what were you discussing?"

"Diseases, sir."

"Diseases? And did the argument become acrimonious?"

"Pardon?"

"Was there a serious dispute about diseases?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what was the subject of the dispute?"

"We was arguin' as to where Wych Street was, sir"

"What's that?" said His Lordship.

"The witness states, My Lord, that they were arguing as to where Wych Street was."

"Wych Street? Do you mean W-y-c-h?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean the narrow old street that used to run across the site of what is now the Gaiety Theater?"

Mr. Lowes-Parlby smiled in his most charming manner.

"Yes, My Lord, I believe the witness refers to the same street you mention, though, if I may be allowed to qualify Your Lordship's description of the locality, may I suggest that it was a little farther east—at the side of the old Globe Theater, which was adjacent to St. Martin's in the Strand? That is the street you were all arguing about, isn't it, Mrs. Dawes?"

"Well, sir, my aunt, who died from eating tinned lobster, used to work at a corset shop. I ought to know."

His Lordship ignored the witness. He turned to the counsel rather peevishly:

"Mr. Lowes-Parlby, when I was your age I used to pass through Wych Street every day of my life. I did so for nearly twelve years. I think it hardly necessary for you to contradict me."

The counsel bowed. It was not his place to dispute with a chief justice, though that chief justice be a hopeless old fool; but another eminent K.C., an elderly man with a tawny beard, rose in the body of the court and said: "If I may be allowed to interpose, Your Lordship, I also spent a great deal of my youth passing through Wych Street. I have gone into the matter, comparing past and present ordinance survey maps. If I am not mistaken, the street the witness was referring to began near the hoarding at the entrance to Kingsway and ended at the back of what is now the Aldwych Theater."

"Oh, no, Mr. Backer!" exclaimed Lowes-Parlby.

His Lordship removed his glasses and snapped out, "The matter is entirely irrelevant to the case."

(Continued on Page 106)

In Three Minutes the Bar Was In a Complete State of Pandemonium

TWO AND TWO

By Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry

XV

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WE FOUND Whipple with Dykeman. I had always liked the president of the Van Ness Avenue Bank well enough; one of the large, smooth, amiable sort, not built to withstand stress of weather, apt to be rather helpless before it. He seemed now mighty upset and worried. Dykeman looked at me with hard eyes that searched me, but on the whole he was friendly in his greeting and inquiries as to my health.

While I was getting out of my coat and stowing it, making a great deal of the process so as to gain time, I saw Cummings was exchanging low-spoken words with the two of them. I tried to keep my mind on these men before me and why I was with them, but all the while it would be running back to the knock-out blow of seeing that girl in Dykeman's place. She was double-crossing Worth! I might have grinned at the idea that I'd let myself be fooled by a pair of big, expressive, wistful, merry black eyes; but I had seen the look in those same eyes when they were turned on my boy; to think she'd look at him like that, and sell him out, was against nature.

Whipple asked me about my trip south as though it was the most public thing in the world and he knew its every detail, and accepted my reply that I couldn't take one man's pay and report to another with: "Just so, Mr. Boyne. But your agency is retained—regularly, year by year—by our bank. And our bank has given over none of its rights—I should say, duties—in regard to the Clayte case. We stand ready to assist anyone whose behavior seems to us that of a law-abiding citizen. We don't want to advance any criminality. We can't strike hands with outlaws ——"

"Tell him about the suitcase, Whipple," Dykeman broke in impatiently, rather spoiling the president's oratorical effect. "Tell him about the suitcase."

The suitcase! Was this one of the things Barbara Wallace had let out to her employer? She could have done so. She knew all about it.

"One moment, please," I snapped. "I've been away for a week, Mr. Whipple. I don't know a thing of what you're talking about. Did Captain Gilbert fail to meet his engagement with you Monday morning?"

Whipple shook his head.

"Mr. Dykeman wants you told about the suitcase," he said. "I'd like to have Knapp here when we go into that."

Dykeman picked up the end of a speaking tube and barked into it: "Send those men in!"

In the moment's delay we all sat uneasily mute. Knapp came in with Anson. As they nodded to us and settled into chairs two or three others joined us. Nothing was said about this filling out of the numbers, but to me it meant serious business, with Worth Gilbert its motive.

"Get it over, can't you?" I said, looking about from one to the other of the men, all directors in the bank. "I understand that Captain Gilbert met his engagement with you; was he short of the sum agreed?" Again Whipple shook his head.

"Captain Gilbert walked into the bank at exactly ten o'clock Monday morning. The—uh—uh—unusual arrangement—contract, to call it so—that we'd made with him concerning the defalcation would have expired in a few seconds, and I think I may say"—he looked round at the others—"that we should not have been sorry to have it do so. But he brought the sum agreed upon."

I drew a great sigh of relief. Worth's bargain was complete; he was done with these men anyhow. I was half out of my chair when Whipple said, sharply for him, "Sit down, Mr. Boyne." And Dykeman almost drowned it in his "Wait, there, Boyne! We're not through with you."

No Mistaking, This Was the Bride, Ina Vandeman. And the Man Strolling Beside Her—Could That be Worth Gilbert?

"There's more to tell," Whipple continued. "Captain Gilbert brought that four hundred thousand cash and securities in a—er—in a very strange way."

"What d'you mean, strange way? Airplane or submarine?" I growled.

"He brought it"—Whipple's words marched out of him like a procession—"in a brown sole-leather suitcase."

"With brass trimmings," Dykeman supplemented, and leaned back in his chair with an audible "Ah-h-h!" of satisfaction.

If ever a poor devil was flabbergasted it was the head of the Boyne agency at that moment. I had a fellow feeling for that Mazeppa party who was tied in his birthday suit to the back of a wild horse. Locoed broncos were more amenable to rein than Worth Gilbert. So that was why he wanted that suitcase—"had a use for it," he'd put it; insisted on an order to be able to get it if I wasn't at my office; wanted it to shove back at these scary bank officials, with his own money for the payment inside. No wonder Whipple called him an outlaw!

"Get the idea, do you, Boyne?" Anson lunged at me in his ponderous way. "The rest of us thought 'twas a poor joke, but Knapp and Whipple had both seen that suitcase before—and recognized it."

"Yes," said Knapp quietly. "It chanced I saw it go through the door that last day, when it had half a million of our money in it And here it was ——" His voice broke off.

"Certainly is startling"—Cummings spoke directly at me—"for them to see it come back in Worth Gilbert's hands, with the same kind of filling, less eighty-seven thousand dollars. Of course I didn't know the identity of the suitcase until they'd given Gilbert his receipt and he was gone."

"Oh, they accepted his money?" I said, and every man in the room looked sheepish, except Cummings, who didn't need to, and Dykeman, who was too mad to.

He shouted at me "Yes, we took it; and you're going to tell us where he got that suitcase."

"What have your own detectives—those you hired on the side—to say about it?" I countered on him, and saw instantly that the Whipple end of the crowd hadn't known of Dykeman's spotters and trailers.

"Well, why not?" Dykeman croaked. "Why not? Who wouldn't shadow that crook? Eighty-seven thousand dollars! Worked us like suckers—come-ons!"

He choked up and began to cough. Cummings came in where he left off:

"See here, Boyne, we don't want to antagonize you. You've said from the first that this crime was a conspiracy—a big thing—directed by brains on the outside. Clayte was the tool. Whose tool was he? That's what we want to know."

And Anson trundled along: "These men who have been in the war get a contempt for law, there's no doubt about it. Captain Gilbert might ——"

"No names!" Whipple's hand went up in protest. "No accusations, gentlemen, please. Mr. Boyne, this is a dreadful thing. But, really, Captain Gilbert's manner was very strange. I might say he ——"

"Swaggered," supplied Cummings coolly.

"Well"—Whipple accepted it—"he swaggered in and put it all over us. There he was, a man fresh from the death-bed of a suicide father; that father's funeral yet to occur. I, personally, hadn't the heart to question him or raise objections. I was dazed."

"Dazed?" Dykeman snapped up the word and worried it as a dog worries a bone. "Of course, we were all dazed. It was so open, so shameless—that's why he got by with it. Making use of his position as heir, less than forty-eight hours after his father was shot."

"After his father shot himself." Whipple's lowered tone was a plea. "After his father shot himself."

"Huh!" snorted Dykeman. "If a man shoots himself he's been shot, hasn't he? Hell! What's the use of whipping the devil round the stump that way? Boyne, you can stand with us or you can fight us."

"Boyne's with us—of course he's with us," Whipple broke in, his words a good deal more confident than his tone or the look of his face.

"Well, then," Dykeman ground out, "when our thief of a teller splits that eighty-seven thousand with his man Gilbert —— Shut up, Whipple, shut up! You can't stop me. We're going to know about it. We'll get them both then, and send them across. And we'll recover eighty-seven thousand dollars that belongs to the Van Ness Avenue Bank."

"Good night!" I got to my feet. "This lets me out. I can't deal with men who make a scrap of paper of a contract as quick as you gentlemen do."

"Stop, Boyne—you haven't got it all," Dykeman ordered me.

"Yes, wait, Mr. Boyne," Whipple came in. "You haven't a full understanding of the enormity of this young man's actions. Mr. Cummings has something to tell you which, I think, will ——"

"Nothing Mr. Cummings can say," I shut them off, "will alter the facts that I am employed by Capt. Worth Gilbert at your recommendation—at your own recommendation; that I have been away more than a week on his business, and have not yet had an opportunity to report to him personally. When I've seen him I'll be ready to talk to you."

"You'll talk now or never!"

Dykeman's shrill threat was interrupted by the shriller bell of the telephone. He yanked the instrument to him, and the "Hello!" he cried into it had the snap of an oath. He looked up and shoved the thing in my direction.

"Calling for you, Boyne," he snarled.

There was deathly stillness in the room, so that the whir of the great stones in the mill came to us insistently. I stood there, they all watching me, and spoke into the transmitter.

"This is Boyne."

"Hold the receiver close to your ear so it won't leak words." The warning wasn't needed; I thought I knew the voice. "Press the transmitter close to your chest. Listen—don't talk; don't say a word in reply to me. I'm in the telephone booth outside. I must see you just as soon as I can. I'll be at Gian Caminelli's restaurant—you know, don't you?—on Fishermen's Wharf—in ten minutes. If you can come, and alone, find me there. I'll wait an hour. If you can't come now you must see me this evening after working hours."

"I'll come now," I raised the transmitter to say, and quickly over the wire came the answer, "I told you not to speak—in there! This is Barbara Wallace."

XVI

I WENT away from there. Looking about me I had guessed that pretty much every man in the room believed that it was Worth Gilbert with whom I had been talking over the phone. Dykeman's trailers would be right behind me. Yet to the last, Whipple and his crowd were offering me the return-trip end of my ticket with them; if I would come back and be good, even now, all would be forgiven. I sized up the situation briefly and took my plunge, shutting the door after me, glancing across the long room to see that Barbara Wallace's desk was deserted. Nobody followed me from the room I had just left. I walked quickly to the outer door.

Little Pete switched on his engine as I leaped into the car. My "Let her go!" wasn't needed to make him throw in his clutch and give me a flying start straight ahead down the broad plank way of the Embarcadero. Looking back as we hit the belt-line tracks I saw a small car with two men in it shoot out from one of the wide doorways of the plant; but as we rounded the cliff like side of Telegraph Hill my view of them was cut off. Things had come for me thick and fast. I felt pretty well balled up. But the girl had used secrecy in appointing this interview; till I could see farther into the thing it was anyhow a safe bet to drop them.

"Pete," I said, "lose that car behind us. Only ten minutes to slip them and land me at Fishermen's Wharf. Show me what-for."

He grinned. Between Montgomery and the bay, north of California Street, there are many narrow byways crowded with the heavy traffic of hucksters and vegetable men, a section devoted to the commission business. Into its congestion Pete dove with a weasel instinct for finding the right holes to slip through, the alleys that might be navigated in safety; in less than the ten minutes I'd specified we were free again on Columbus Avenue, pursuit lost, and headed back for the restaurant on the wharf.

"Boss"—Little Pete was hoarse with the excitement he loved, as he laid the roadster alongside Gian Caminelli's—"was it on the level, what you fed the lawyer guy? Ain't you wise to where Captain Gilbert is? I've saw him ferquent since you've been gone."

"How many times is 'ferquent,' Pete?" I asked. "And when did the last 'ferquent' happen?"

"Twice," sulkily. I'd wounded his pride by not taking him seriously; but he added as I jumped down from the machine:

"I druv him up on the hill, round the place where you an' him—an' her—went that day."

Pete didn't need to use Barbara Wallace's name. The way he salaamed to the pronoun was enough; the swath that girl cut evidently reached from the cradle to the grave, with this monkey grinning at one end, and me doddering along at the other.

I gave a moment to questioning Pete, found out all he knew, and went into the restaurant wondering what under heaven Barbara Wallace would say to me or ask me.

Gian Caminelli's restaurant is not so bad a place for luncheon. If one likes any eatable the western seas produce I heartily recommend it. Where fish are unloaded from the smacks by the ton fish are sure to be in evidence, but they are nice, fresh fish and look good enough to eat. And Caminelli's is clean, with white-oilclothed tables, and a view from its broad windows that downtown restaurants would double their rent to get.

Just now it was full of noisy patrons, foreigners mostly; people too busy eating to notice whether I carried my head on my shoulders or under my arm. In a far corner Barbara Wallace's eyes were on me from the minute I came within her sight. She had ordered clams for two, mostly, I thought, to secure the privacy of our talk from the interruptions of a waiter.

I was hardly in my chair before she burst out, "Where's Worth? Why wasn't he in that office to defend himself against what they're hinting?"

"I suppose," I said dryly, "because he wasn't given an invitation to attend. You ought to know why. You work for Dykeman."

"I work for Dykeman?" she repeated after me in a bewildered tone. "I'm bookkeeper in the Western Cereal Company's employ, if that's what you mean. You understood so from the first."

"You know I didn't," I reproached her hotly. "Do you think I'd have let you on the inside of this case if I'd known it was a pipe line direct to Dykeman?"

And on the instant I spoke there came to me a remembrance of her saying that Sunday morning as we pulled up before the St. Dunstan that she went past the place on the street car every day getting to her work at the Western Cereal Company's. Sloppy of me not to have paid better attention; I knew vaguely that Dykeman was in one of the North Beach mills.

"Fifty-fifty, Barbara," I conceded. "I should have known—made it my business to learn. And Dykeman has questioned you ——"

"He has not!" indignantly. "I don't suppose he knows Worth and I are acquainted."

I could have smiled at that. There were detectives' reports in Dykeman's desk that recorded date, hour and

(Continued on Page 41)

"This Underneath-the-Surface Combustion Will Get Poked Into a Flame—She's Going to Burst Out, and Somebody's Going to Get Burned. We Don't Want That to be Worth, Barbara"

OLD-TIMER

VI

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

RUMORS heretofore discredited were discovered to be founded on facts, the facts duly recorded in the log of accredited explorers and heralded to the world. But wherever men fared, no matter how secluded the pocket of the hills to which they penetrated, they found evidence that some solitary wanderer was before them. His horses had grazed in hidden meadows and they found the ashes of his camp fires on the shores of unmapped lakes. It was said that the range that rimmed the new land in on the east was impenetrable, that no man could cross through its wild passes; but in the dead of winter, long after the Crow tribe had taken to winter quarters in the lower valleys, some white man's lone trail was often seen leading down out of these peaks which others shunned even in the warmth of summer.

He was ever welcome in the wigwams of the Crows, and frequently he tarried for a few days in their villages, but his restlessness always drove him forth to leave his tracks in the secluded fastnesses of the winter hills. When a party of explorers pressed westward up the valley of the Stinking Water to determine if an entrance might be effected from the east, they found the trails of horses leading up a tributary stream which broke in from the west where the main river flared back in a wide sweeping curve to the north and east. These tracks led them up an elk trail, threaded the mazes of a frowning gorge, crossed the lower extremities of late-melting snowbanks and out at last upon the Yellowstone Slope.

The news of the segregation of these hills and valleys he loved had brought to Mart Woodson another of those rare moments of exaltation. The invariable theme of his childhood tales had dealt with the near-serfdom of the inhabitants of far countries, and had built up in his mind the belief that the people of other lands were chattels. Now, as if in direct refutation of those ancient policies which decreed that the land was God-given only for the benefit and pleasure of the few, his own country had set aside the wonder spot of the world for the enjoyment of the many. This vast reservation, more than three thousand square miles of it, belonged to the people as a whole, a joint estate to descend to unborn generations for a thousand years to come. Never a foot of it could come into the possession of individuals or concerns.

What more could a man ask than to live his life upon his own estate comprising hundreds of square miles? This belonged to him. A thousand might share it, or ten thousand, but his own rights would ever remain the same. He could make his night fire on the shores of some stream, leave it the next morning and never look upon it again till the last day of his life, but always with the certain knowledge that on that day he could return and say "Here is my camp," and no man could wave him off. But a man should know his own property—so Mart Woodson set forth to explore every nook of this vast estate which had so unexpectedly been willed to him. His wants were few. He killed his meat as he needed it, and when he felt the necessity of gaining a few dollars with which to buy supplies he worked with the construction gang that had been sent here to hew out a primitive road system through the people's park, while the nearest railroad point was yet five hundred miles away; but mostly he roamed the hills, and whenever seen was mounted on a bay mare that mothered a mare colt. He scoured the hills for gold in summers and panned the streams from the Flathead to the Green, prospected the ledges for quartz from Big Wind River to the Gallatin.

When a party of explorers verified the existence of the stream which flowed to both seas and heralded to the world their find of Two Ocean Pass they found also a low mound of earth surmounted by a headboard slabbed out with an ax and rudely carved with the words "Tom North," testimony that in this spot men had lived and died before they came. Jim Bridger's tale of the mountain of black glass had roused a shriek of derision that echoed round the earth, yet in time others found it, as he had said they would, and as they gazed upon the obsidian cliff they found the tracks of a mare and colt along its base.

Homeric mirth had rocked the world at Bridger's assertion that he had caught fish in the icy waters of a lake and cooked them in boiling springs without rising from his seat or removing his prey from the hook. When explorers reached this spot they found the bones of fish upon the rocks. The lone wanderer had once more preceded them and cooked his meal of trout a month before they came. And it was Woodson himself who now came in for a share of ridicule and met general disbelief when he told men of the petrified forest he had found. It stood on a steep sidehill cut away by the action of water. Tier upon tier it rose, succeeding layers exposed to view, fifteen periods of forestation, one above the other. Near the base were stumps more than a dozen feet in diameter, relics of the ages past, when tropical vegetation flourished here. Above these ancient ones, in successive accumulation, was the evidence of the gradual cooling of the earth on down to date, the top strata containing vegetation of the present age. Here were not merely crumbling fragments of bygone periods but exact reproductions, the preserved record of the whole; bark and twigs intact, ferns and shrubbery, even to the buds, held in delicate tracery of stone and sprouting from the outcroppings of the cliff. But in Woodson's case the disbelief was not so widespread. Men were beginning to believe all things possible of this wondrous corner of the earth. It was decided that he should lead a party to the spot, but when they sought for him the wanderer was gone. Years later he led men to the ledges, and they found it as he had said, the most complete record of its kind in the world.

Woodson had moved on in search of new lands and for months he traveled into the west, moving by easy stages with his little pack string, sampling the ledges and panning the streams en route. Everywhere there was food in plenty and he lived off the country as he roamed. He came at last into a land whose natural wealth staggered his imagination, the giant forests of the northwest coast. There were stretches where he might travel for weeks without once leaving the timber. And such timber! Fir, spruce and cedar grew side by side, each monster capable of furnishing the lumber for a small village from within its own mighty trunk. They stood ten to eighteen feet through at the butts, rising with barely perceptible lessening of dimension, towering three hundred feet aloft, two-thirds of their height without a limb. From these a man might cut beams six feet through by a hundred feet in length as easily as eight-inch board stuff is cut from the average tree. Week after week he wandered through this king of forests, the ferns growing to his saddle skirts. There was one stretch of a hundred miles each way, covered with a solid stand of the finest timber known to man. He lingered in this tract for a solid year. Here, in this one stretch, he estimated, was enough lumber to rebuild the world, lumber that was clear, straight-grained and without a knot.

He was a man of the open, attuned to Nature's varying moods; had felt the different spells exerted by mountain, lake and plain; thought that he knew them all. Yet here was something new. There was a hush in the dim aisles of this mightiest of all forests, a reverent silence rarely broken. It was so completely roofed over by the tufted tops as almost to exclude the light. Even the night sounds were subdued, as if the wild things hesitated to raise their voices above the softest croon and cheep necessary for communication among themselves. Woodson some way disliked to shatter the silence with his voice, and when he spoke to his horses it was in the modulated tones one uses in some ancient cathedral freighted with reverent memories.

After a year the call of the Yellowstone drew him on the back trail. As he traveled he sometimes pondered about that mark he would make for himself in the world. Yet there was no hurry. There was undreamed plenty of everything in this land of his. One had but to choose his course, dip in and help himself from the storehouse that was inexhaustible, Nature's storehouse that replenished itself without help. He reflected that ever since history began this natural reservoir had been refilled more rapidly than it could possibly be depleted by man. A world of plenty; leather for all the world from the buffalo of the plains; hardwood timber without end to the eastward; free grass for fifty million cows; meat for the nation from the antelope of the plains and the elk and mule deer of the hills; wealth untold for those who would seek for it and burrow in the ground for gold; and in this great untouched forest of the northwest coast was enough lumber to roof the earth. He smiled and slapped the brown mare on the neck as a whimsical thought crossed his mind.

The Bighorn of the Peaks Gazed Down Upon the Specks That Were Antelope

Antelope Were Fleet and it Was Difficult to Stalk Them in the Flats

"She didn't forget a thing," he said. "She didn't leave one thing out. There's enough of everything to go round, and a lot to spare. Back in the Yellowstone, where we're headed for, there's enough natural and unnatural wonders to entertain the people of the world. She didn't even leave that out—plenty of everything for us all."

As he traveled eastward his desire to look again upon this best land of all increased, and he made longer packs. Soon it was rumored that the lone wanderer, for so long a part of the park, had returned to roam once more in the hills of the Yellowstone. He knew the valleys of warm springs where his horses might winter while others were forced to drive their stock to the lower country. He prospected far and wide in summer but always he came back to winter within the limits of his own estate.

After a lapse of perhaps fifteen years since Woodson and old Tom North had quit the plains a little pack train was seen winding down the east slope of the hills. The man rode a bay mare that mothered a mare colt. In the rear of the string still another bay mare, ancient and decrepit, pensioned for long service and unburdened by a pack, trailed stiffly after the rest. The man told those he met along the trails that he was headed for the lower country to join a hide outfit for one last buffalo hunt on the plains. Men smiled at the naïve plans of this Rip Van Winkle who had been asleep in the hills; for the buffalo was gone.

Woodson knew that the men from his old outfit—Hanson, Cleve, McCann and all the rest—would be wherever the most of the shaggy beasts had congregated for the southward drift of fall. But when he made inquiry he found that their names were unknown to the present-day dwellers of the foothills. Men told him that the buffalo was no more, that the last of them had been killed off to make room for the settlers' cows. As he traveled east he experienced a series of surprises. Stockmen's cabins showed at every water hole where but a few years past there had been no human habitation within two hundred miles. All this was as it should be, he reflected; a wild country tamed and made habitable for man. It was clear that the buffalo had to go to make room for the cows. But the job had certainly been sweeping and thorough. He crossed vast stretches where domestic stock had not yet arrived, but the way had been paved for them years in advance of their coming, for not a single buffalo track could he find. Little towns had sprung up with amazing rapidity. Out in the long desolate stretch between Lander and Rawlins he covered forty-two miles unmarked by a water hole, an arid region where domestic stock could not live but where the buffalo might have ranged in thousands; but here too they had been wiped out to the last hoof. It came to him that he knew of enough waste areas, as yet untouched by cows, to support a half million head of buffalo. They would have constituted a source of revenue for many years to come. Men spoke vaguely of the lost herd that lived in some unknown spot and would one day repopulate these waste stretches with buffalo.

Woodson could see that all this development was for the best: there were now homes where no homes stood before. But a vague uneasiness assailed him, a sense of something gone amiss with a popular idol. Some way it seemed that he had been warned of this. Some forgotten prophecy welled up out of the past to clamor for expression at the threshold of his consciousness. It troubled him, but he could not quite place the thing and he attempted to shake it off.

He left his horses with a cowman and held on to the east. The old trails, where once the prairie schooners and the ox bows had wound interminably to the far horizon, were no longer traveled. Steel rails stretched away in their stead; and the creak of wheels and leather and the bawls of plodding oxen—all these replaced by the rattle and roar of freight cars and the screech of the locomotive's whistle; city streets where there had been naught but dog towns on blistering flats. Truly development was wonderful, and he rejoiced with the rest over this sweeping transformation, the swiftest and most complete reclamation in the history of the world. But again the still small voice assailed him from within and whispered that a good and worthy job had been just a trifle too well done.

A cold fall storm was driving down from the north and overtook him in the salt-marsh country of Western Kansas. The waterfowl scurried ahead of it. Every pond and slough, each broad prairie lake and marshy bottom was covered with members of the feathered horde en route to the winter quarters on the Gulf. Flock followed flock in an endless procession, streaking the sky. The prairies were covered with feeding geese. Great white cranes stalked majestically in the open flats, traveling in bands of hundreds, and at night the wild whoops of overhead squadrons almost drowned the clamor of oncoming hordes of geese. This evidence of abundance cheered him. He estimated that he saw over a million birds a day; and he reflected that everywhere east and west of him this great migration was going on; the east coast and the west, the Mississippi fly way and the course of every inland river—all were experiencing this same deluge of birds headed into the south. Nowhere had he seen so much bird life except during the pigeon flights in the hardwood country of his boyhood home. There he had seen the skies blackened with wild pigeons, had seen limbs broken from the trees by the sheer weight of thousands of roosting birds. The shock of finding the buffalo gone from the plains in a few short years was counteracted by this fresh evidence of plenty.

It was in Dodge that his trail crossed that of Hanson, a man from his old outfit. Hanson, with a younger man named Rice, was hunting antelope for the hides. The two spoke of old friends. Cleve had gone to the lumber camps of the northwest coast, Hanson informed, and McCann to the hardwood belt to the east. They had quit the hunting. Antelope were fleet and it was difficult to stalk them in the flats. Hanson had known the time when all hands might kill and skin an average of twenty buffalo to the man each day. He now lamented the necessity of hunting the wary pronghorn for less than a dollar a hide. A man was doing well to average four a day.

"The old days are gone," he said. "Things are different now. It's hard pickings for a man to make a living in times like these."

But Rice looked forth on the world with the optimism of youth. It was a land of plenty in which he lived. He had planned a hunt in the hills of Western Colorado and urged Woodson to throw in with them.

"There's millions of deer up there," he said. "They're paying three dollars apiece for venison saddles at the mines. I've seen ten thousand mule deer going through the passes, all in sight at once, when they gathered from the Gore Range and the Rabbit Ear to drift down to the Oak Hills for the winter. There's deer without end. I hunted up there last year. We loaded thirty four-horse freight wagons with deer saddles, high as we could lash 'em on, all from a two-day kill in one pass as they came streaming down, a thousand to the band. There's good money in meat hunting for the mines. You better throw in with us, Mart, and come along."

They urged their case, but Woodson would not join. The rapidity with which old conditions had slipped past him filled him with a sense of bewilderment. He could not get his start as he had intended, by hide hunting on the plains. That day had gone, and some way he could see no future in hunting deer to supply Denver and the Colorado mining towns with meat. Perhaps he had best go to the lumber camps, either east or west, and take up that end. There was more permanency to that.

He could not make up his mind, and decided at last to go back to the quiet hills of the Yellowstone for one final look around while making his decision.

VII

THE road loop had been hacked out of the hills so that sightseers might tour the main points of interest in four-horse coaches. As Mart Woodson held the reins over the lead four and led a long file of stages down toward the basin of the Mammoth Hot Springs, completing a round started ten days before, the hills echoed to the strains of a bugle.

Twinkling fires gleamed in the falling dusk. A troop of cavalry had pitched camp in the basin and military rule had supplanted the régime of lawlessness in the park.

(Continued on Page 94)

Great White Cranes Stalked Majestically in the Open Flats

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A Free Fight

IN TIME of war a nation cannot tolerate pacifism; in time of peace it must not tolerate militarism. One who by word or deed impairs the solidarity of the country when it is at grips with an enemy is doubly its foe; one who in time of peace tries to keep alive the war spirit is no less dangerous.

War is bred by talking war and arming for it. In time of peace prepare for more peace by talking peace and beginning disarmament. No man dare flatly oppose a program looking to the end of war, but the world is always being told to wait for a more convenient season.

There never will be a more convenient season. Every day that elapses without definite action by the Powers, every appropriation for more men, more ships, more guns and more gas, makes more certain "the next war," about which those who have never stood knee-deep in the filth of the trenches are so fond of prattling.

The statesmen of the world pledged themselves to end war; the common people of all nations fought and died to end it. That was an open covenant, openly made. Shall it be nullified in secret? If one-thousandth part of the brain power that is applied to planning for war, to making it more "efficient," more deadly, were applied to planning for peace the thing would be done.

To-day the world needs nothing so much as a course in a good memory system—a system by which the mention of war would immediately bring up in the minds of speaker and listener a definite picture of a trench half full of foul water; rotting corpses unburied in the field before it or half buried in the ground underfoot; men, stuck through like pigs, bleeding to death; men, torn by shells, crying out in agony; men with gas-seared lungs gasping for a last breath; bullets whining low and shells shrieking high overhead; and over all a stench of powder and gas and putrefying human flesh.

If the mention of war clearly called up this picture before every man, and he could see himself as one of those in the trench, instead of one of the snug and safe stay-at-homes, there would be no more war. If the kings, the leaders, the men who get near enough to battles to feel their thrill and stay far enough away to feel safe; if the greasy ghouls who profiteer on death, could see themselves in this trench, there would be no more war. But it is precisely these men who cannot call up this picture.

Those who stood in the trench and who lived to march out of it are largely inarticulate, but when they speak they do not whoop it up for "the next war." To defend one's country against an enemy is the noblest of callings; to embroil her with a nation that should be a friend is the most ignoble.

Wars are invariably due to stupidity or cupidity. Either is inexcusable, but the bonehead is more to be feared than the unscrupulous schemer for personal aggrandizement. Unfortunately many of our leading warmakers have been both.

What many men cannot grasp through their imagination they are learning from their tax bills. Others, like the profiteers, whose hearts cannot be touched, have pocketbooks that can. Their profits have gone to hell, where they came from. Those who were exempt from the fighting find that they are not exempt from the paying. But here again those who stood in the trenches, the common people of the world, who bore the brunt of the battle, are bearing the brunt of the peace.

Until we stop producing so much for war and begin to produce more for peace there can be no peace, no real prosperity. Workmen all around the world are marching and countermarching endlessly, producing nothing, wasting much; other armies are toiling ceaselessly at prodigious tasks—building battleships, guns, forts, and heaping up vast stores to be wasted and destroyed. Until they are demobilized they must be carried on the backs, supported out of the savings, of those engaged in useful industry. Then, too, past and half-forgotten wars still hold the world in mortmain; this century is still paying the war bills of long-dead kings and statesmen.

Disarmament is a world question; it must be a world movement, backed up by every man of imagination and sense. It is not an idealistic theory, but the coldest, hardest business proposition that has confronted man since he came out of his caves and cleaned up the Neanderthaler. The Borah resolution is about the first sign of practical constructive intelligence since the day of the armistice. It is not big enough or broad enough, for the demobilization of armies is quite as important as the limiting of navies, and no nation should be excepted from a program looking to either. But we must get behind it and every move like it, and for the salvation of America and the world use it to get men thinking and working toward the same objective.

We need a memory system for other things, too, but first and foremost for those women who are championing unrestricted immigration in the hope of finding a cook among the crowd; for those Bourbon employers who want to "liquidate labor" by encouraging the "dumping" of low-grade aliens on America, while fighting the "dumping" of foreign goods; for those tight racial groups who still think in terms of Europe and who put the home country and its hates ahead of America and her interests. The war showed us how fatuous we had been, but we have already forgotten and are going ahead even more blindly and stupidly. If we must fight again, let us have all our enemies out in front of us.

It will be a proud day for this country when the politicians ask what they must do to hold the American vote. But that day will never come so long as we keep the bars down, never come until we adopt as our national policy: America for Americans, and for those who want to become Americans and are fit to become Americans.

A flood of new low-grade alien immigrants will finally make a low-grade America, in which Americans will be simply one group in a congeries of alien peoples. America, it is true, has been a refuge for the oppressed, but to-day it is the Americans who are in danger of being oppressed by the refugees. Our present policy is a menace to internal as well as to external peace.

Anyone who will glance back understandingly to these pictures of the past, visualize clearly the present, can then look forward to the inevitable. With the old premises of hate and preparation we shall move on to the old conclusion—war. The peace conference performed an operation and then sewed up the sponges and a knife or two in the wound. The League of Nations, in some of its aspects, looks like a bad-debt collection agency. Malpractice must be corrected, and mixed motives made single. Meanwhile the fight for world peace is on. It is a hard fight, a long fight, but it is a free fight and we can all mix in.

On the Surface

IT MAY be that in this exuberant age of few restraints young men are more confident of the superiority and sufficiency of their intellectual powers than ever before. But youth has always been self-confident. One of the long-standing jokes in educational circles is the habit of college professors of compelling their post-graduate students to write theses on the narrowest and most specialized of subjects.

But the professor who forces the student to cramp himself within such narrow limits shows a wisdom which, alas, is far too rare in the affairs of life. Teachers have learned from centuries of experience that unless tied down to a narrow aspect of its subject the youthful mind tends to be attracted to the big problem, and because he produces only generalities which like as not were first expressed by Aristotle or some other wise man of long ago, the young man accomplishes nothing tangible and makes no real contribution to his science,

No one would take away from youth its self-confidence. The world needs much of it, and indeed the quality is soon enough tempered by the calm way in which masterpieces are received or rejected, and by the failure of a business deal or two. No, the most serious effect of juvenile self-confidence is found when the same quality becomes a part of the general, popular mental process, irrespective of age. We have too many men and women of forty, fifty and sixty whose ideas and opinions seem to be chiefly derived from "It is said" and "It is reported." We have too many writers with whom superficial brilliancy and mental and moral irresponsibility take the place of careful thinking.

Class Consciousness

RETURNING travelers who show signs of contact with the Russian rouge pot are fond of declaring that Nikolai Lenine is the smartest man in Europe. We doubt it; and one of the least considerable reasons for our doubt is Lenine's singular, almost Teutonic obtuseness, as evidenced by his appeals to communists in America to make revolutionary capital by playing upon our class consciousness. If he had really been the smartest man in Europe he could no more have made such a blunder than he could have ordered his agents to mobilize the snakes of Ireland.

Class consciousness is an Old World product. It is the logical heritage of a system which has for centuries separated the various social levels by impenetrable partitions and has compelled hundreds of millions of persons to live and die in the class group in which they were born. Segregation of classes is the natural outcome of the feudal system, which is not yet quite dead. The lords of the war-won land form the highest group, and membership in that group is handed down from father to son like the land itself. The farmer or peasant class is similarly perpetuated, and the craftsmen and artisans have inherited their callings from generation to generation, and their social levels along with them, since time out of mind. Each is class conscious and there is every reason why he should be.

If an inquisitive Chinese mandarin came hither to study our curious Western ways he would probably desire half the men he conversed with to tell him to what caste or social group they belonged. Most Americans would be genuinely puzzled by such a question. If a keen, ambitious youngster of old American stock were so interrogated he might very well reply:

"How do I know? My mother is a poor washerwoman; but perhaps I shall become a great banker or manufacturer, and die rich and respected at the top of the heap; or I may study electricity, and discover great natural laws that will make the world ring with my name; or perhaps I shall go in for the law and politics, and some day be elected President of the United States. If you will come back in forty years and repeat your question perhaps I shall be able to answer it; but I cannot now see so far into the future."

No American would laugh at such an answer. It would not be laughable, for such things as the boy envisioned are continually happening. Such changes of fortune and estate are the reasons why we have no real class consciousness.

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XL

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE sinister meaning to the whole world of that fatal date, the twenty-fifth of October, old style, or the seventh of November, new style, of the year 1917, the date that marked the passing of Russia as a civilized state, does not seem as yet to be fully realized. The world is still too much under the influence of war psychosis to look upon events of the recent past from any other point of view than that of their relationship to the late international contest, or rather to the international contest ended only in appearance. Thus the advent of Bolshevism as a world power, which dates from that fatal day, has so far seemingly failed to be comprehended in all its ominous significance. Nor has the real meaning of its appearance in Russia been sufficiently in the world's opinion dissociated as it should have been from the coincident circumstance that the journey to Russia of Lenine and other leaders of Bolshevism had been facilitated by the German Government and that their pockets had been filled with German gold—just as in 1894 our revolutionary parties had been financed by Japan—and that the result of their activities had substantially benefited the military situation of Germany.

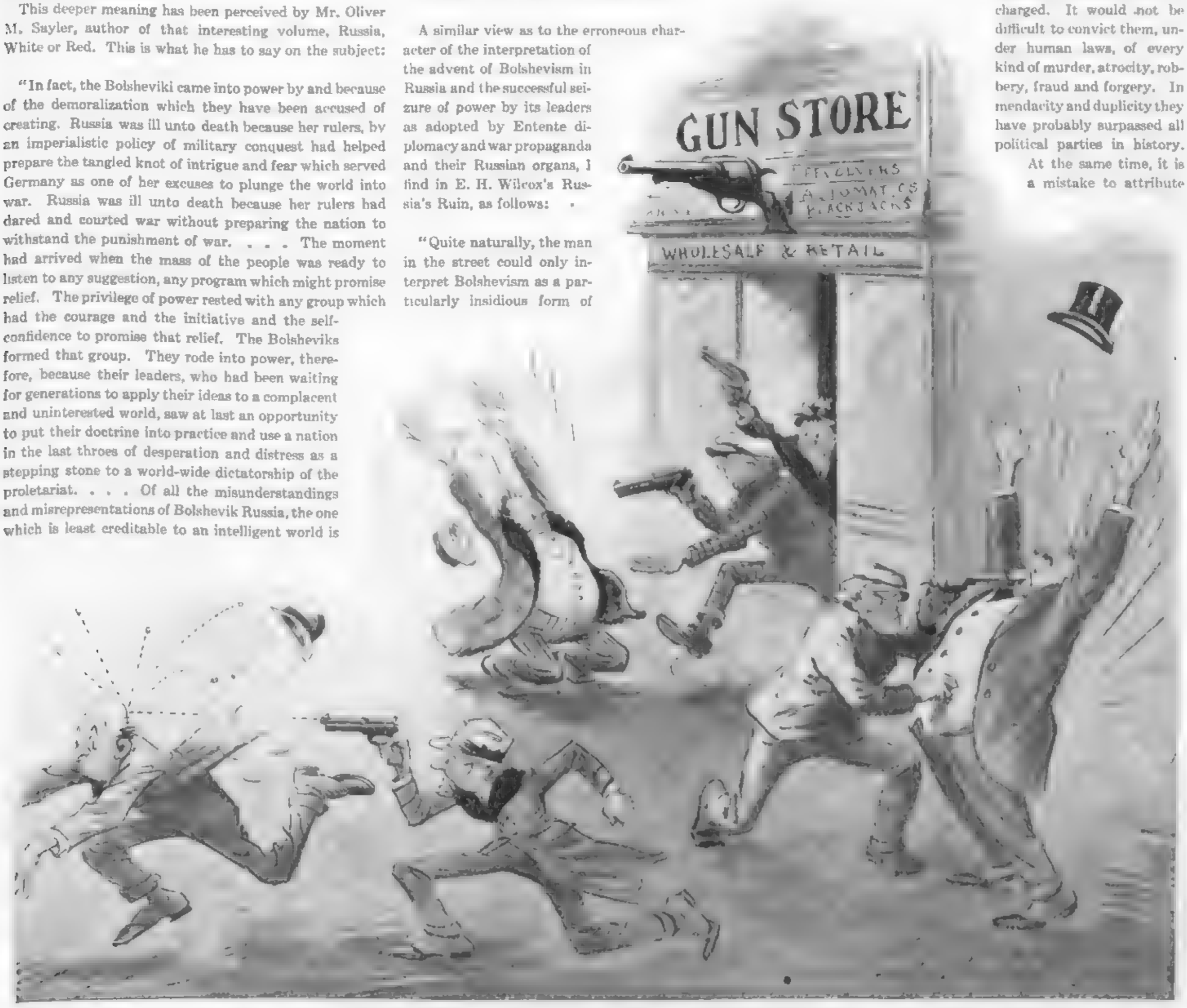
This deeper meaning has been perceived by Mr. Oliver M. Sayler, author of that interesting volume, Russia, White or Red. This is what he has to say on the subject:

"In fact, the Bolsheviki came into power by and because of the demoralization which they have been accused of creating. Russia was ill unto death because her rulers, by an imperialistic policy of military conquest had helped prepare the tangled knot of intrigue and fear which served Germany as one of her excuses to plunge the world into war. Russia was ill unto death because her rulers had dared and courted war without preparing the nation to withstand the punishment of war. . . . The moment had arrived when the mass of the people was ready to listen to any suggestion, any program which might promise relief. The privilege of power rested with any group which had the courage and the initiative and the self-confidence to promise that relief. The Bolsheviks formed that group. They rode into power, therefore, because their leaders, who had been waiting for generations to apply their ideas to a complacent and uninterested world, saw at last an opportunity to put their doctrine into practice and use a nation in the last throes of desperation and distress as a stepping stone to a world-wide dictatorship of the proletariat. . . . Of all the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of Bolshevik Russia, the one which is least creditable to an intelligent world is that which has identified Lenin and his counselors with German imperial power. Germany did not invent Bolshevism in order to disrupt Russia. Bolshevism is a definite social program, as definite as the program of military imperialism of the Hohenzollerns and utterly incompatible with it. . . . Germany simply saw in Bolshevism a means of keeping her eastern neighbor temporarily impotent in a military way, and for the sake of this gain she was willing to take the desperate chance of revolution spreading to her own masses. Lenin, on the other hand, felt that he could afford to take aid from Germany and execute German orders outwardly for the opportunity which peace would give him to flood the German proletariat with revolutionary propaganda. It was simply a case of two desperate and uncompromising enemies, each playing with fire to defeat the will of the other. Wilhelm was pitted against Lenin in deadly combat, and Lenin, with the aid of Foch, won."

A similar view as to the erroneous character of the interpretation of the advent of Bolshevism in Russia and the successful seizure of power by its leaders as adopted by Entente diplomacy and war propaganda and their Russian organs, I find in E. H. Wilcox's Russia's Ruin, as follows:

"Quite naturally, the man in the street could only interpret Bolshevism as a particularly insidious form of German machination. Lenin had traveled through Germany on his way back to Russia. He had almost certainly received money, directly or indirectly, from Germany. The Germans had given him every possible assistance and they alone had received any material benefit from his activities. Indeed, Lenin accomplished a work which had been too much for all the Hindenburgs, Ludendorffs and Mackensens, for he destroyed the Russian army. What other explanation of such a man could there be than that he was a hireling of Wilhelm II? But those whose business it is to instruct and guide the public should have known better. However, the ultimate general line of attack against him was that he was a 'German agent,' that is to say, a hired instrument, whose activity deliberately aimed at the advantage of the Imperialists of the Central Empires. . . . The fact is, that, if we start from the standards of right and wrong universally acknowledged by all white men who are not Bolsheviks, complicity in the designs of Wilhelm II and Ludendorff is about the only form of wickedness with which Lenin and his chief assistants cannot fairly be charged. It would not be difficult to convict them, under human laws, of every kind of murder, atrocity, robbery, fraud and forgery. In mendacity and duplicity they have probably surpassed all political parties in history.

At the same time, it is a mistake to attribute



What Sort of International Agreement is Necessary to Disarm This Bunch?

to all of them the ordinary motives of crime. Lenin himself is reported to have said that for every genuine, convinced Bolshevik there are thirty-nine scoundrels and sixty fools. That is probably a very fair estimate. Bolshevism has drawn to itself every kind of folly and rascality, because its doctrines are alluring to empty minds and its tactics are profitable to rogues. But the real danger of the thing lies in 'the one just man.' To him Bolshevism is a religion, for which he is prepared to die himself and to make others die—in thousands, in hundreds of thousands, if need be. It is his sincere and self-sacrificing fanaticism which gives Bolshevism its firmest grip on the masses and holds them in the belief that all the blood and tears that so far have been its most noticeable results will some day be redeemed by the Millennium. No man is so dangerous as the fanatic of a false idea, and the only way to disarm him is to treat him as what he is. The Allies jumped to the conclusion that the fanatic Lenin was what he was not—'a German agent'—and by doing so they lost their opportunity of meeting his agitation with the only weapon to which it was vulnerable."

I have quoted at such length the opinions of these two eyewitnesses and independent observers of the events of the Russian Revolution—the one an American and the other an Englishman—because they seem to have realized not only the shallowness of the customary view taken of these events but also the danger inherent in the adoption of such a shortsighted view as a guiding principle of policy in dealing with the Russian situation. The habit of looking upon events in Russia mainly, if not exclusively, from the viewpoint of their bearing on the military situation was naturally apt to cause the deeper underlying meaning of the Russian Revolution to be lost sight of, as well as the solemn warning it conveyed to the ruling classes in all the belligerent countries. The all-pervading war psychosis could evidently not be helpful in creating an atmosphere favorable to the exercise of deeper thought in weighing the import of passing events in Russia and scrutinizing the complex conditions from which they were evolved and which had favored their development in a direction implying an ever-growing menace to the rest of the world and to modern civilization itself. It will hardly be denied that Bolshevism—that is to say, Marxian communism—is but the logically developed extreme form of socialism, that most dangerous delusion which has ever swayed the minds of mankind; delusion, because its aim—the elimination from the social life of the human race of the inequality of conditions born of the natural inequality of men and of the development of civilization from its very inception among them—is unattainable save by a return to primeval barbarism; dangerous, because in the pursuit of its Utopia it aims at the destruction of the very foundations on which rests the structure of civilized society and because it panders to and thrives on the basest instincts secreted in the dark recesses of the human soul, the instincts of envy and of hate. The advent to power of Bolshevism meant the opening of a decisive campaign, a relentless warfare against the social system as it has been gradually evolved through the ages from the historical development of civilization among men—in other words, against the present-day capitalistic or, rather, to use a more comprehensive term, bourgeois society. If there could ever have been any doubt as to the reality of the ambitious, all-embracing and sinister aims of Bolshevism, such doubt should be set at rest by the unequivocal defense of red terrorism in a statement issued, it seems, by Trotzky on October 5, 1920, reproduced in translation in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald of November twenty-first, in which, among other startlingly outspoken assertions, he is made to say:

"The Bourgeoisie in the present epoch is a sinking class. It no longer plays an essential part in production, but, by its imperialist methods of acquisition, it ruins the world's economic order and ruins human civilization. Nevertheless, the tenacity of the Bourgeoisie is colossal. It hangs on and does not want to go. By this very fact it threatens to drag all society with it over the precipice. The Bourgeoisie must be torn out, cut off. The Red Terror is an instrument used against a class doomed to go under and that does not want to go under. . . .

"If, even before the war, it was sheer Utopianism to expect that the expropriation of the propertied classes could be carried out quietly and painlessly, without risings, armed conflicts, attempts at counter-revolution and harsh repressions, the situation created by the imperialistic war will render doubly and trebly fierce that near and unavoidable civil strife of which there can be one, and only one, termination—the dictatorship of the proletariat."

The World War has furnished the opportunity for the successful inauguration of the campaign, the ultimate aim of which is so grandiloquently and so brazenly set forth in the above quotation from Trotzky's statement. The assault was primarily directed against the social fortress, so fatally divided against itself, at its weakest front—the Russian bourgeois society, weakest numerically as well as morally, and hardly able or even resolved to attempt to defend itself.

The fatal outcome of this assault the world is witnessing to-day, without, perhaps, realizing to its full extent its menace to civilization and the dangerous nature of the attraction which the Russian proletariat's triumph might possess in the eyes of the proletariat in more advanced and more happily situated countries. For it should not be lost sight of that the armature of the proud and imposing edifice of bourgeois society has for years been subjected to a weakening process from within by some of its own deluded inhabitants, and been eaten into by the canker of doubt of its solidity and lack of faith in the righteousness of its very foundations; as Alfred Noyes has it: "It may be said with the utmost seriousness that the intellectual Bolshevism which has been prevalent during the last fifty years has been more responsible for both the Great War and for the present peril of civilization than has yet been properly realized. You cannot treat all the laws that keep us from chaos as if they were scraps of paper, without a terrible reckoning; but this is what the intellectuals have been doing for half a century in their novels, plays and poems."

A no less pessimistic view of the situation is expressed by another distinguished writer in a recent article in the English Review.

"The human world," writes Mr. Robert Briffault, "is suffering to-day from the crumbling of the very foundations on which it has been built. Broadly and fundamentally regarded—and it is the broadest and most fundamental view alone that can avail us in our present need—the situation is this: The human world in all its aspects, political, social, ethical, spiritual, æsthetic, has been built upon fictitious conventions, once held sacred, held at the worst to be expedient and convenient. Those conventions are to-day no longer believed. That, and no less, is the appalling gravity of the situation. The very ground upon which the world stood is cracking and sagging beneath it. The unrealities upon which the human world was founded were for a long time pragmatically true; they were not, indeed, believed because they 'worked,' but they 'worked' because they were believed. . . . But when the multitudinous, essential and fundamental foundations of the world which they are called upon to carry on have become unveracities to the multitude the breaking point is reached. And we have reached that breaking point." And as between the Bolshevists and the bourgeoisie the author seems to think the Bolshevists will win "because they have the motive power, belief in their ideal, which our bourgeois civilization has not."

This ill-omened character of the moral atmosphere in which European mankind breathed in the period preceding the World War was aggravated by the recklessness with which the propertied classes were wont to flaunt their boundless luxury and extravagance in the faces of the sullen masses seething with discontent, envy and class hatred. But—and here I must again refer to the above-mentioned statement by Trotzky in which he quotes from an article written by himself five years ago, as follows:

"Imperialism tore society by force out of its state of unstable equilibrium. It burst open the lock gates with which Social Democracy had dammed up the flood of proletarian revolutionary energy and directed that flood into its course. This monstrous historical experiment, which at one blow broke the Socialist Internationale, is the bearer at the same time of mortal danger to bourgeois society itself. The hammer has been wrung from the hands of the worker and replaced by the sword. The worker, bound hand and foot by the apparatus of the capitalist economic system, is suddenly torn away from all this and taught to put collective interests higher than his domestic happiness, than his very life. With the arms made by himself in his hands, the worker is placed in a situation where the political fate of the State depends directly upon him. Those who in normal times oppressed and despised him now flatter him and try to curry favor. At the same time he comes into intimate contact with those very cannon, which, according to Lassalle, form the Keystone of the constitution.

"Even if the advanced among the workers were theoretically aware of the fact that force is the midwife of right, their political thinking, nevertheless, remained permeated with the spirit of possibilism and accommodation to bourgeois legality. Now the worker is learning in practice to despise this legality and to destroy it by force. The static attitude of mind gives way to the dynamic. Heavy artillery thunders the idea into his head that in cases where it is impossible to go round an obstacle, the possibility remains of smashing it. Almost the whole adult male population has been put through this school of war, fearful in its social realism, that is creating a new human type.

"The clenched fist of iron necessity is now raised above all the norms of bourgeois society, over its law, its morality and its religion. 'Necessity knows no law,' said the German Chancellor on August 4, 1914. Monarchs came down into the market places in order to accuse each other of lying, after the manner of fishwives. Governments trampled on the obligations they had solemnly recognized, and the National Church chained its Lord God, like a convict, to the national cannon.

"Is it not obvious that such conditions must give rise to profound changes in working-class psychology and radically cure the workmen of the hypnosis of legality which was cast upon them during a period of political stagnation? The propertied classes will soon, to their horror, have the occasion to convince themselves of this.

"The proletariat, graduates of the school of war, will feel the need of force at the first serious obstacle they meet within their own countries. 'Necessity knows no law'; they will throw that phrase in the faces of those who try to stop them with the laws of bourgeois legality. And the terrible economic distress which will gradually appear during the war, and especially after its end, will drive the masses to break many and many laws."

It would have been impossible, it would seem, to have expressed in more lucid, more convincing and at the same time truly prophetic terms a solemn warning against the monstrous folly of the suicidal internecine war between the leading nations of Europe under the inspiration and leadership of their ruling bourgeois classes; a warning propounded to the unbelieving bourgeois society of all nations five years ago by the ablest leader of its most dangerous enemy, the international proletariat; a warning, of course, not intended as such, every word of which, however, would have been worthy of being weighed with the most thoughtful care, and which, as far as unhappy Russia is concerned, has already come true.

This warning, at the time—five years ago—when it was published, had, indeed, been penned by an obscure political exile, whose writings, if they happened to be noticed at all, were probably classified as ordinary socialist propaganda and accordingly given but little attention. Nor could it have been foreseen that the day was near when the obscure political exile would become one of the two usurping autocrats who hold in the grip of their sanguinary tyranny the greatest of all European countries and a nation of still some one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty million people, and wield a power with which the proudest governments are compelled to reckon.

But the predictions he uttered in 1915 in regard to the dangerous influence which the indefinite prolongation of the war was bound to exercise on the psychology of the millions of human beings who were shedding their blood on the battlefields of Europe were based on a reasoning the soundness of which no statesmanship, however spurious, could fail to perceive or could afford to question. War psychosis may have blinded the rulers of all the belligerent nations to the existence of this danger, or have caused it to be held to be too remote, or its gravity to be underrated. However, the seizure of power in Russia by the Bolsheviks should have opened their eyes not only to the fact that as far as Russia was concerned the international war was definitely and irrevocably closed and turned into a class war inside the nation, but also to the deeper meaning for the rest of the world of this portentous event.

The curtain had risen on the first act of the world's coming new drama, the moving forces of which had been slowly gathering and maturing in the course of the last century, and which were now to open the decisive struggle between the present so-called capitalistic or bourgeois civilization and Bolshevism bent on the destruction of its very foundation—a fight to the bitter end, to conquer or to perish.

Bolshevism, or what was practically the same thing under other names, had thrice before attempted to raise its sinister head: In the French Revolution of 1848 and the Paris Commune in 1871, and in Russia in 1906. All three attempts have failed: In France because the structure of bourgeois society proved solid enough to withstand any assault by the forces of destruction and the bourgeoisie had spirit and determination enough to inflict on its assailants a crushing defeat; in Russia because, the bulk of the army having remained faithful to its oath, the imperial government succeeded in propping up the tottering edifice of the state so as to make it last some years longer.

But now Bolshevism, having established in Russia its own autocracy of a sanguinary tyrannical type, such as much-decried Czarism never even had dreamed of, and holding absolute command of all the remaining and still immense resources of what had been a colossal and prosperous empire, had secured a formidable base from which to launch forth its brazen defiance to the world and its insidious propaganda of ruthless class warfare against bourgeois society fatally enfeebled by having been for more than three years engaged with suicidal frenzy in an internecine war for military and political supremacy in Europe.

Under these conditions Bolshevism was bound to become a most serious menace to the civilized world, not so much on account of its attempts at putting into practical operation the unworkable Utopian doctrines of socialism or communism—the unavoidable disastrous results of which could be helpful only in disillusioning the deluded

(Continued on Page 30)

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The broth is prepared from medium sized ox-tails and blended with puree of whole tomatoes, diced carrots and sweet yellow turnips, barley, beef marrow, onions, leeks, herbs, spices and seasoning.

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Choice hand picked Michigan beans are cooked, strained, blended with a puree of carrots and celery, a flavoring of other vegetables, and temptingly seasoned.

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Fresh asparagus cut on the Campbell farms, is made the same day into a rich, creamy soup, with milk, butter and seasoning. Tender asparagus tips add to the inviting appearance and flavor. A favorite during the Lenten season.

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Selected poultry is used for a broth which is blended with a puree of whole tomato, celery, parsley, herbs, spices in Southern style and seasoning, together with blanched rice and sliced okra.

Campbell's Pea Soup
The carefully selected peas are cooked, strained and blended with milk, creamery butter and seasoning to a delicious, smooth quality specially appropriate for luncheons and exceptionally pleasing to vegetarians and observers of Lent.

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Unusually rich broth from the shins of beef, whole tomato puree, diced potatoes and carrots, green peas, onions, pearl barley and cubes of solid beef make up this tasty and very filling soup—a meal in itself.

Campbell's Celery Soup
Crisp, tender stalks of celery, field-blanched to a perfect whiteness, are made into a puree and blended with milk, creamery butter and seasoning. A refreshing delicacy, peculiarly appropriate during Lent.

Campbell's Mock Turtle Soup
Cubes of delicate meat from selected calves' heads are used in a rich beef broth blended with whole tomato puree, in which celery, herbs, spices and specially high seasoning give the flavor enjoyed by epicures.

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Specially prepared mutton broth, diced potatoes and carrots, barley, celery, parsley, tender fresh mutton, sweet red peppers, flavored with a touch of leek. Salt and pepper may be added to taste. A splendid strength-building food for all children and invalids.

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Puree of fresh, whole tomatoes is used with vermicelli, full cream cheese, parsley, onion browned, spices and flavoring. An Italian dish Americanized.

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Strong, rich meat broth made from fine beef and slightly flavored with the essence of celery, onions, leeks, parsley, herbs and seasoning.

Campbell's Consomme
Made from high-grade beef, and perfectly clarified by fine straining. Delicately flavored with the essence of carrots, onions, celery, parsley and spices, with careful seasoning.

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The pure juice of selected, vine-ripened tomatoes is blended with creamery butter, sugar, herbs, spices and seasoning, and made additionally tasty with fresh sliced okra.

Campbell's Julienne
A banquet soup of clarified broth from high-grade beef in which carrots, white turnips, celery, Savoy cabbage, lettuce and leeks are shredded. Whole small peas and a flavoring of onion, parsley, spices and seasoning are added

Campbell's Pepper Pot
The stock made from choice beef contains tripe, salt pork, potatoes, onions, hot peppers, choice whole red peppers and seasoning. The most highly seasoned of all soups.

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Selected beef is used for the broth. Diced solid beef, diced carrots and yellow turnips, celery, leeks, barley, spices and seasoning make it a most substantial food.

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Chicken and rice are skilfully combined with puree of carrots, yellow turnips, apples, leeks, onions, chutney, garlic, fresh citron, candied orange peel, cocoanut, fresh fruits, sugar, fine seasonings and curry, in the manner of India.

Campbell's Printanier Soup
Made of beef broth blended with carrots and white turnips cut in small fancy shapes, sliced celery, Savoy cabbage, leeks, whole small peas, parsley, herbs, spices and seasoning.

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

THE OLD VISITERS

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE long line of writing about Florida began as early as 1763, when the managers of an English colony employed men specially adept in the use of quill and inkhorn. It is probable that some great genius of that remote time invented the noble masterpiece about Ponce de León and his dream of a fountain of perpetual youth. That happy sentence caught the popular fancy, and has held it steadily ever since. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy" has its admirers, but here is something about a fountain of perpetual youth that makes broad appeal to everybody. I should say it is easily the king of phrases. And in the original version this fountain was to be found in Florida

I have observed that people everywhere, when they have need of a pretty legend, make up one and say it is of Indian origin. Florida was called The Place of Bright Light by the Seminoles until Ponce de León dropped anchor off St. Augustine with a better story.

In its pompous literature Florida's development is referred to as one of the romances of human history, having its beginning in the twilight of the fifteenth century and approaching its industrial meridian in the dawn of the twentieth; but in simpler language, the state was developed by a railroad company.

America was discovered almost within sight of Florida—as the crow flies, less than two hundred miles. Yet from Columbus to the railroad, and the Yankee back of it, there is a period of nearly four hundred years, during which long time Columbus and his successors did little for the peninsula except erect forts and engage in quarreling, which included uprisings, massacres, sieges and battles with cannon. Statesmen invested their own and government money in Florida ventures, but there is little left of that early booming except a few ruins around St. Augustine and New Smyrna and the reputation of the first named of being the oldest town in the United States.

The Spaniards managed Florida for the benefit of officials, and these became bankrupt with the colonists in the end. Not even during English ownership, from 1763 to 1783, did a forward venture succeed. The largest colony that ever came to America in a body went to Florida in 1768—eight ships and fifteen hundred persons. A British warship convoyed the fleet to protect it from Barbary pirates. The voyage lasted four months, and many of the colonists died from hardships. A ship containing five hundred negroes, purchased and brought direct from Africa to clear land for the new settlers, was wrecked on the southern coast and all hands lost.

Modern Florida

BUT as soon as private capital took hold of the venture and showed a disposition to divide, the Florida of to-day had its real beginning, without help from knights, kings, soldiers or the public purse.

From 1884 to the present date thousands have made profit from Florida ventures, and Florida is a Northern proposition. Northerners admit the success of the citrus industry is due to the faith and patience of natives, but in this also they have had help. Probably a large majority of winter visitors make investments in one way and another, and these investments, when backed with average Yankee acuteness, usually prosper, whether devoted to hotels, lots or orange groves.

Henry M. Flagler went to St. Augustine in 1884, liked the winter climate and began investing money. This is the enthusiasm that has made the state. All its more notable enterprises have been developed with capital from the North, East and West. It is said to be a matter of official record that at one time a single visitor paid fifty-two per cent of all taxes levied in Dade County, in which Miami is located.

Mr. Flagler's specialty was railroad building, regarded as the first necessity in a development program in the United States. He built southward from Jacksonville and St. Augustine; along the Atlantic Ocean. Tourist hotels as feeders became necessary, and these he provided as the railroad was completed. Settlers, big talkers and winter visitors began coming in, and these sent literature to the North, East and West Towns were built, including schoolhouses and churches of all varieties. In the earliest Spanish settlement of Florida there was religious persecution, but in the reign of the railroad and other American adventure complete religious freedom is accorded.

The modern Florida, as developed by admiring visitors in a few years, includes a territory six hundred miles long by two hundred wide. Hundreds of towns have their admirers, and there is sharp controversy between them as to desirability. Citizens of the East Coast and of the West Coast do not like each other very well. There is even less love lost between citizens of the north end and the south end. Jacksonville is located at the extreme northern tip and Key West at the extreme southern tip. A Jacksonville man once said to me that Key West must have a brilliant future, as it has no past and no present—a hard and witty slam warranted more by repartee than fact, since many find Key West an agreeable place.

Those who keep their noses pretty close to the grindstone will not be able to realize readily the great crowds of people coming to Florida every winter to develop and enjoy it. Coming here by train, one notes the pleasant Southern pronunciations among his fellow passengers, but these disappear after passing Richmond, Atlanta, Birmingham, and only the Yankee drawl is heard thereafter to Jacksonville and Key West and from Tampa to Daytona.

During the height of the season—January, February and March—seven daily trains affording through service to Florida are operated from New York. There are three such trains from Chicago, three from Cincinnati, one from Kansas City and once a week one from Detroit. Most of the important cities of the country are represented in this service by means of Pullman accommodations. More often than not, these trains are run in two sections. There are frequently from three to four thousand people en route to Florida by train daily, and thousands come by regular steamship lines and by automobile

An Ever-Increasing Winter Population

IT SEEMS to me the automobile hazard in crossing streets in Miami is as great as in the busiest of the largest Eastern cities. Every visitor wants the experience of automobiling to Florida, but once is usually enough. A citizen of Minnesota tells me that twelve years ago he made the trip by automobile. On the way he broke every spring on his car—one of them twice—and the universal joint four times. He made the trip again in 1920, and says the roads were generally worse than twelve years ago. I give the statement for what it is worth, with the assurance that my informant is apparently a conservative, reliable man. I confess I was not much surprised at his statement. Up where I live we have bad roads and much enthusiasm for good roads, and I expected about the same thing on the way to Florida.

But railroads have improved if wagon roads have not. During January, 1920, there were in operation seventy-four regular Pullman car lines to Jacksonville and other points in the state, and this did not include extra sleepers operated from day to day to accommodate the overflow. During the same month there were handled through Jacksonville terminals twenty-two thousand six hundred sixteen sleeping cars and passenger coaches. This represented an increase of three thousand four hundred twenty-one cars over the same month in 1919.

It was estimated in the spring of 1920 that during the previous winter one hundred eighteen thousand visitors landed in Miami, which by common consent leads in popular favor, followed by St. Petersburg and Palm Beach. The owner of one sight-seeing bus in Miami told me that during the same season he handled twenty-six thousand passengers, and there are many such lines. The figures will be considerably larger during the present season. In its history Miami has never failed to show, every year, an increase in building and attendance. In growth of population during the last census period Miami not only led every other rival town but every town in the United States, the figures being four hundred forty-one per cent.

The bulk of visitors are not the lucky ones, as may be imagined up North; rather, they are the unlucky ones, for the reason that they are elderly. Naturally there are young people to look after their wants—girls to carry dishes at the cafeterias, moving-picture actresses to entertain them, baseball players in training for the coming season, automobile drivers, clerks in stores, dependent children and grandchildren, and the like—but the real force behind Florida is the elderly man with traveler's checks. William Jennings Bryan, who teaches a Bible class in the public park every Sunday morning, is an old fellow. Pat Conway, who last winter brought his band here from Atlantic City, has gray hair. This winter we have Arthur Pryor, a younger man,

(Continued on Page 36)

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2—It must be a non-compounded oil, free from elements that cause carbon deposit, and have lubricating properties proof against the heat of combustion.

3—It must maintain a constant unbroken, protective, "slippery" film of oil on bearing surfaces at all speeds to prevent friction-drag and excess wear.

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SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

HARD TO BEAT

(Continued from Page 7)

"How come she's runnin' with you, then?" demanded Hardtack, who was ever a stickler for the verities.

"Well, she's plain nuts about me, if you want the truth. That's the kind of a goil Sophie is. She's clean crazy about me, and I admire her for it."

"I would if I was you." And Hardtack gave vent to a nasty, jeering laugh.

This exchange of amenities might be construed by the inexperienced as unpropitious for an amicable *entente*, but such was not the case. Each of the parties was accustomed to this style of repartee in taking the measure of a new acquaintance, and the Countess Szienzi's escort displayed no resentment. He smiled feebly and proffered a cigarette and, friendly relations having been thus established, suggested that a better time for hoisting one would probably never arrive.

His words were not devoid of heart tug, and the friends answered with true American heartiness that they would go him one. Both suspected he might be of the *mädchenhändler*, that despicable class so cordially detested by honest men everywhere, but Sophie was agreeable enough to the eye to make even a Senegalese road mender welcome. She had thrown one knee over the other regardlessly and kept one tiny slippered foot swinging back and forth like a pendulum, so that the impressionable Wally found it impossible to concentrate on the conversation, which ran about as follows:

"My name's Levinsky."

"Given name Izzy?"

"No, Moe."

"No mo' what?" queried the astute Hardtack.

"Just Moe. Short for Launcelot."

Hardtack thoughtfully digested this information in all its bearings as he emptied his glass. Then he demanded to be informed what the Sam Hill Mr. Levinsky was doing there, and how he could reconcile his conscience to leaving New York flat on its back thataway.

"I guess the old town'll still be there when I get back," returned the other comfortably. "And say, listen! When I do, it'll sit up and take notice, believe me!"

"Ellis Island?"

"Broadway — and maybe Riverside Drive, too, buddy. For I'm goin' back with a bunch of kale, and don't you forget it!"

Hardtack was now almost persuaded there might be something to the fellow after all, and requested him to proceed with his exposition—to go as far as he liked—to shoot the works.

"Well, you boys're over here huntin' for a war, ain't you?"

Hardtack admitted it. Fightin', he remarked, was his favorite diversion, one thing excepted.

"You like that mud and dirt?" exclaimed the other in shocked unbelief. "You like that boom, whee-ee-ee-ee, bam! You do? And same old slum? And the smells and the cooties?"

"I'd as lief go through it agin as baby a pair of fat hosses."

"Well," declared Mr. Levinsky emphatically, "not for me! A little of that shellin' goes a long ways with me."

"I reckon it'd have to to git near you," replied Hardtack, which Moe interpreted as a compliment to his sagacity.

"You're whistlin' now, buddy! Only fools fight if they don't have to. The wise boids let 'em scrap it out while they grab off the kale. Ain't it so?"

"It looks that way, sure enough."

"Why, of course it's that way!" cried Levinsky, encouraged by his assent. "Who got anything out of this war? The guys who done the fightin'? It is to laugh! And say, listen—it's always that way in every war; always has been and always will be. A lot of people take to killin' each other, and when it's all over they wake up to find that the boids who had the sense to stay on the side lines own about everything in sight."

"All the same, fightin' men are hard to beat," declared Hardtack resentfully.

"In a fight—yes. But say, listen! This woild belongs to the guys who use their brains instead of their fists. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

"Mebbe so."

"Well, look round you. Who's got the money these days?"

"The *schleichhändler*—most of it—or the bankers."

Levinsky nodded and leaned back as though his point had been amply proved.

"And did they fight?" he demanded, lighting a cigarette. "No! And that's why you don't see me mixin' in any roughhouse if I know it. If you boys still want to horn into a war, step to it! There's ten or twelve nice little wars goin' on right now where you'd be welcome. But say, listen! I'm your friend—honest I am! And I'm givin' it to you straight—I can grab off more kale in a week than you guys could make by fightin' in ten years. And no risk!"

In stressing the absence of risk Levinsky made a tactical error, but Hardtack was lured by the prospect, nevertheless. He said "Is that so?" glanced questioningly at Wally, discovered that the latter was oblivious to the conversation and had probably not heard a word of it, took another drink and invited Moe to elucidate. Whereupon Moe gave a hitch to his chair, sank his voice to a whisper and laid bare the outline of a scheme in high finance.

"We're goin' to be millionaires, Wally," announced Hardtack impressively after parting from Levinsky and the countess an hour later. "Yes, sir, nothin' can stop us. And when we are, I aim to buy me a country estate Moe knows about; and marry a baroness, if I can pick me out a good one; and shoot pheasants every season. I tell you what, Wally, these people over here know how to live, and that's a fact. We got a whole lot to learn."

"Sure! I know just how you feel," Wally agreed. "I been that way myself. One night I wouldn't of changed places with Jawn D., but round breakfast time next mornin' I had to make a touch for a cup coffee. Let's go find a room and you can sleep it off."

His bunkie was hurt and grieved by the insinuation.

"That's just like you," he said "jus' 'zactly like you. You wasn't listenin' that's why. You never heard a word of it—no, sir. I kept my eye on you, and the whole time me and Moe was fixin' things up for the good of us both you did nothin' but waste your time starin' at that gal like a sick calf. And she wouldn't pay you any mind. Har, har! You sure do fall hard for 'em, Wally!"

"I do, hey?" retorted Wally with a smirk. "And maybe they don't fall for me, too, ol'-timer. I got the countess goin', I tell you. As good as got her stole from Moe right now."

"Is that so? Well, well!" hiccuped his friend with a maddeningly knowing air. "It didn't look to me like Moe was worried."

"That's neither here nor there. The big stiff's so stuck on himself it's like he didn't see what was goin' on under his nose. Yes, sir, I'm ace high with Sophie, and don't you forget it!"

"How do you know? I must of missed the symptoms."

"Shucks, I can tell! I can tell what a woman's thinkin' by just lookin' at her, Hardtack. And I sure made a knock-out with the countess."

"The last k.-o. you got to your credit," his friend reminded him, keeping his gaze fixed intently on the sidewalk and walking with dignity, "was that barmaid in London—and you ain't never paid me for my stick pin yet."

This sally provoked an argument which lasted seven blocks. By that time it dawned on both that they were hiking through Vienna at four kilometers an hour without any definite objective, and possibly it would be as well to secure a room.

"Where are we, anyhow, Wally? Moe told me about a place way out on the aidge of town where it's cheap and quiet. Let's see—it's a right funny I don't seem to remember. Oh, yes. Hietzingerhof, he said it was!"

"Let's go, then."

They boarded a street car numbered 59, which Levinsky had designated, and rode for about half an hour, out past Schönbrunn.

"He's not such a bad ol' scout, Moe ain't," declared Hardtack with a windy, comfortable sigh. "And he's a sure-enough livewire too. Why, did you hear him tell how much coin he'd made out of exchange last year?"

"Uh-uh."

"Eighty-five thousan' francs—thassall Moe made!"

"How? Robbed a bank?"

"No, sir-ree! Perf'ly legit'mate. And no risk neither, Wally. Me and you've been fools, wastin' our time huntin' for a war when there's such chances of makin' a stake easy and perf'ly legit'mate. Who got anythin' out of this war? The birds that done the fightin'?"

"I know I didn't."

"Only fools fight if they don't have to," said Hardtack positively. "This world belongs to the geezers who use their brains 'stead of their fists. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

"How did Moe make all them francs?"

His bunkie stared at him sleepily a moment and then seemed to link up the association of ideas.

"Oh, yes! You mean that hunderd an' thirty thousan' francs ol' Moe made outa exchange. Well, before the French buried all their silver in the ol' familee sock and growed so strict about searchin' people at the border, Moe used to cross over from France into Switzerland with a bunch of money in silver. Yes, sir, he did, sure enough! He'd carry two or three thousand francs in silver, maybe, and of course French silver was just the same as Swiss money—see?"

Wally confessed with admirable patience that he didn't.

"Why, you pore fish! Moe would git all that French silver changed into Swiss notes, and then back he'd hit for Paree, where them notes was worth near three for one in paper money. Now do you git it? Well, he done that frequent, and only got caught once."

"Then what did they do to him?"

"The guys at the frontier was reasonable, I reckon. Leastways, Moe said they done lifted all he had and divided it up and told him to drag it out of there, and he done so."

They secured a room at the Hietzingerhof, a hotel with a beer garden in front, and settled down to await developments, which Levinsky had promised would not be long in coming. The room, with breakfast of eggs and coffee, bread and confiture, cost them a hundred and eighty kronen a day—about fifty cents in American money.

Late the same night Levinsky called to see them, accompanied by the Countess Sophie, and the confederates went into executive session in one of the booths of the hotel cabaret.

"I brought along a coupla Sam Browne belts," Moe announced, "and here's a coupla eagles for one of you and captain's bars for the other."

"Fine!" said Hardtack. "Put on your bars, captain, and then come to 'tention."

"Ho, indeed! A fat colonel you'd make! Here, gimme them eagles! I've always wanted to be a colonel, and now's my chance."

Hardtack calmly stuck the emblems of rank in his pocket.

"No, you don't! I just naturally got to be colonel. It wouldn't look right onless. I'm the biggest of us two guys and I—I—shucks, I sort of got more the look of a colonel! Anybody could tell which of us two is the main guy."

"He's right. Yes, sir, he's right, Wally. Leave him be the colonel," urged Moe. "You look too intelligent."

"What? And take orders from him?"

"You've taken a lot from men who wasn't as good, and they made you like it, too," declared his bunkie warmly. And Levinsky added: "Besides, it'll only be in public. When you get alone with him you can knock his block off for all I care."

It was two against one, and Wally finally consented, although grudgingly.

"Any one could see with one eye which of us two was the livest wire," he grambled.

"Sure!" agreed Moe heartily. "Sure they could! That's why I'm makin' you the captain."

So it was settled. And they talked far into the night. They were still planning, and drinking light wine, when the police raided the place about three A.M. and ordered everybody out and the room closed. Moe and the countess obeyed precipitately. It was plain the former felt relieved that nothing worse happened.

"Remember now," were his parting words at the gate as the *portier* unlocked it for them—"remember to get your uniforms pressed good and looking slick."

"Leave it to us!" replied Hardtack. "Man alive, I'll look like an aviator scoutin' in the Boulevard des Italiens!"

Twelve hours later they gave up their rooms and dropped from sight. And shortly thereafter Col. Lee Tarwater and Capt. Wallace Hunter made their entry upon the Central European stage. Whence these two gallant officers came nobody seemed to know. The American representatives and army officers in Austria, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary and Czechoslovakia had never heard of them, had never set eyes on them and could gain no information as to their origin and mission. Army lists failed to reveal their identity and the intelligence agents were wholly in the dark.

Yet not a day passed without news of the two. The operations of Colonel Tarwater and Captain Hunter were mysterious, but assuredly they cut a wide swath.

"Do you know anything about these two birds?" demanded the A. P. correspondent in Vienna, entering the office of the American Relief Administration. "I mean this fellow Tarwater and this fellow Hunter."

"Not a thing. What've they been up to now?"

"Well, last week they took a trainload of salt somewhere into Jugo-Slavia and brought back a trainload of grain."

"Good business!" was the official's only comment. "They need grain here, and they need salt in Jugo-Slavia."

"That's all right. But this pair got the trains through both ways by representing themselves as American officers attached to a special mission."

"Well, are they?"

"If they are, nobody round these parts knows anything about it."

"H'm!" said the other thoughtfully.

"I believe they're worth looking up. This guy Tarwater is a go-getter. It seems he didn't like the accommodation provided on the salt train, so he sent the captain with an interpreter to the division superintendent, or whatever he is called, and told him he had to get right of way for his salt over all traffic—and, what's more, he wanted a private car that was fit for an American colonel to ride in."

"Well?"

"They gave him one. I'll say they did! Do you remember that salon in mahogany and silver that used to belong to the Archduke Christopher? They turned that over to him and hoped that the colonel would overlook any little lacks which might develop, but they were doing the best they could on such short notice. If they had received word early enough of the distinguished American official's coming, and so on—you know the way they talk."

"Human nature's a queer thing, isn't it?" said the relief man reflectively. "A perfectly honest citizen goes into a bank with a perfectly good check, and they refuse to cash it because he cannot be identified. But a strange, glib crook can stroll in and cash a check, and before he gets away they'll probably try to lend him the bank's surplus. Haven't you seen that sort of thing happen?"

"Often. But how do you know these fellows are crooks? We're only guessing at that."

"Go ahead with the story."

"Well," continued the correspondent, "they cleared the line for a hundred miles. Everything was sidetracked to let the great Americans through with their salt. And those two birds went steaming through Jugo-Slavia at forty miles an hour, with their feet cocked up, a couple of trained flunkies to maintain the lines of communication between them and the drinks, and a royal chef to cook their meals. That's what they did. The fellow who told me says this interpreter of theirs is an American, too, and the three of 'em shot craps most of the time. Can you beat it? And without a scrap of paper or a vestige of authority to show!"

"We produce some wonderful specimens in the U. S.," remarked the other, not without admiration.

"That's all very fine, but these chaps are playing hob, and are liable to get us all in bad. What are we going to do about it?"

Before anything could be done, Colonel Tarwater and Captain Hunter vanished, disappearing as completely as though the earth had swallowed them. No trace of the dashing officers could be obtained from the moment they crossed with their trainload of grain; but a couple of days later two

ex-mule skinners engaged the finest suite at the Hietzingerhof and started out to paint the town. To paint Vienna is a man's-size job, but they did their best, and wherever they moved the waiters, the managements, the orchestras and even the habitués of the numerous cafés they patronized received them with glad little cries. Life in those places jazzed up, grew joyous and hectic.

"*Schleichhändler!*" sneered those who failed to share in their bounty.

"Fool Americans!" opined the others. "They are millionaires, like all the rest. As soon as I can get a passport I am going to America too. But with a passport costing three thousand seven hundred kronen—it is infamous! Bah! Just look at them!"

Hardtack and Wally were at a table with Levinsky and the countess and half a dozen others, and the corks were popping. Free spenders pick up friends readily, and the two were basking in the glow of temporary popularity. Both had outfitted themselves under Moe's personal supervision, and looked not unlike a couple of Continental race-track touts who had put in a successful season at the Deauville Casino.

"I got her going," Wally reported to his bunkie as they undressed one night. "Yes, sir, I got Sophie as good as stole from that mutt."

"I swan, you make me tired, Wally!" exclaimed Hardtack. "If a gal so much as flicks her eye your way you figure you've knocked her dead. You don't stand any more show agin Moe than I do with that woman."

"I don't, hey? You wait and see! When it comes to women, I'm hard to beat."

"Sure, I know! You're devilish, ain't you?" jeered his friend. "You'll be smokin' cigareets and playin' red dog next! Besides, what do you want to fool round the countess for? She ain't any good."

Wally finished the careful creasing of the gray checked trousers on which he had been engaged—did it very deliberately—then walked across the room and faced Hardtack. His manner was one of controlled fury.

"You say another word against Sophie," he remarked quietly, "and I'll clean you!"

His bunkie did not look up from unlacing his shoes.

"Shucks, don't let's git sore at each other over the countess, ol'-timer! Me and you've been through too much together."

"Then you keep your mouth shut!"

"But, Wally, this is the tenth or eleventh time I know of that you've had it bad. And surely you ain't forgot what that husband done to you at Toul! It sure was aplenty!"

"This," said Wally stiffly, "is different."

"So was that German heifer at Neuwied"

"Are you going to shut up, you big lummox?" demanded Wally.

"Sure I am, if that's the way you feel! But there's one thing I just cain't git through my haid."

"What's that, a gimlet?"

"And that is why the countess runs with this here Moe. If she's a lady, Wally, how can she stand to take up with Levinsky? Hey? That guy's so crooked—well, I'd trust Moe about as far as I could throw a mule uphill by the tail."

"Do you mean to say she ain't a lady?" His bunkie's tone was purposeful and ominous.

"Sophie's a good scout," was the guarded reply.

The other stared at his bent head a moment as though tempted to land on it, then decided against hostilities and moved off.

"We got too much to do to waste time in fightin'," he declared. "But you leave Sophie alone. She's a lady—a real lady—and the only reason she speaks to that Levinsky at all is because she's down on her luck and he's been good to her."

"Ho-hum!" yawned Hardtack. "Best git to sleep, Wally. We got to be on the job at three in the mornin'."

At three in the morning Colonel Tarwater and Captain Hunter issued from the Hietzingerhof gate, strapping on their Sam Browne belts. A taxi was waiting for them, and in the taxi sat Levinsky.

"Well, here we are agin!" grumbled Hardtack sleepily. "What've we got to do now, blackjack some nice ol' gen'l'man?"

"It strikes me you boids've had it pretty soft so far," Moe retorted. He, also, was in the gloomy frame of mind common to risers before dawn.

"That's all right too. But what I cain't understand is why you should git sixty per cent of the loot and me and Wally only forty between us."

Levinsky gave a disdainful laugh.

"Who thought up this scheme, hey? I guess I done it, didn't I?"

"But me and Wally take all the risk."

"There ain't any risk—hardly. And if there was, it'd only be fair. It's always the brains behind a scheme that lands the kale, and not the roughnecks who do the easy work."

"Easy work?" cried Hardtack, ignoring the other affront. "If it's so easy, why don't you do it yourself? That's another thing I don't understand."

"Ain't I told you a dozen times that I can't get away with it? I speak their language too good. They'd know right off I wasn't an American officer. As it is, they think I'm a German and not from the U. S. Somebody had to fix the thing up, and somebody had to wear a uniform and act like they didn't know much. So I picked you two guys. Besides, you're hep to all this military dope. It's what they call division of labor, ain't it?"

"With us doin' the labor," supplemented Hardtack. His bunkie interrupted the argument at this point.

"What's the use of wranglin'?" he inquired. "The bargain's made, and we either got to stick to it or quit and lose the chance. So forget that stuff. I sure wish we could get a cup coffee."

At midnight of the following day a freight train arrived at Bruck-an-der-Leitha, on the frontier of Austria and Hungary, where the *zollbeamten* held it up. It seemed there was something queer about its running orders, and the frontier guards also viewed the cargo with suspicion. They wanted to know a lot of things—what the train really carried, whence it came, whither it was bound and by what authority it moved at all.

From the train descended Colonel Tarwater, stiffly and with ponderous confidence, accompanied by Captain Hunter and an interpreter. The interpreter was M. Levinsky. He explained to the officials that any irregularity in this shipment of relief supplies was due to the stupidity and carelessness of some minor employees; that there was urgent need of the supplies in Hungary; and that the American mission, represented by the two high officers who were present with him, was keenly desirous it should go forward without delay. To back up this story, which Moe told with glib volubility, he produced a number of papers plentifully bespattered with seals. As for Colonel Tarwater and Captain Hunter, they said not a word; merely stood apart in solemn dignity, doing their best to make the Sam Browne belts prominent.

One of the officials flashed a lantern on them and put a question in German. They shook their heads and Moe replied. Then the guards drew apart to confer. After a few minutes they returned and announced that the train might proceed.

"What did I tell you?" said Levinsky exultingly when they were safely in Hungary. "You can do anything over here with an American uniform."

He said no more than the truth. All that portion of Europe is so dependent on the United States that its officials and citizens will go to almost any lengths to conciliate Americans. They all know what the United States is doing to feed their millions of destitute, and consequently any credentials from the Relief Administration, or the mere sight of an American uniform, constitute an open sesame. Never did the United States enjoy such prestige in Central and Eastern Europe as to-day.

So Colonel Tarwater, Captain Hunter and M. Levinsky went bowling along into the interior of Hungary without a cloud on their sky. They played rummy for thousands of kronen, planning what they would do with their wealth on their return to Vienna, for wealth this train meant. It was loaded with munitions, which the Hungarians want more than food. They have not forgotten what the terrorist régime of the Bolsheviks under Bela Kun did to them; neither are they likely to forget the Rumanian invasion shortly after the armistice.

"We'd best lay low when we get back," Levinsky cautioned. "If any of them intelligence guys found out we was throwin' money round, they might get curious, and then the cat'd be out of the bag."

"You've said it!" assented Hardtack. "I aim to hit for Paree to have my fling. Two hundred thousand kronen! Zowie!"

Wally made no comment. Evidently Paris did not appeal to him, and his bunkie glanced in his direction uneasily.

"Now don't do nothin' foolish!" he warned.

"You leave me alone!" was the reply. "I reckon I can spend my own money where I like."

He did. The second morning after their safe return to Vienna Wally asked Hardtack for a loan of fifteen hundred kronen.

"Why," exclaimed his bunkie in surprise, "where's your own? You've got a coupla hundred thousand in cold cash!"

"Banked it."

"Then go downtown and draw some out."

"No-o, I don't like to do that. I want to save every cent of it, Hardtack, so we will be sure to have a stake when you've spent all yours."

"Is that so? And I reckon you figure on helpin' me spend mine. Is that it, buddy?"

"I only asked for a loan," protested Wally.

"Where did you bank this here fortune of yours? Huh? The more fool you! I wouldn't trust any of these here banks."

"I didn't. I gave it to Sophie to keep for me."

Hardtack gaped at him as though he did not credit his ears.

"You mean to tell me you've turned over all that money to Moe's gal?"

"You cut that out right now! She ain't Moe's girl! I told you I had beaten his time, and she never thought nothing of him. And now she's proved it. Me and Sophie're going to be married in a month."

"If you do," said Hardtack viciously, "I'll give you half mine for a wedding present. Say, Wally, I always knowed you was easy, but honest, I didn't think you'd fall for that. You beat it round to her place right now and get it back! Come on! We ain't got a minute to lose! Let's go!"

"What're you scared of? She'll keep it better than I would."

"She'll keep it all right! Do you know where she lives?"

"Sure I know where she lives! In that big stone house Moe showed us one day when we went for a drive."

Despite his protestations that he wouldn't budge a step and that he intended leaving the money in Sophie's charge, Wally was persuaded by the very intensity of Hardtack's concern to enter a taxi and drive to the address Levinsky had given. To be sure, he kept pooh-poohing his friend's fears, but it was patent that Hardtack's forceful denunciations had produced an effect, and he was getting uneasy.

"Well," said the A. P. correspondent next day to Colonel Causey, "there's another American in trouble here."

"That's not news."

"Perhaps not, but this one is funny. He blew round to the Countess Szienzi's house yesterday afternoon and asked to see her. They said she wasn't home and inquired what he wanted. And guess what he pulled!"

The colonel replied that he gave it up.

"Said he wanted back two hundred thousand kronen he had given the countess to keep. Fact! The servants concluded he was a nut and called the police."

"And then what?"

"This bird stuck to his story. Said the countess was a friend of his, and they were going to be married within a month, so he had given her all this money to take care of."

"And how did he propose to get rid of the count?"

"That's the joke of it. The police got hold of the countess, and of course she said she had never seen the man or heard of him and his money. They brought the two together, and the American admitted he had never seen the countess before; said the woman he had known as the Countess Szienzi was a brunette and twenty years younger and pretty"

"Stung, hey? And what did they do to him?"

"Turned him loose, I guess. Anyhow, nobody knows where he is now."

The colonel drummed on the table with his fingers.

"Two hundred thousand kronen!" he said pensively. "That's a lot of money over here. Where did he get it? Did he mention that?"

"That's what the police couldn't get out of him. They said he looked to be a roughneck, so they questioned him quite a while. His story was that he had won it gambling."

"Humph!" exclaimed Causey. "It might be worth your while to run this yarn down. It wouldn't surprise me if it connected up with that train of ammunition. Got any dope on that yet?"

"No more than we had yesterday. They're working on it."

At the identical moment this conversation was taking place Wally was sitting on the edge of his bed in the Hietzingerhof, holding his head in his hands and making moans from time to time.

"Aw, forgit it!" cried Hardtack, who was polishing his Sam Browne belt. "It's gone, so there's no use blubberin'. Her and Moe have blewed"

"It ain't the money I mind," groaned his bunkie. "It's the way that girl fooled me. I'll never trust a woman again as long as I live!"

"So it ain't the money, hey? You wait a few days and see, ol'-timer! You're like Zach Highhope. Every time Zach'd go on a bat and spend all he'd saved he'd worry two or three days over what he'd done. It wasn't the money Zach minded, but the disgrace of actin' thataway. But as soon as Zach come round to feelin' like himself agin he'd talk about what a fool a man was to drink liquor and throw his coin away."

Wally made no reply. He continued to hold his head and groan. After a while he looked up to ask, "What're you doing now—another party?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then what're you monkeying with that uniform for?"

"I'm fixing to make it into a bundle and drop it in the river, or burn it, or something—all except the Sam Browne belt. I just cain't let that go, Wally. Somehow I like the feel of it. I always knowed I was cut out for an officer."

His friend snorted and relapsed into moody silence. Hardtack went on with his task. He had just begun to wrap the uniform in tough brown paper when they heard footsteps coming along the hall. They stopped at the door of their room, and both were startled by a peremptory knock.

"Come in!" cried Hardtack, stuffing the parcel under the bed.

The door swung back, revealing the hall porter and an American M. P. The two stared at him as though he were a ghost. What was an American military policeman doing here?

"All right, you guys!" he cried briskly. "Stay just like you are." He pulled a gun and advanced into the room.

"You don't need that, buddy," said Hardtack. "Point it the other way. We ain't goin' to start nothin'. What's the matter, anyhow?"

The M. P. halted across the table from him and replied: "You know what's the matter without my telling you. What've you two been up to, anyhow?—going round the country dressed up like a colonel and a captain! Which was the colonel? You?"

Hardtack gulped and found difficulty in articulating. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he contrived to say.

"You don't, huh? We'll see about that. Where've you two birds hid your uniforms? Here's a Sam Browne! Where's the rest of your outfit? Step lively now and fetch it out. You might as well come clean."

The pair looked at each other.

"Come on! Get busy!" ordered the military policeman. "I know all about that train of munitions—and the salt and the grain too. The quicker you tell the truth the better it'll be for you. Where're your outfits?"

The two produced them without a word, but slowly and sadly.

"Well, that's that. Now where've you put the money? I got orders to seize that too."

"What money?" they wailed; but all subterfuges were unavailing. The M. P. seemed to know their every transaction to the minutest detail, and he proved adamant when they started to plead with him on the grounds of comradeship.

"When did pickin' up a few dollars from these furriners become a crime, hey?" Hardtack wanted to know. "All we done was to oblige some of them Hungarians, buddy. Where's the harm in that?"

"Yes, but you passed yourselves off as U. S. Army officers, and that's a felony."

"A what?"

"A felony. They can give you time in Leavenworth for that."

(Concluded on Page 30)

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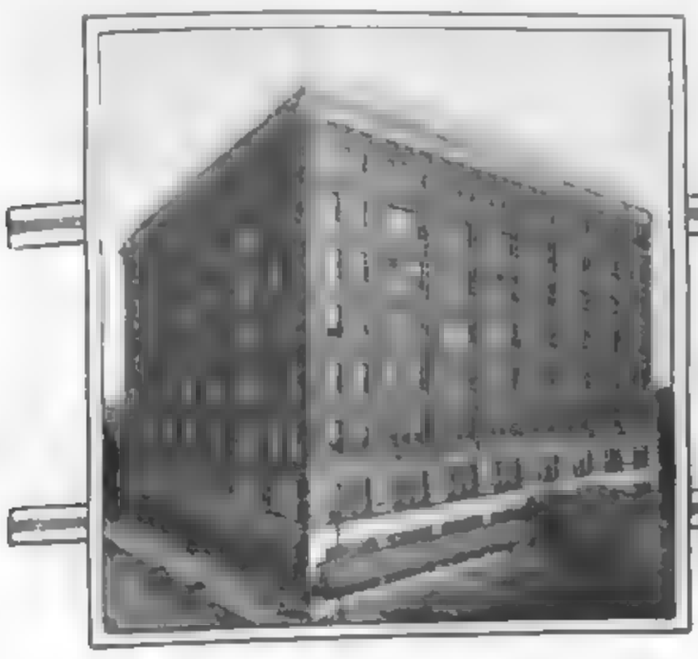
(Lower left) Wm. R. Moore Wholesale Dry Goods Co. Building. Architect: G. M. Shaw. Roofer: Bartholomew Roofing Co. Gen'l Contr.: Murch Bros., St. Louis, Mo.

(Below) Ford Motor Company. Architect: G. M. Shaw. Roofer: Bartholomew Roofing Co. Gen'l Contr.: James Alexander Const. Co., Memphis, Tenn.



Ford Assembly and Exhibition Building. Architect: Chas. O. Phiel. Roofer: Bartholomew Roofing Company. Gen'l Contr.: A. B. Lanning.

(Concluded from Page 28)

Neither of the pair lacked hardihood, but they blanched at this. With nothing worse against their records than brief stays in the hoosgow for having gone A. W. O. L. while slightly uplifted by vin rouge, a term in prison seemed the last word in degradation.

"Listen, buddy! We're honest, me and Wally are. I'm givin' it to you straight. We never knowed a uniform could git a man into all that trouble," began Hardtack prayerfully. "When this bird Moe asked us to do him a favor we obliged him as a friend. How could we know it was a felon? The worst we figured could happen was for some hairy major or A. P. M. to give us a talkin' to and tell us to drag it out of here quick."

"Go on! Keep it up. That's fine. You're getting in worse every minute. So you admit you knew it was wrong, do you?" asked the M. P.

Wally, who had kept silence, now came to the rescue.

"Oh, cut it out, Hardtack! The more you talk the worse you make it. They've got us—that's the main thing. The best thing we can do is try to settle. How about it, M. P.?"

The military policeman scrutinized them suspiciously a minute or two before coming to a decision.

"Well," said he at last, "it looks like they might be lenient in your case, buddy."

With that he put up his gun and they sat down to arrange terms. What those terms were may be conjectured by the closing words of the conference.

"Why don't you take the shirts off'n our backs, too?" exclaimed Hardtack bitterly.

"I've left you a thousand kronen, ain't I? That's nearly three dollars, and will pay your fare out of this country. And if you birds take my advice you'll beat it toot sweet. You've got twelve hours, mind! That's the best I can give you."

"I always did hate M. P.'s"—this from Wally. "Let's beat him up, Hardtack, and take a chance."

"None of that!" barked the visitor, jumping up and jerking his gun. "No monkey business. Come across with that money and I'll be on my way! What? You won't? Oh, yes, you will!"

And he proceeded to prove he was right. Backing them both against the wall he relieved Hardtack of his roll, which he then carefully counted.

"Good!" he cried. "It's all here!" And without bothering to search Wally he made for the door. "So long, you guys!" he called back good-naturedly. "Pleasant journey!"

"Well, there's one comfort," remarked Hardtack, his face the picture of woe; "he's got a kind heart."

"Come on, let's drift along," urged Wally. "That crook's just mean enough to double-cross us. We've got to drag it out of here."

"But he's taken every cent. That crack you made cost us a thousand kronen."

"No, he didn't neither. I got most of that fifteen hundred you lent me."

They threw their things together and, without bothering to inquire of the *portier* the running time of trains, they paid their bill and streaked for the station by which they had entered Vienna.

As they waited feverishly on the station platform for the Milan express a local train began to pull out right under their noses. Hardtack stared and grabbed his bunkie by the arm.

"Look, Wally, look!" he cried, shaking him.

In a second-class compartment sat their erstwhile friend, M. Levinsky, with the Countess Sophie by his side.

They were holding hands after the Continental fashion, with fingers interlocked. But the knock-out was furnished by a man in civilian clothes in the seat opposite them, who was leaning forward as he talked.

"Why, it's—it's that M. P.," gasped Hardtack.

Before they could recover from their stupefaction or move a finger to detain the conspirators the train gathered speed and drew away. Yet they were to hear more from the trio—indeed, indeed, they were! For before they were quite out of earshot M. Levinsky hurriedly let down the glass, stuck his head far out the compartment door and, making a megaphone of his hands, bawled, "You fightin' men are sure hard to beat!"

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 22)

believers in these doctrines—as because their success in ousting the bourgeoisie and usurping all the powers of the state could not but exercise a powerfully tempting fascination on the minds of the proletariat of other countries, ignorant of the real conditions of things in Russia. In proclaiming to the world their provocative summons, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" the Bolsheviks could point to their own triumphant achievement, inviting imitation.

Bolshevism as a world movement had become a most serious menace to the whole system of our present-day civilization, and as such should have been recognized as the common enemy of all. To put it down by a united effort in the common interest before it had acquired any further momentum would, one would think, have been the part of wisdom. As long, however, as the World War, which was undermining and ruining, perhaps for generations, the prosperity of the bourgeois-governed countries engaged in it, was suffered to continue, no effectual effort at combating Bolshevism could be thought of, since it was the war itself that had enabled Bolshevism to raise its head and to thrive on the discontent and despair of the warring peoples which it brought in its train.

Purblind war psychosis alone could imagine that the fundamental object of Bolshevism was to promote German imperialistic aims because some of its leaders were supposed to have been or had actually been suborned with German gold. Bolshevism was pursuing an openly proclaimed, much more dangerous aim than assisting the success of German arms, or else the defeat of Germany would have settled its fate as well. But, far from this having been the case, we see now that the total collapse of Germany and her associates has only served to increase the menace of Bolshevism by widening the circle where its propaganda may count upon a receptive mood among peoples reduced to the extreme of abasement and despair and embittered by their long-borne suffering and misery, for which they hold their ruling classes responsible.

Nor was the hope of German militarists and Russia haters, of being able to secure the dismemberment and final elimination of Russia as a potent factor in world politics, by compounding with Bolshevism, based on any sounder comprehension of the reality of the situation created by the advent of Bolshevism as the *de facto* government of a great country and its consequent growth as a formidable menace to the civilized world.

One would think that it would have been sufficiently clear to the rulers of all the countries engaged in the World War, on both sides, that there was only one way to meet the common danger threatening them all and to deal effectively and decisively once for all with the menace of Bolshevism, and that was the immediate conclusion of peace between the belligerents, and their armed intervention, jointly or by mandate to one of them, for the purpose of aiding the disarmed people of Russia to depose the Bolshevist usurpers before they had time to organize the Red Army, and to reestablish a civilized government of their own choice.

What stood in the way of the adoption of such a policy, so evidently suited to the real interests of all concerned, and indeed of civilization itself, was, on both sides, the determination of the militaristically thinking elements predominating among the rulers of the belligerent countries not to terminate the war otherwise than by a knock-out blow dealt to the adversary, and by a peace by dictation; and furthermore, on one side the hatred and fear of Germany, and on the other the hatred and fear of Russia.

The failure to adopt such a policy in obedience to the dictates, not of sentiment but of reason and statesmanship, has led to results which the world is contemplating to-day in sorrow and consternation.

As far as Russia was concerned it was plain from the moment of the unopposed seizure of power by the Bolsheviks that her fate was sealed unless something could be done to enable those elements which constituted the still existing nucleus of the political apparatus of the former state to reëstablish a government of law and order that could have saved the country from disruption and anarchy. That was still possible as long as that nucleus had not been definitively destroyed or dispersed and the Red Army which the Bolsheviks were trying to raise for the consolidation of their power was still in the initial stage of its organization. But it was no less plain that these elements could not by any possibility come forward to any serious purpose unless they had the support of an armed force to rely on. Such an armed force could come only from the outside, since the national army, having been disbanded, or rather having disbanded itself, no longer existed as a fighting force and its remnants could not be relied on for the support of law and order any more than for opposition to a foreign invasion. What was needed, consequently, for the salvation of the country was the conclusion with the least possible delay of a general peace and an agreement between the former belligerents to assist in the reëstablishment of the Russian Empire in the only way in which such assistance could effectually be rendered.

Such a solution might have commended itself in the interest of the reorganization of the community of European states on a basis rendering possible their peaceable coexistence in the future. Under existing conditions, however, in the all-pervading atmosphere of war psychosis, the salvation of Russia was evidently no concern of friend or foe, nor even of those Russians in whose eyes loyalty to the Allies possessed a claim to their allegiance superior to that of the vital interests and very existence of their own country. Any hope, therefore, based on the possibility of such a solution was manifestly doomed to disappointment. And yet it was the only hope left to those—and they were not so few as indifference to the fate of the Russian people was inclined to suppose—to whom the salvation of their country meant everything and primed every other consideration. It was the straw at which a drowning man would clutch before sinking to his doom.

But the pursuit of this only remaining hope was possible only if an organ could be found to plead the cause of Russia's salvation. There existed no longer any power in Russia entitled to delegate to anyone due authority to speak in her name. Nor was it possible under the régime of terrorism established by the Bolsheviks for any political organization, or simply a group of people, to meet for the purpose of discussing the situation and of empowering anyone to act as their spokesman abroad.

Such were the conditions existing when, being determined not to leave a stone unturned in the fight for peace and for my country's salvation, I made up my mind to undertake the self-imposed mission of placing myself in contact with both sides in the contest, as well as with the neutral powers, in an endeavor to ascertain whether it would not be possible to discover a way in which the initiation of peace negotiations might be brought about. I was, of course, fully aware of the quixotic nature and hopelessness of such an undertaking, as well as of the probable obloquy, contemptible suspicions and even ridicule to which I exposed myself in doing, nevertheless, what I considered my duty by my country.

I must own, however, that I was somewhat astonished when, a year later, having through the kind and unremitting efforts of the United States Minister at Stockholm, Mr. Ira Nelson Morris, an old friend of happier days in America, obtained permission to have my passport viséed for the journey to New York, I found that I was, by order of the Russian Minister at Stockholm, refused by the Russian Consulate General passports for myself and family, on the plea that I was suspected of being a Bolshevist agent and that I had been visiting Berlin in the course of the summer of 1918; and furthermore, when I found that the permission already granted to have my papers viséed at the American Consulate General had suddenly been revoked by cabled orders from Washington, presumably in consequence of some denunciation to the Inter-Allied Passport Control emanating from the same Russian source. This permission was restored some days later, thanks to a renewed intercession in my favor of Mr. Morris, who stood by me in this matter as a faithful friend, a broad-minded statesman and a true gentleman.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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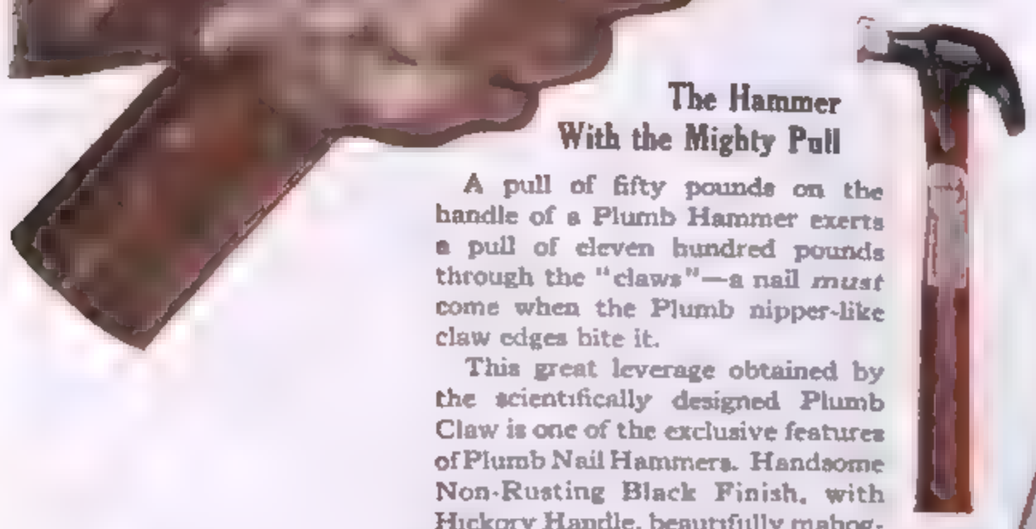

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WINNIE AND THE BROKEN HEART

(Continued from Page 11)

she strongly suspected that she had not. But it was evident that the ingenuous and ladylike girl saw it—the air, the distinction, the *je ne sais quoi*. She was especially glad that Winnie had seen at once the *je ne sais quoi*. It made Mrs. Ripon feel very kindly toward—Mrs. Ripon.

"Yes, Miss O'Wynn, I see what you mean. I always say that a lady must have *je ne sais quoi*. But I'll help you about clothes. I particularly want you to be bright, and in reason I don't mind what it costs. You'll want two nice evening frocks, some little dresses for tennis and the garden, some sports things, nice shoes, silk stockings some Ninon——"

Here she broke off abruptly, as the silent Mr. Ripon, his face pale and his eyes glittering, came up.

"Did you tell Rex we were dining here, Rose?" he asked curtly.

"Yes—why?"

"He's just rung up from some roulette hell for money. There's"—he checked himself, eying Winnie—"there's been some misunderstanding—the boy's not to blame," he added without conviction. "I'll see you into the car, and then I must run round and see what the trouble is. Rex and I will come on in his runabout later. You've arranged with Miss O'Wynn? I'll put her in a taxi and she can call and make final arrangements at the office to-morrow."

He was jerky with impatience. Rex, Winnie knew, was their only son, and clearly he was on the prodigal path this evening.

They rose. As they did so a voice addressed Winnie. She turned to see Lady Fasterton—whom in her simple, innocent way she had once befriended—about to settle down at an adjoining table.

The Ripons stared. Lady Fasterton, though passionately well got up, was really amazingly like Winnie, plus eight years.

"Your sister, Miss O'Wynn?" whispered Mrs. Ripon.

"Oh, no, an old school friend," began Winnie.

"It's Lady Fasterton, Rose," said Henry Ripon. A new respect came into the eyes of Mrs. Ripon.

"She wants me to go over to her," said Winnie. "Please don't let me keep you. I shall be quite all right. She will let one of her friends see about a taxi for me."

"Yes, yes, that's a good idea," agreed Ripon, suddenly anxious to get away to the rescue of the rouletted Rex. "I shall see you then at eleven at the office to-morrow, Miss O'Wynn. Good night."

"And you will be able to come to Fonthill Tower in two days' time, dear?" added Mrs. Ripon, her eyes avidly on Lady Fasterton. "That will give you time to get the frocks. Don't disappoint me. Good night."

They went, and Winnie joined Lady Fasterton and her friends, the Hon. Gerald Peel, a well-known steeplechase rider, and a cousin of Lord Fasterton.

"What on earth are you doing with those people, child?" asked Lady Fasterton with the maternal air which she adopted toward Winnie.

"I have been very fortunate, Lady Fasterton," smiled Winnie. "I have just secured a post as companion to Mrs. Ripon."

"How bizarre! Why have you done that? How much is she paying you, little one?"

"A hundred and twenty pounds a year, I think. And she is paying for some frocks."

Lady Fasterton stared at the sweet face turned to her, and smiled.

"What a lovely little thing you are!" she said, going off at an impulsive tangent. "And to think that once I was just like you. Do you think so, Gerry?"

Gerry, gazing with interest at them both, agreed, and added that they still were like sisters. Lady Fasterton barked back:

"But she's paying you more than the usual money for a companion, you know, child. She's after something don't you think so, Gerry?"

Gerald was understood to observe that personally speaking he had never known Ripon, the commission agent, part with money that wasn't coming back, and probably his wife was like him But Winnie only smiled and said that she thought she would be quite comfortable and happy. The Ripons had been very kind to her, she explained.

"I don't think they can want anything from such an unimportant little girl as I am, dear Lady Fasterton. You see, I have nothing much they can want."

But Lady Fasterton did not look quite sure about that.

"Well, child, come to me whenever you are in any difficulty. Winnie once did me a very great favor," she added to the lean, impassive Gerald.

They dropped the Ripons then. But when presently the worthy Gerald put Winnie into her taxi he breathed a word of advice, rather with the air of one who gives a tip for a cast-steel certainty in the three-thirty sprint.

"No affair of mine, Miss Winnie, but take care of the Ripons. Ripon's a merciless sort of chap when he's got the whip hand of anyone. His wife's said to be even harder; and there's an unlicked cub of a son knockin' about—Rex Ripon—been spoiled all his life. Look out for him—promisin' young blackguard. Just a tip, Miss Winnie. Wish you luck."

"Thank you so much," said Winnie, one tiny gloved hand pressing lightly on his sleeve. "I knew you were kind and courtly and chivalrous the moment I saw you. Good night."

She smiled bewilderingly, caressed him for an instant with those blue, blue eyes, sank back into the gloom of the taxi and was gone.

The Hon. Gerald Peel stared after the ramshackle fifteen h. p. clank, conscious of a warm glow all over.

"Chivalrous! Discernin' little beauty! Winnie—Winnie—Winnie O'Wynn! Poor Pelham O'Wynn named her well. If ever I saw a winner in my life she's it. Never even knew he had a daughter. Courtly! And only nineteen to-morrow. Don't like her goin' to people like the Ripons—don't like it. What eyes! Chivalrous——"

And he went back to Lady Fasterton.

III

WITHIN thirty seconds of calling upon Henry Ripon next morning Winnie was aware of the fact that his anxiety to secure her as companion to his wife had redoubled. He was cordial and his check book was ready. He had a list on his desk—a list written in the large and lazy hand of his wife.

"Mrs. Ripon mentioned that she wanted you to get some things, I think, Miss O'Wynn."

"Yes," said Winnie, her eyes falling. "I am sorry she should be put to such an expense, but I am not so well equipped as—as—I—as Mrs. Ripon would like me to be."

He nodded.

"No. She explained." He passed the list. "Mrs. Ripon thinks you might get the things she has written down for about fifty pounds. Can you?"

Winnie studied the list. It called for some keen buying if fifty pounds was going to cover it, and Winnie was not in the mood for keen buying.

"I—suppose so, Mr. Ripon. I don't quite know. You see, Mrs. Ripon is such good style, and unless one gets good things it is impossible to try to be even a modest reflection of her. Do you mind my saying so frankly? I don't pretend to know a great deal about the really smart things. I was going to get Lady Fasterton to come with me and choose the things. She has perfect taste."

Evidently Ripon had instructions to be broad-minded in the matter, for he nodded, sighing slightly.

"A very good idea, Miss O'Wynn; and that reminds me—my wife wished you to give her compliments to Lady Fasterton if you see her."

Winnie promised.

"Lady Fasterton will be pleased. She was admiring Mrs. Ripon's diamonds last night."

Ripon looked remotely pleased.

"Ah, but it's her emeralds we're proud of," he said naïvely.

"Don't you think it would be a good plan, please, just to let Lady Fasterton choose me the dresses and things from the list and leave it to her to choose the quality which would do justice to Mrs Ripon when I am with her?" suggested Winnie timidly.

If a man—a man connected with racing or finance—had screwed up cold-blooded courage enough to ask him for an open check of that description, Ripon honestly would have wondered in what part of the head a horse had kicked that man, and advised a specialist. But it did not seem to strike him as odd, coming from Baby Blue Eyes, evidently a protégée of Lady Fasterton, whose husband was a member of the almighty Jockey Club, and who admired his wife's style—or was it her diamonds, or both? On the contrary, it seemed a very natural, indeed rather flattering, suggestion. He smiled and passed the list.

"Very well; let Lady Fasterton choose for you, and bring the bills to me, Miss O'Wynn. Have anything—er—in reason, you know. Give Lady Fasterton my compliments."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Ripon"—Winnie rose—"I will leave everything to her. She knows Mrs. Ripon is buying me some frocks. I'll tell her to be as economical as ever she can."

The commission agent winced a little.

"Well, well, you needn't say that to her. Let her do it in about Mrs. Ripon's style, you know."

"Very well; I will do as you say, Mr. Ripon," smiled Winnie shyly, and departed.

Mr. Ripon stared fixedly at his pad for a few minutes after she had gone. He frowned three times, grinned once, forgot it and looked uneasy, made a movement as though to get up in a hurry, restrained himself and finally sighed.

"Pshaw, she's only a kid, anyway! But when you come to think of it, I've given her an unlimited credit! Me! What would Rose say to that? Still—Lady Fasterton—that'll please her After all, you can't swim with the goldfish unless you've got the scales." He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow, she'll be worth it for Rex's sake," he told himself.

But his jaw fell that afternoon when Winnie's friend, Lady Fasterton, languidly handed him bills for about three hundred and fifty pounds.

"I have done the best I could for the child, Mr. Ripon," she said. "Nothing extravagant, of course, but just nice, don't you know? One or two of the things are rather sweet. Mrs. Ripon won't be ashamed of her when they go out and about. And I think you and Mrs. Ripon are treating her quite charmingly. Do you want Winnie any more to-day? Because I am taking her to tea with me. She is coming to you to-morrow, isn't she? I will send her down in my car. Come along, child. Thank you so much, Mr. Ripon."

The commission agent stared at the door, silently wishing that he had made an appointment with the dentist that afternoon.

It is not the custom of English ladies to buy an outfit of expensive plumage for the girls whom occasionally they engage as companions. Their custom is otherwise, and Winnie O'Wynn knew this rather better than most people.

Sitting in bed that evening, looking like something that ought to be sprinkled with sugar and cream and eaten in one bite, cozily clad in the Fasterton dressing jacket and toying with a cup of chocolate under a pink-shaded electric light, she chatted it over with herself.

"I am a little nervous," she said, picking up a charming hand mirror which had arrived that evening from the Honorable Gerald—a slight offering on the occasion of her nineteenth birthday. "You are a little nervous, Winnie mine. Nearly nervous, say. The very last woman in the world to buy clothes for anybody but herself is Mrs. Ripon, and her husband is quite the last man to pay for them—unless they knew that it was more than worth their while. Why are they doing it, dear?" She smiled into the mirror. "They have spent perhaps three hundred and sixty pounds on you. They must want something back for it which is worth thousands."

She finished her chocolate thoughtfully.

"I think it is just as well that you are going down to Fonthill Tower—just to look into things. Poor daddy used to say that the sea of life was full of great fierce sharks swimming about looking for little girls, and I am sure that the Ripons are sharks. And I don't see how you can possibly escape them, dearest. I think you are in a very dangerous situation and will have to be careful. Remember that, Winnie!"

Then, smiling the angelic, innocent smile of a child, she put down the mirror, slipped off the dressing jacket and curled up under the eiderdown. Presently a white, slender, graceful arm reached out to the switch at the head of the bed and the pink glow died out.

"Very—dangerous—sharks—to snap me—up," she whispered. "Fight them—with—their—own—weapons—pretty—dressing—jacket—lovely—frocks—weapons—sharks—little girls——"

Giggle—sigh—and Winifred was fast asleep, while down at Fonthill Tower the sharks were entering on the fourth lap of an argument of singular ferocity concerning the cost of the lovely frocks and things, of the gossamer, foamy lace, and so forth, upon which Winnie had floated so serenely into the arms of kind old Father Morpheus.

But of these recriminations no sign was apparent when Winnie arrived next day at Fonthill Tower, sole occupant—except the driver, a grim devil, with a face like an idol, Mongolian species—of the colossal car which Lady Fasterton had lent her for the journey. The welcome extended by Mrs. Ripon was most cordial. Servants ran about quite busily for a little while, dealing with Winnie's trunks. Tea made an instant appearance in the small drawing-room. Mrs. Ripon kissed her most affectionately, and, to crown all, Rex Ripon, the heir of the house, condescended to put in an appearance.

Rex was a plain, fattish youth of twenty-two, puffy and palpably short of exercise. He was brightly dressed, and carried quite a number of carats about with him where he went—rings, a bracelet watch, brooch, and so forth. It was swiftly apparent to Winnie that Rex was mother's boy, and she saw almost as swiftly that Rex was coquetting with an idea that she was destined to be Rex's Winnie.

"I expect you ride a great deal, don't you?" Winnie asked him as she gazed out at the park.

"No, but we have plenty of horses," said Rex. "Would you like to ride to-morrow?"

"Oh, but that is too kind!" said Winnie with a glance of shy admiration.

"Not 'tall," said Rex. "You fond of ridin', Miss O'Wynn?"

"Oh, very, please!" cooed Winifred.

She perceived that Mrs. Ripon was beaming on them, and wondered why.

"Rex is a very fine rider—when he feels well," said Mrs. Ripon. "But his health is not good."

"Oh, what a pity! And you look so strong, too, Mr. Ripon. So supple, with a strange sheathed strength—graceful—I—I mean like a leopard," said Winnie with a delicious confusion.

Rex lit up amazingly. Strong, graceful leopard, hey? He'd always suspected it. This was a sensible girl, this Miss O'Wynn. Goin' to get on well together.

He hung about for a little, but there was no more of the leopard stuff forthcoming just then, and so presently he retired rather reluctantly to keep an appointment.

"How do you like Rex?" asked the fond mother as the door closed behind the youth.

"He is very handsome, isn't he?" said Winnie shyly.

"Yes, very."

"I expect he is very clever, isn't he?"

"Extraordinarily clever," agreed Mrs. Ripon.

"I think you and Mr. Ripon must be very proud of him," cooed Winnie.

"Naturally we are; but his father is so very strict and narrow in his ideas. It cramps Rex amazingly."

Winnie nodded gently, gazing with wide eyes at the fond mother.

"I suppose that is because Mr. Ripon wishes to train him to become able to control the business, isn't it?" inquired Winnie.

Mrs. Ripon gave a curious snort.

"No, indeed! Rex will never be a commission agent with my consent. There will be no need for him to earn money. We are very wealthy people—much more so than many suspect."

She leaned forward to this sensible, shy little mouse of a girl who was obviously so deeply impressed by everything.

"My plans for Rex are very different from his father's," she said. "He will marry a nice girl with a little money and go into Parliament."

"That would be splendid, wouldn't it?" said Winnie.

Then, tiring of the remarkable Rex, she spoke of the vicious hack at the Ripon

(Continued on Page 35)

When Johnny Fell in—

The water wasn't deep, but it *was* cold and wet.

Father and mother rushed him into the living room where a log fire blazed. They threw his sopping clothes any old way—tossed his shirt on the library table—his dripping overcoat and underclothes across the mahogany chair.

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(Continued from Page 32)

revenues so deftly administered by Lady Fasterton on her behalf.

"I feel very guilty about the terrible cost of the clothes Lady Fasterton bought for me, dear Mrs. Ripon. You know, it was Mr. Ripon's suggestion that Lady Fasterton choose the things, and the prices were dreadful. I was quite frightened."

Mrs. Ripon's face hardened a little. But when she spoke it was clear that she did not blame Winnie.

"It was not your fault," she said. "Nor dear Lady Fasterton's. It was Mr. Ripon's. He has no sense—er—of proportion. I have a special reason for wanting you nicely dressed—and so has he—but three hundred and fifty pounds was unreasonable."

"Yes, indeed, that is what I told May Fasterton, but she laughed at what she called my meager ideas."

"Never mind, I understand," said Mrs. Ripon, the steely light dying out of her eyes. "You are an old friend of Lady Fasterton? I should be very pleased if you would get her to lunch here one day—or perhaps a week-end."

"I will ask her when she comes back from the North of England, dear Mrs. Ripon," purred Winnie. "She is going to Westmoreland to-morrow."

Mrs. Ripon was charmed; so charmed that she had no objection to her husband, who came in just then, being charmed also. Him, Winnie charmed with almost ludicrous ease.

He was inclined to be facetious, probably with some idea of jollying his wife out of her resentment re the three-fifty blunder, being unaware that Winnie had already completely and painlessly performed the jollying operation.

"Well, young lady, here you are, then? Is Lord Fasterton's Amaranth going to win the big race to-morrow?"

Winnie looked at him admiringly.

"Oh, how wonderful that you have said that, Mr. Ripon!"

A certain uneasiness darkened the countenance of the commission agent. He had laid a hundred to eight pretty freely against the Fasterton candidate, Amaranth, in a big two-year-old sprint on the following day.

"Lady Fasterton told me it was certain to win. I don't understand racing very well, but I remember Amaranth because Lady Fasterton has a hundred pounds on it. It's a great secret. She has put five pounds on Amaranth for me," said Winnie with a certain innocent, pretty excitement.

Acute alarm made itself manifest on the visage of the big bookmaker.

"Ah, another of Fasterton's hot-pots!" he said impolitely, and disappeared into his study, where the telephone lived. He had some thousands about Amaranth to lay off and very little time to do it in. He reappeared in ten minutes, smiling.

"Well done!" he said. "You are a very sensible young lady, Miss O'Wynn—and you are on Amaranth two ponies at ten to one—five hundred to nothing!"

"I—I am very silly," said Winnie. "But I don't understand very well."

"If Amaranth wins—as he will—I've arranged that you will win five hundred pounds over him," explained the bookmaker, failing to add that he personally would win a vastly greater sum—indeed, that he would have a skinner on the race, and would win every bet that he had laid against all other runners, as well as a handsome figure for which he had backed Amaranth.

"Oh, thank you! How generous!" sighed Winnie, who already had a silent but solid hundred of her own hard-earned pounds on Amaranth at a respectable twelve to one. For among her talents Winifred had one which her daddy had lacked—she knew a red-hot tip when it was given her, and Lady Fasterton had given it to her on the day before.

"And what have you done for me?" inquired Mrs. Ripon rather frostily.

Her husband giggled rather weakly.

"You are on four ponies at tens, dear," he lied.

"Ah, I am glad you thought of me, too," she replied.

But it was noticeable that Mr. Ripon returned to the telephone at the first opportunity.

To dispose now of a mere passing incident in the affair of Winnie and the Ripons, it may be said at once that Amaranth tottered home by about fourteen lengths the next day at the cramped figure of eleven to eight, so drastic an effect upon the market had the activities of astute Mr. Ripon. Not that the short starting price mattered to little Miss O'Wynn, who gently snared no fewer than one thousand seven hundred sixty pounds over the good and worthy Amaranth's performance.

Yes, the Ripons were charmed with Winnie. Mrs. Ripon even lent her her maid that night, an extraordinarily competent but disillusioned Franco-Scottish maiden who was meditating a move to more genuinely aristocratic circles. Lucile, for so Jean had rechristened herself, was easy to Winnie, for, a little exalted at the task of attending so indulgent, gentle and—after Mrs. Ripon—so ladylike and well-bred a girl, the maid responded to treatment most freely. She talked. Among others, she spoke of Rex the Remarkable.

Rex, it was apparent, was a youth whose ways were comprehensive, all-embracing; a Don Juan, who cut a wide swath, painted a large canvas and flung a far net. For instance, he did not disdain flirtation with a gray-eyed Franco-Scottish coquette. But he should not have disdained such a one after he had not disdained her, for these things lead to bitterness. So that when at long last Winnie curled up in squirrel-like comfort for the night she felt tolerably confident that she knew why the Ripons had been so lavish and insistent about her.

The gallant Rex, it seemed, was in thrall to a certain siren of neighboring woodlands—namely, the daughter of an adjoining landowner's gamekeeper. A full-blown, largely beautiful girl, acute with that odd limited acuteness of the rustic, Miss Daisy Lane, the siren aforesaid, had held the roving Rex in chains of silk for some months past, and the Ripons—*père et mère*—feared that the chains were like to be lasting in spite of all their threats. So they had hit upon the idea of a counterattraction to Miss Lane, and Winnie was it—the counterattraction.

"That is the only possible explanation," she told herself softly. She remembered the sudden disappearance of the wolf gleam from the eyes of Ripon when the idea first occurred to him, and smiled.

"Let me see now," she said. "This spoiled oaf, Rex, has to marry a nice girl with money and go into Parliament. Lucile says that the girl his people want him to marry is the plutocratic daughter of Sir Isidore Campbell-Gordon, who lives close by. But Rex is entangled—willingly—in the nets of Daisy Lane, the pretty daughter of Gamekeeper Lane. So I have been imported and provided with plumes in order to allure Rex into forgetfulness of Daisy. When I have done this, Mr. Ripon will no doubt compensate Daisy, or Daisy's daddy, and promptly get rid of me, leaving Rex to be consoled by Sara Campbell-Gordon. Yes, that is it. How callous and inconsiderate! I knew they wanted to take advantage of me in some way. Nobody cares whether I fall in love with Rex the Remarkable or not. My heart might be broken, but they would not care. Such sharks! They would sacrifice me gayly and not care at all," she concluded drowsily—"not at all."

Aided and abetted by Mrs. Ripon, Winnie found it a matter of surpassing ease to bring the somewhat beefy Rex, already bored by the charms of Daisy, to heel. He fell in love with her like a small boy falling through a gap in the hedge of a lovely orchard of ripe apples. He was too young, too spoiled and altogether too raw to use any finesse.

Within a week the episode of the fair Daisy was a thing of the past, and Ripon père had compensated her for her wounded feelings on a scale which, although not extravagant, was sufficiently broad to enable the gamekeeper's daughter to face the world with a smile, and a rather wide one at that.

Ten days after her arrival Winnie was called away unexpectedly. A friend was not well, it appeared, and fain would have Winnie visit her for two or three days. Graciously Mrs. Ripon agreed.

"You must come back as soon as you can," said she. But Winnie caught a note of insincerity that made her think.

"I see," said the girl as she strolled across the park to the warren where Rex was potting rabbits. "I have served her turn now. Rex is saved from Daisy, and nothing remains now but to get rid of me, leaving the way clear for Sara Campbell-Gordon. I think I may expect my *congé* from Mrs. Ripon by post."

She smiled, turned back and packed all her pretty things. It was no part of her simple plan to leave anything at Mrs. Ripon's mercy. Then she found Rex and said *au revoir*. He was grieved but fond.

"No, please," said Winnie, "you may not kiss me until we are married. But you will write to me every night, won't you? Can you write real love letters? If only you knew how I love a romantic letter, Rex, darling! And you don't love that ridiculous Sara Campbell-Gordon, do you?"

She tore herself away from the babbling youth, and so in due course went back to her flat for a few days.

Rex wrote every day—extremely romantic letters. Winnie loved them. She answered every one, dwelling sweetly upon their plans for the future. She told him of a great stroke of luck which had befallen them—namely, that if they married in the winter, Lady Fasterton would probably lend them her villa at the Riviera if he cared to spend his honeymoon there. It was lovely there, and so convenient to Monte Carlo if Rex cared for roulette. Would he let her know in his next letter if he approved?

He did. He approved by return of post—more than four pages of approval. He preferred to marry in the winter, he said, and it should be so. Winnie put the letters away.

"Poor child!" she sighed.

Then came the expected letter from Mrs. Ripon, full of affectionate regret, with a quarter's salary inclosed. She was leaving for Paris, she explained, and owing to unexpected circumstances—over which she had no control—she was compelled to terminate Winnie's engagement as companion. Winnie nodded, her blue eyes dancing.

"She has no further use for me."

There was no letter from Rex that day or the next. Winnie knew what that meant. She waited two more days. But Rex had apparently forgotten the art of calligraphy. Then Winnie called him up on the telephone.

"Rex, darling, why don't you write to me any more?" Her sweet voice quivered. "Are you tired of me?"

Hoarsely Rex explained that he was helpless. He had spoken to his mother of his forthcoming marriage to Winnie, and his father had come in unexpectedly, so that he had been compelled to explain matters to them both.

"Ah," sighed Winnie, "that is splendid! I am so glad they know. I did not like having secrets from them. When do they wish us to be married, darling?"

More hoarsely than ever, Rex explained that his parents would not hear of his marriage with her. His father, he said in tones of strangely mixed hate, terror and reluctant respect, had been inexorable. He had, confessed the youth, taken him by the coat collar and led him firmly to the door of Fonthill Tower, and there in a voice of cold fury had informed him that he, Rex, was at the moment of decision. If he wished to marry Winnie or anybody but Sara Campbell-Gordon, Mr. Ripon had said gratingly, he was free to do so. He could step through that doorway and go to his marriage; but he need never return, nor need he look for any money, food, clothing, cigarettes or even matches from his parents. He would be cut off forever and would have to work or starve, and he had given Rex two minutes to decide. And Rex, being the sort of youth he was, had decided in one minute four seconds. He had decided for Sara and no work—in preference to Winnie and presumably lots of work. He whined a little, was apologetic, spoke of his great love, moaned once or twice and finally allowed himself to be cut off.

Winnie made herself a cup of chocolate and glanced through the courageless wretch's letters. Then she telephoned to an old friendly enemy of hers—none other than one Mr. George H. Jay, the agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row—begged an appointment, put on her prettiest things and took a taxi.

IV

MR. JAY was undeniably pleased to see her. He said so in his specious and breezy way, laughing loudly and cordially. But there was a certain anxiety in his watchful eye—for Winnie, on the two occasions when she had transacted business with him, had cost him large sums. But her first innocent words, her shining, half-tearful eyes, her quivering lips reassured him a little.

"I have come to you for help, please, Mr. Jay," she said. "I think my heart is broken."

Mr. Jay came across and patted her shoulder.

"Tell me all about it, little one," he said gently, though his eyes were wary.

And Winnie told him of the cruel way in which the Ripons had used her, and of the heartless cowardice of Rex.

"The world is full of wolves, Mr. Jay, and they snap up a little thing like me and nobody cares," she said. "And Rex promised to marry me—over and over again."

She produced two of his letters. Mr. Jay scanned them, and an unholy joy lightened his hard eyes.

"I will stand by you, Miss Winnie," said he very earnestly indeed. "You have done well to come to me, my dear child. I am the man to handle this. It is a shame to treat a sweet, innocent little woman like you this way—a brutal shame. Tell me, is this Ripon the Ripon who runs Mackenzie's, the big commission agent and money lender?"

"Yes, Mr. Jay," sighed Winifred.

Mr. Jay drew in his breath.

"Ah!" he said. "A-a-h-h! You have done well to come to Old George Jay, Miss Winnie. Trust me! I will look after this for you. Trust Old George!"

He thought for a moment.

"I can get you a thousand out of a breach-of-promise case," he said, "if you care to face it."

But Winnie did not want any coarse publicity.

"I couldn't bear it. I couldn't endure that, Mr. Jay. I was hoping that we could call on Mr. Ripon and try to persuade him to let Rex marry me. Dear Rex is worth more than a thousand pounds to me."

Mr. Jay nodded enthusiastically. He looked as if he wanted to say, "Go on, be innocent some more—more ingenuous than that."

He need not have feared.

His part was to be purely subordinate. He was being employed, though he was quite unaware of it.

"If only you come with me, please, to help me face Mr. Ripon," said Winnie.

"Certainly I will! Of course—nothing I should like better. Fight for your damages—for you—to the last gasp, dear Miss Winnie. There, there, don't cry, little one. It'll be all right. Leave it to me—Old George Jay."

He went to the door and commanded a taxi in the voice of one who means business.

They found Mr. Henry Ripon at his office inspecting the paying-in slip relating to the sheaf of checks received that morning from various losers, a little bit of routine which afforded him much innocent gratification. He feigned pleasure at the sight of Winnie and was extremely civil to Mr. Jay.

"Sit down, Miss Winnie," he said, indicating a chair. "I was just thinking what a pity it was my wife had to alter her plans concerning you."

Winnie touched her eyes with a scrap of lace.

"Oh, but it is Rex's change of plan which is breaking my heart, please, Mr. Ripon," she answered. She fixed wide, blue, wondering eyes on the bookmaker. "Oh, please, won't you let me marry him—please?"

Ripon's face hardened.

"But he's engaged already, my dear child. This—this is very unusual. I never heard of such a thing. A young lady proposing to a young gentleman—such a nice, modest young lady as you are, too, Miss Winnie!"

He smiled like a playful old wolf.

"Ah, I see," he said, his eyes uneasy. "There's been a flirtation—a passing flirtation—between you and Rex. Is that it?"

Winnie said nothing. She looked piteously from Mr. Ripon to Mr. Jay. It was the latter who spoke, gravely, weightily, with dignity.

"I am afraid, my dear sir, that this is altogether a more serious affair than a mere passing—ah—flirtation, to—ah—use your own term. Standing, as I do, in the position of friend and guardian——"

"Oh, and Lord Fasterton!" cried Winnie with a little sob.

Mr. Jay bowed slightly.

"Yes, child—standing, as Lord Fasterton and I do, in the position of guardians to Miss O'Wynn, it is, I am afraid, my duty to point out that the term 'passing flirtation' falls far short of an adequate description of the—ah—facts."

Ripon's heavy brows contracted. As a fox may hear from afar the ominous thudding of hoofs, so he heard, deep down under

the thick layers of velvet with which Mr. Jay had camouflaged his voice, the steely clink of the coming demand.

"Your son, Mr. Rex Ripon," continued Mr. Jay, his eyes joyous, "has done my ward the honor to ask her hand in marriage, and she has paid him the compliment of accepting him."

Ripon looked pained.

"Oh, come!" he protested. "You take much too serious a view of what appears to have been a mere boy-and-girl flirtation—to pass an idle hour or so."

"Oh!" gasped Winnie, shocked. "To pass an idle hour!"

The handkerchief flew to her eyes. Mr. Jay waved a hand to her.

"You see?" he said seriously to Ripon. "It is by no means a trivial matter to her."

He hitched his chair nearer to the bookmaker.

"We—Lord Fasterton and I—would not have had this happen for two thousand pounds!" he declared; and, introducing an extraordinary severity into his voice, added: "Your son, sir, has broken a butterfly upon the wheel, sir! He has cast a permanent shadow upon the sunshine of the sweetest, most ingenuous, innocent and charming disposition that is to be found among the million souls that make up the population of London, sir!"

He drew two letters upon Ripon like a man drawing an automatic.

"Here are two of the many proposals of marriage and references to their forthcoming married life made by your son—and my ward has others in her possession. I sympathize with you in the blow to your feelings as a father, but there my sympathy ends."

"What do you want, Miss O'Wynn?" asked the bookmaker rather desperately, turning to Winnie.

"Please, I want Rex to be allowed to keep his promise to marry me," she said.

Ripon's face darkened. Sara Campbell-Gordon would be worth a quarter of a million some day. Was Rex to throw that away for a blue-eyed slip of a thing with nothing? He smiled at the absurdity.

"No," he said flatly, "that's impossible."

"That is your considered decision?" asked Mr. Jay with awful significance.

"It is. If he likes to marry her against my wishes, he can. But he won't! Rex knows his book too well for that," he snapped.

Winnie wiped her eyes and straightened up in her chair. It was time to be dignified.

"You have been very frank, Mr. Ripon," she said with a pretty, childish dignity. "I know that you mean Rex to marry Miss Campbell-Gordon, who will inherit a fortune, and you do not care at all if my heart is broken. You did not mind using me unwittingly to attract Rex from Daisy Lane, and—and I can't bear it!" She clenched her little gloved hands. "But I will!"

"You shall have a present, Miss O'Wynn, a nice present. My wife and I will ——"

Mr. Jay rose, his lip curling with honest, manly scorn.

"Enough, Mr. Ripon!" he said. "Come, my dear child. Mr. Rex Ripon will hear from our solicitors."

Ripon started

"You mean to bring an action for breach of promise?" he demanded.

"Lord Fasterton and I shall be guided entirely by the advice of counsel."

"Why do that? Why make a scandal? What's the good of making everything public? I am willing to compensate Miss O'Wynn; a substantial present in money."

"Money!"

Mr. Jay's lips curled at both ends with contempt, and Winnie's eyes darkened to violet with scorn. Mr. Jay half turned on his heel. Then with a wonderful air of angry and curious amusement he faced the bookmaker again.

"And pray, Mr. Ripon, what might your idea of a substantial present of money"—he might have been speaking of gas-works refuse—"amount to?"

"Why, something generous; say—well, a hundred pounds. That's a useful little check for pin money."

Mr. Jay sat down as though his knees had weakened.

"You are pleased to jest," he said with a bitter smile. "It is an experience to me, I assure you, to hear that for a hundred pounds the heart of the ward of Lord Fasterton and myself may be trodden underfoot."

He glanced at Winnie.

"Oh, I forgive Mr. Ripon the insult," she said faintly, with a wan smile. "A hundred pounds—a thousand pounds—five thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds—it is all the same to me!"

Her voice quivered.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Jay to no one in particular, his eyes glittering. "This is all very painful. Let us put aside for a moment the question of the irreparable wound inflicted upon my ward's heart and come to business. Child, permit me to speak in business terms on your behalf." He cleared his throat and fixed Ripon with a hard and steely eye.

"You speak of a pecuniary consolation, sir," he said. "Will you tell me in one simple figure the amount you have in mind?"

"Two hundred pounds—to keep it out of court," said Ripon.

Mr. Jay smiled coyly, shaking his head.

"Insult upon insult," sighed Winnie.

"Well, what's your idea?" snapped Ripon. "In fact, without beating any more about the bush, what do you want to keep it out of court and call it square?"

"I want Rex, please," said Winnie.

Ripon scowled.

"You can't have him! He's booked!" he said coarsely.

Winnie shrank.

"Perhaps the judge will say I can," said Winnie.

Ripon shrugged.

"Will two hundred and fifty pounds satisfy you?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Jay quickly—"nor a thousand!"

Winnie stood up sharply.

"No, nor a thousand—nor two thousand—nor three thousand—nor four thousand —— But five! Five thousand pounds, Mr. Ripon!" she cried in her clear, musical voice. "I despise your money, but for Rex's sake I will let it be settled out of court."

"Girl, you're dreaming! You're mad! Forget it! This is blackmail!"

Winnie took a bundle of letters from her bag.

"You have made me angry," she said. "You have made me hard and cruel. I say five thousand one hundred pounds now, because you insult me so, and I have never said one unkind word to you."

"But it's robbery, woman!"

"Five thousand two hundred pounds!"

Ripon sneered, flushing blackly.

"You can't hold me up that way, girl!"

"Five thousand five hundred pounds," said Winnie, permitting two tears to roll down her cheek.

"Oh, be damned!" shouted the bookmaker.

"Six thousand pounds!" sobbed Winnie.

Mr. Jay was watching her in a fury of admiration. Something about Winnie—something magic, it must have been—an atmosphere, an aura—suddenly cooled the bookmaker.

"But, child, you don't understand the value of money, the way you talk!"

"Six thousand five hundred pounds!" said Winnie.

The flame of rage leaped up again.

"May I be eternally blanked if I pay it!" roared Ripon.

"Seven thousand pounds!"

Ripon shut his jaws with a snap of a steel trap. Talking, it seemed, was too expensive.

Mr. Jay was trembling inside.

"He's right!" he said to himself. "She doesn't understand the value of money. She'll never get it. It's her infernal inno—her ignorance again. She's talking blindly. She'll end in getting nothing."

Ripon spoke again, very coldly, cautiously, politely. He had not made a rich man of himself without learning how to control his temper when things grew serious.

"Just one moment, Miss O'Wynn. If I refuse to pay you this enormous sum of money your guardians will take it to the courts, where possibly, if you are lucky, you may be awarded five hundred pounds. And you may lose and get nothing. You ask for seven thousand pounds. It's laughable! I refuse, and it can go to the courts."

"I knew it—I knew it!" groaned Mr. Jay within himself.

But Winnie's eyes only widened.

"Oh, please don't let it go to the courts, Mr. Ripon!" begged Winnie.

Mr. Jay's heart sank.

"She's weakening!" he thought, and opened his mouth to help her. But on second thought he closed it again.

"For Rex's sake, please, please don't let it go to the courts! Why, you will ruin him—make him unhappy if you do! When these letters are read out in public and everybody hears the things he has written about Sara Campbell-Gordon—making such fun of her—she will never, never forgive him. It will make her look so ridiculous, dear Rex is so witty and clever and sarcastic."

She had him.

A wave of passionate relief flooded the soul of Mr. Jay. "She's spread-eagled him! Ready for the shearing!" he sang silently in his heart.

"For Rex's sake—dear, dear Rex—I will submit to the indignity of accepting this money! Seven thousand pounds!" said Winnie with a sad little smile.

Ripon said nothing. He sat in absolute silence for three minutes, thinking. He had no illusions about his sweet son, and he knew—none better—that Sara Campbell-Gordon represented probably his only chance of a real heiress. If Sara, stung and hurt by his heavy-handed witticisms in the fatal letters, turned her back on Rex, a quarter of a million pounds turned with her. He ground his teeth, his face like a black frost.

"Show me one of the funny letters," he said curtly.

Winnie passed him one—one that contained many references to Rex's coming marriage to Winnie and at least two blunt gibes at Sara's complexion, feet and figure. Ripon read it, placed it on his desk and took out his check book.

"Very well," he said, his voice reedy. "I don't keep seven thousand pounds in my current private account, you know ——"

"Do not," said Mr. Jay blandly—"do not let that bother you. Make out the check on your business account and send to the bank for notes. Hundred-pound notes will serve; and since, as everyone who has ever won a bet from you knows, your business account is kept at the Bank of England, it will be easy for your messenger to ask for notes that are sufficiently clean for this lady to handle!"

"Ah, I guess she's not particular," sneered Ripon, utterly unable to resist that.

"The price of the letters has risen to eight thousand pounds," said Winnie quietly, almost demurely. But there was a pink flush on her cheeks, and her eyes were as deeply blue as the sea. "Do you desire, Mr. Ripon, to insult me any more?" She was almost whispering. She leaned to him, and her voice was like the cooing of a dove. "I should welcome an excuse to say ten thousand, Mr. Ripon. Won't you give it to me?"

He was beaten.

"I apologize," he said, and to the end of his days gentle Mr. Jay believed the words saved Ripon just two thousand pounds.

He wrote the check and sent it to the bank by a messenger. By the time the clerk returned with the notes he and Mr. Jay had agreed upon a form of receipt.

Formally he handed the notes to Winnie, who put them away without emotion, gave him the letters and signed the receipt with a hand as steady as a flower on a windless day.

"Thank you, Mr. Ripon—say good-by to Rex for me."

Ripon, by virtue of his profession, was a good loser—after he had lost.

"I shall have a lot of things to say to Rex, Miss O'Wynn," he replied with an iron smile. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Ripon," said Winnie, and added kindly, "I bear you no malice."

And so they left. Outside Winnie bade Mr. Jay call a taxi. Settled in the gloom of the car, she opened her bag and extracted two of the hundred-pound notes.

"Your fee, Mr. Jay."

He hesitated a moment, then took them in the spirit in which they were offered.

"Thank you, Miss O'Wynn. That is very liberal."

"I try to be liberal to those who are kind to me, Mr. Jay. Good-by—and thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken."

He hesitated, hovered, hung for a moment, staring at her. His face was wet and red with the strain of it all, but Winnie was cool as cream, and looked it.

"Good-by, Miss Winnie," he said in a voice that was almost reverent, and the taxi slid away toward Winnie's bank.

George H. Jay stared after it.

"And that's innocence—sheer innocence! Why—why, it seems to me that experience is an also ran against innocence!"

He stood there for a moment, thinking hard—wondering rather wildly if it would not pay him to try to recover some of his own innocence of boyhood's distant days.

Then a hurrying passer-by bumped into him. He woke from his dreams with a violent start and, giving a hard laugh, set out on the return journey to his office.

THE OLD VISITERS

(Continued from Page 24)

but old enough to be famous. Telegraph messages are delivered by old men. When boys could not be had old men were advertised for, and saved the day. And referring again to cafeterias, I have seen thirty-nine visitors lined up in the street in front of one, waiting their turn to get in.

Outside of natural wear and tear the old visitors are a fine lot. I have been here several months, being somewhat shelf worn myself, and outside of a little rudeness on the part of one Greek bootblack I have seen almost none in Miami. I was here during the Palm Fête, given in honor of Henry M. Flagler, the founder. Probably sixty thousand visitors and all-the-year residents took part; but I did not see any rudeness.

Miami is only forty miles from Bimini, in the Bahama group of islands controlled by John Bull, who still submits to John Barleycorn, while we do not. Many fishing and other boats come into Miami every day, including regular steamships from Havana and Nassau. Passengers on many of these boats have recently been free to traffic with bartenders. A gentleman who went to Bimini on one of the airplane lines told me he saw there fifteen thousand barrels of whisky piled on the ground, guarded by soldiers.

But I record as a reporter, and not as a special friend of Miami, that I have not seen a drunken man here, nor have I heard of anyone being so annoyed. I have never been in a town where the general politeness and sobriety averaged as high as it does here. I presume whisky may be had. Anyway, one day a fine-looking man called on me. I thought he might be the governor of the state come to see me. But the man turned out to be a bootlegger who sold in five-case lots only. I did not want any, and he departed with a polite apology for having disturbed me. I hear occasionally of a boat being confiscated for landing with mainly liquor on board, but it is the truth that prohibition seems to prohibit as effectively here as in towns in Kansas.

I was lately in a college town which boasted of seven thousand students. In walking its streets I was impressed in noting that almost every house had boy or girl students as roomers, and these were sitting on almost every porch. I note the same thing in Miami, except that most of those sitting on porches are elderly. Renting rooms is a great industry here. One man rented all the rooms in his house as well as the garage, the last named bringing fifteen dollars a month; and in this the man reserved a small space curtained off, in which he had a bed and slept with his wife and two children. This same thrifty person also partitioned off a space at the end of his porch and rented it as a bedroom. One of the Miami bankers rented his residence this winter for twelve thousand dollars.

At first sight the visitors are so well dressed that they seem to be aristocrats who have come here for society, golf and polo; but association with them reveals that they are mainly plain people attracted by the climate. The social events you read of in the South during the winter are much exaggerated. There is some sporting blood in all veins, but after sixty it becomes sluggish. Polo, to those ripe in years, is as dull as dancing. Some days the polo games are

(Concluded on Page 38)

It is a pleasure to observe the joy with which new owners discover, one after another, the qualities which render the Cadillac unique and unrivalled — their intense satisfaction, in particular, with its never-lessening dependability.

They have a sense of delighted discovery which makes them certain that no such Cadillac as this ever existed before — that no previous car could have been so changelessly satisfactory.

In a very real sense, they are, of course, quite right, for this present Cadillac does carry to a higher pitch of refinement the rare traits which have always made the Cadillac singular and superior.

What we have so frequently referred to in the past as the almost liquid flow of power which characterizes the Cadillac is more delightfully apparent than ever.

The degree of its splendid response to every wish and will of the driver has been enhanced—the sum-total of those things which have always set it apart is closer to the unattainable thing called perfection.

But these closer approaches to perfection are merely matters of growth in the ceaseless application of principles which have always animated the group of craftsmen who have been building the Cadillac for eighteen years.

The dependability which owners of the present Cadillac admire most—which gives them, they insist, an entirely new joy in motoring—is an old Cadillac quality raised to a new eminence.

The Cadillac does grow more dependable and more delightful in degree as the years go by, so new owners as well as old are warranted in their deep satisfaction.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

C A D I L L A C

(Concluded from Page 36)

free, but the attendance does not greatly increase. The visitors keep to their porches and long for word that weather conditions at home are such that they can safely return.

A few of the visitors are so rich as to attract gossip in the platforms of political parties. One of them has a winter cottage said to have cost five million dollars, including grounds and furnishings. And there are many other notable ones in all parts of the state. But I am more impressed with the class of visitors who are comfortably off, or a little better. These are so numerous, and come from so many different sections, that they afford very good evidence that ours is as good a country as we have claimed.

There is much going on here, and the weather perfect, but the old visitors do not always take advantage of it. Those who have been busy all their lives do not play easily. I know a white-haired gentleman who may be called one of the captains of men. He ordinarily has a thousand in his charge, and many more indirectly. He occupies his idle time here in pottering around the kitchen of his apartment. He says he has always wanted to investigate the story that cooking is slavery and difficult to learn and has accepted this opportunity. He tells me he can cook about as well as half the women after an experience of six weeks. He exchanges recipes with women in the apartment house, greatly to their amusement, and one evening I heard him say to his wife, "Helen, give me the key. I believe I'll go up and start supper."

And off he went, greatly to the amusement of the rest of us, while his wife remained a little longer to indulge in the porch talk going on. Occasionally in passing his apartment I am amused to see this man smoking a pipe while washing the dishes. Some very good men prefer a pipe to a cigarette.

The porch talk in a resort town is often novel and even interesting. In one of the parks elderly men pitch horseshoes and play checkers under the palm trees in preference to polo or golf or fishing. Lately a local reformer proposed that checker playing and horseshoe pitching be prohibited on Sunday, particularly during Mr. Bryan's address to members of his Bible class from the band stand, which adjoins the premises of the horseshoe and checker clubs. The porch people have discussed this proposition all winter with much animation, but without settling it, as is true of so many of our other controversies.

Sidestepping Uncle Ben

One day a colored maid was working about a porch where visitors were assembled. She had on one black stocking and the other was white. This was the subject of porch talk all over town for quite a while. Another favorite discussion concerns the various brands of condensed milk, which most visitors use in their coffee. A gentleman who discovered and recommended a new kind generally liked was quite a hero in Miami this winter. I heard more of him than I did of some of those actually in society. Everywhere, also, one hears there is such a crowd at the post office that many of the visitors cannot get in to buy stamps. Everybody goes to the post office at least twice a day to get letters from good folks at home saying everything is all right. And of course every visitor says he comes from the best town in the world.

Another question much discussed on porches is this: Florida being so pleasant in winter, how does it come all-the-year residents do not have their houses filled with kin from the North? I have observed that few are able to handle kin with entire satisfaction up North. The Floridians somehow manage to keep them away and rent their rooms at favorable prices. One story visitors tell may explain it, but as a matter of fairness I admit the story may not be true. I have heard a good many stories that were not. The porch gossip is that a Miami man received a letter from an uncle saying he desired to come down and spend several months with him, whereupon the Miami man wrote his uncle as follows:

"*Dear Uncle Ben:* Yours received and contents noted. I would, of course, be glad to have you, but BillUrney is a brother in the Anglers lodge to which I belong, and as Bill runs a hotel it would be extremely indelicate for me to entertain guests at my house. I hope, therefore, you and Aunt Kate will appreciate my position and have the furnace fixed. Very sincerely, Your loving nephew, and so on."

Occasionally a visitor deserts the porch parties for good. One well-to-do old fellow who came here in a yacht stood idleness one season, but at the beginning of the second bought a farm and returned to work. He still has his yacht, an automobile and money, but has completely tired of having a good time. He is also tired of his yacht, although he longed for one fifty years. It may amuse you to learn that he begs me to get up parties to go out to sea with him. But many I invite refuse to go. Having been accustomed to prairies, woods and hills, the sport found outside the harbor makes them dizzy.

This yacht owner is a wholesale rose grower at home and is raising ferns here. A few women help their husbands mainly by attending to the family's social affairs, but my friend's wife helps in a more practical way. He has told me that in the old days, when they were getting a start, she often helped him until midnight. And when I saw her up at the farm here she was packing ferns for shipment north, and enjoying it. One reason I greatly admire the women I see here is that so many of them are of that admirable class who helped in getting a start.

Tribulations of Yacht Owners

I ardently long for many things, but after a brief experience I do not long for a yacht. So many are tied up around Miami, weather-beaten and forlorn, that yacht brokers do a good business. Some of these pleasure boats may be chartered by the day. A visitor chartered one at one hundred and sixty-five dollars and invited several friends to go with him, and a famous story around town relates the discomforts they suffered. The Atlantic acted as badly as the engines, food ran out, airplanes were sent to look for the merry party, and when the guests finally landed they were compelled to send out hundreds of telegrams to worrying friends at home, the Associated Press having been busy with their disappearance.

Those who have sufficient money to warrant spending a winter in the South are usually thrifty, and I note that many of the old visitors appear early at the public market carrying baskets looking for bargains. In other parts of the country it is agreed that farmers are robbed by town people, but in Florida this rule is reversed. One morning I noted that new potatoes sold in the market at eleven cents a pound. Within half an hour I bought, at a grocery, better potatoes shipped in from the North at five cents a pound. The same day in the market fresh eggs sold at one dollar and ten cents a dozen. The price that day at a grocery was ninety-eight cents for Florida eggs. A local dairy charges one dollar and twenty cents a pound for butter, whereas creamery butter may be had at the groceries at prices ranging from sixty-six to seventy cents a pound. I am sure of these figures. Lately I am very careful in quoting the mischievous things. I once had the misfortune to say in THE POST that during the war nails sold at twelve dollars a keg. I saw the statement in print over the signature of a gentleman I personally knew to be a first-class citizen and superintendent of a popular Sunday school, and supposed it impossible to exaggerate the high prices then prevailing. It developed later, greatly to my chagrin, that the United States Steel Corporation, at least, never asked more than three dollars and fifty cents a keg for nails during the war, whatever may have happened to nails on their way to the consumer. So figures I quote hereafter will be more dependable.

Roads are excellent, and as visitors generally have automobiles they may be seen everywhere in the country looking for bargains. The farmers display fruits and vegetables on their front porches, and visitors come in crowds to buy—they are so anxious to have something to do. At one such place I found a farmer's wife putting up strawberries and vegetables for use in summer. All through the winter visitors paid this lady eighty-five cents a box for berries, although the price downtown was frequently, to my knowledge, seventy cents; and her husband told me he made four thousand dollars an acre net off his strawberry crop.

One farmer's wife to whom I had just paid a dollar for a pound of butter cried in my presence and said she worked very hard and made nothing, so I am confused as to whether we are overcharged. I only know that as yet overcharging has not decreased the crowds coming here.

One day I said to a farmer in the market: "Won't the hens begin laying more freely pretty soon and warrant you in selling eggs for less than a dollar and twenty cents a dozen?"

His answer was: "They are laying more freely now, but the crowd of visitors increases daily."

When I throw down thirty cents for a bottle of milk and the man says the price is thirty-five, I say, "But I have been paying thirty!"

Whereupon he replies wearily: "Yes, yes, I know! But the price has advanced. Look at the crowds! I cannot supply the demand."

Prices are always above normal at a popular resort, but I can at least attest that when charges are too audacious the newspapers and the Commercial Club unite in a low, significant growl. Visitors enjoy this, even if it does not greatly aid them. But much as I admire the visitors, I must admit they exaggerate. I heard a man say a certain hotel was asking two hundred and ten dollars a week for room alone. The manager of the hotel told me within an hour that if a guest should appear in the busiest season and demand the best room in the house alone he would charge him fourteen dollars a day for it, but that two persons could occupy the same room at the same price. The manager of another hotel, equally good, told me he would take care of two people a week, with board, in his best room and in the busiest season, for one hundred and sixty-eight dollars, in December the charge would be forty-two less by the week. In the newest and highest-priced hotel here the price for the best suite in the house is thirty dollars a day for two persons.

There are many notable short excursions over marvelously good roads. To the south, a state park with its showing of royal palms and tropical growth, to the north, the Indian River country, to the west, the gloomy Everglades. The beach is only three miles from the center of Miami, reached over a wide and free causeway across Biscayne Bay, and at this noted swimming hole, as one visitor said in my presence, may be seen whiskers from Iowa and ankles from New York. At the beach, also, is the newest hotel, which visitors hoped might reduce prices but did not; in fact, on the contrary. At the beach may be seen the aquarium, the boat races, and out in the Atlantic a stately procession of ships bound on their various erranda.

To Key West by Overseas Railway

But there is no excursion anywhere more wonderful than that to Key West by rail. At places the railroad goes out to sea seven miles, but generally the line is built over the Florida Keys, or islands, once known as the Martyrs because of the many wrecks that occurred there. The distance from the mainland to Key West is 120 miles, but there is really only seventeen miles of permanent bridge work, eleven miles of concrete arch viaducts and six miles of steel bridging resting on concrete piers. The remainder is composed of shallow water spaces and embankment work protected by marl slopes or built across different islands with about the usual Florida grading.

Visitors find much comfort in the fact that this marvelous piece of railroad was built by Joseph C. Meredith who received his training in the engineering department of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames. The experience was a notable one, but health conditions were bad, and Mr. Meredith is buried in Miami.

In the construction of this overseas railway all sorts of engineering problems developed. One of them was hurricanes, which fortunately do not come during the tourist season. The workmen were cared for on great quarter boats—really boarding houses built on flat bottoms. In one furious blow several of these were carried out to sea, and seventy men lost their lives. Others were rescued by passing ships. In 1909 the wind reached a velocity of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour and the lowest barometric reading known in the United States was recorded. To this day, when a hurricane is impending, trains are held until the danger is past.

In the moist, salty, warm air corrosion begins in an almost incredibly short time. The ordinary galvanized telegraph wire rusts through in less than two years, and it is necessary to paint the track rails to preserve them. But all these difficulties were overcome, and those named were insignificant compared with securing a steady supply of labor, sinking some of the piers, and like work. The material for concrete was shipped by steamers from Northern points, trap rock being brought from the Hudson, sand from Baltimore and cement from New York and Germany.

The health of the great number of workmen was so carefully looked after that there were no epidemics. The death rate was actually lower than the average in the American Army. There was the usual trouble with the newspapers. Charges of peonage were made and disposed of, the judge incidentally rebuking the prosecuting attorney for wasting the time of the court with charges so poorly founded.

Mr. Flagler's Achievement

During the construction of the overseas railway water was carried from the main line in great tank cars, and this is still done to some extent. Travelers see the tank cars, as well as the ruins of abandoned construction camps, which include old Mississippi steamboats used in the work, and for which there was no sale after its conclusion. Before the line reached Key West the cost of fresh water there at wholesale was half a cent a gallon. Now there are great hotels with a bath in every room.

The work began in 1905 and was completed in a little more than seven years. The boomers of Key West, although their town was sixty miles out at sea, demanded a railroad and got it. I know of no accomplishment of boomers anywhere equal to it. At Key West the railroad connects with steamers for Havana, and loaded freight cars are taken to Cuba on huge ferries. This connection affords the railroad company a very considerable business, which continues during the summer, since many Cubans, as well as Floridians, go North during the hot months.

When the first train arrived in Key West there was the usual celebration which distinguishes every notable American event, with poor bands, poor speeches and good cheering. The hero, of course, was H. M. Flagler, who advanced money for building the line against the advice of most of his financial associates.

Mr. Flagler, during his lifetime, was a perfect example of the tired business man. But I have often wondered if he did not, in riding over the completed line and in listening to the cheering of the multitude in Key West, feel as fine a thrill as may be found in fishing or golf. Mr. Flagler never attended a grand-opera performance or baseball game. He never went to Europe. Indeed, he was so much of a Florida enthusiast he would not go to California and run the risk of being corrupted. But probably he found his share of good times in working steadily and effectively. I have found dullness in work, also in travel and recreation, and probably thousands of the old fellows here would rather be at home, were the weather equally favorable to their rheumatism. It is a pleasure to record that those who knew Mr. Flagler best have the highest regard for his memory. A noble statue in his honor is being built on an island in Biscayne Bay at Miami.

So many poor-boy stories are told of men who began on nothing and accomplished a good deal that they are becoming almost irritating to the shiftless, but I cannot resist the temptation to say here that Mr. Flagler came of poor but respectable parents, as did a great majority of those who have made America famous.

The all-the-year residents here are very polite to visitors. Whether this is by common consent or the work of the Commercial Club I do not know, but it is a very agreeable fact. I sometimes note a sort of weariness in the politeness of citizens, as though they long for summer and opportunity to rest up, but everywhere in the South one remarks a gentleness that does not always exist in the North. The most irritable Yankee becomes gentler here.

In one apartment house where seventy families are accommodated there is but one Southerner. I am glad to be able to record, and possibly those at home will be pleased to read, that their representatives here are behaving pretty well. I have heard this Southern woman say repeatedly that she greatly admires the Yankees with whom she comes in contact, although long prejudiced against them.

DORT

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In announcing the family of Dort cars to the American public we purposefully and carefully confined ourselves to the barest statement of fact.

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We sought in no way to influence the country's verdict, for we were serenely sure that the rare charm of these bodies, alone and unenhanced by anything we might say or do, would completely capture the appreciation of everyone who viewed them.

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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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WATKINS

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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 17)

duration of every meeting this girl had had with Worth and with myself. Besides, Cummings knew. It must have been through Cummings that she learned what was about to take place in Dykeman's private office. What had she told Cummings?

I was ready to blurt out the question, when she fumbled in her bag with little, shaking hands, drew out and passed to me unopened the envelope addressed to Worth, with my detailed report of the Skeels chase.

"I did my best to deliver it." She steadied her voice as she spoke. "He wasn't at the Palace. He wasn't at Santa Ysobel. He didn't communicate with me here."

My edifice of suspicion of Barbara Wallace crumbled. Cummings had not learned through her that I was unsuccessful in the south; nor had she spilled a word to him that she shouldn't, or they'd have had the dope on where Worth had found that suitcase, and thrown it at me quick.

"Barbara," I said, "will you accept my apologies?"

"Oh, yes," she smiled vaguely. "I don't know what you're apologizing for, but it doesn't matter. I hoped you would bring me news of Worth—of where he is."

"When did you see him last?"

"On the day of the funeral. I hardly got to speak to him."

Little Pete's news was slightly later. He'd taken Worth up to the Gold Nugget and dropped him there. Thursday Worth was at the Nugget for more than an hour. On both occasions Pete was told to slip the trailers, and did. That meant that Worth was working on the Clayte case—or thought he was. I told her of this.

"Yes—oh, yes," she repeated listlessly. "But where is he now? And awful things—things like this meeting—coming up!"

"What besides this meeting?"

"At Santa Ysobel."

"What? Things that have happened since the boy's been gone? You couldn't get much idea of the lay of the land when you were down there Wednesday, could you?"

"Oh, but I could—I did!"—earnestly. "Of course it was a large funeral; it seemed to me I saw everybody I'd ever known. At a time like that nothing would be said openly, but the drift was all in one direction. They couldn't understand Worth, and so nearly everyone who spoke to me of him picked at him, trying to understand him. Mrs. Thornhill's cook was already telling that Worth had quarreled with his father and demanded money. I shouldn't wonder if by now Santa Ysobel's set the exact hour of the quarrel."

"Me for down there as quick as I can," I muttered.

Barbara, facing me sympathetically, offered, "I've a letter from Skeet Thornhill." She groped in her bag again, mumbling as women do when they're hunting for a thing. "It came this morning. Mrs. Thornhill's no better—worse, I judge. Oh, here it is." And she pulled out a couple of closely scribbled sheets. "The child writes a wild hand," she apologized as she passed these over.

The flapper dashed into her letter with a sort of incoherent squeal. The carnival ball was only four days off. Everybody was already dead on his, her or its feet. The decorations they'd planned were enough to kill a horse—let alone getting up costumes.

"As usual, everything seems to be going to the devil here," she went on. "Got a cannery girl elected festival queen this time. Ina's furious of course. Moms had a letter from her that singed the envelope; but I sort of enjoy seeing the cannery district break in. They've got the money these days."

Nothing here to my purpose. Barbara reached forward and turned the sheet for me, and I saw Worth Gilbert's name halfway down it.

"Doctor Bowman is an old hell-cat, and I hate him." Skeet made her points with a fine simplicity. "Since mother's sick he comes here every day, though what he does but sit and shoot off his mouth and get her all worked up is more than I can see. Yesterday I was in the room when he was there, and he got to talking about Worth—the meanest, lowest-down, hinting talk you ever heard! Said Worth got a lot of money when his father died, and I flared up and said what of it? Did he think Mr. Gilbert ought to have left it to him? That hit him, because he and Mr. Gilbert used to be good friends, and he and Worth aren't. I sassed him, and he got so mad that just as he was leaving he hollered at me that I'd better ask Worth Gilbert where he was at the hour his father was shot.

"Now, what do you know about that? That man is spreading stories. A doctor can set them going. He's making his messy old calls on people all day, and they, poor fish hounds, believe everything he says. Though mother didn't. After he was gone she just lay there in her bed and said over and over that it was a lie—a foolish, dangerous lie! Poor mumsie, she's so nervous that when the grocer's truck had a blowout down in the drive she nearly went into hysterics—cried and carried on, something about its being 'the shot.' I suppose she meant the one when Mr. Gilbert killed himself. Wasn't that queer? Any loud noise of the sort sets her off that way. She lies and listens, and listens and mutters to herself. It scares me." She closed with "Please don't break your promise to be here through this infernal Bloss. Fes."

"Good advice, that last," I said slowly, as I laid the letter on the table, keeping a hand on it. "You'll do that, won't you, Barbara?"

"I had intended to. I was given leave from this afternoon. But—well—I'd thought it over, and almost made up my mind to go back to my desk."

Barbara Wallace uncertain, halting between two courses of action! What did it mean?

"See here, Barbara; this isn't a time for Worth Gilbert's friends to slacken on him."

"I hadn't slackened," she said very low, and left it for me to remember that Worth apparently had.

"Then you're needed at Santa Ysobel," I urged.

"But you're going, aren't you, Mr. Boyne?"

"Yes. As soon as I can get off. That doesn't keep you from being needed. Worth's one of the most efficiently impossible young men I ever tried to handle. Maybe he's not any fuller of shocks than any other live wire, but he sure does manage to plant them where they'll do the most harm. Cummings, Dykeman—and this Doctor Bowman down there; active enemies."

"They can't hurt Worth Gilbert—all of them together!"

"Wait a minute. I'm going to Santa Ysobel to find the murderer of Thomas Gilbert. That means a stirring to the depths of that little town. This underneath-the-surface combustion will get poked into a flame—she's going to burst out, and somebody's going to get burned. We don't want that to be Worth, Barbara."

"No. But what can I do—what influence have I with him ——" she was beginning, but I broke in on her.

"Barbara, you and I have got to find the real murderer, before the Cummings-Dykeman-Bowman bunch discover a way into and out of that bolted study. Those people want to see Worth in jail."

There was a long pause while she faced me, the rich color failing a little in her cheeks.

"I see"—speaking slowly, studying each word. "And as long as we didn't find out how to enter and leave the study we have no way of knowing how hard or how easy it's going to be for them to find it out. We"—her voice still lower—"we can't tell whether they already know it or not."

"Yes, we can," I leaned forward to say. "The minute they know that—Worth Gilbert will be charged with murder."

I hit hard enough that time to bring blood, but she bled inwardly, sitting there staring at me, quite pale, finally faltering, "Well—I can't stop to think of his having followed Ina Vandeman south—on her wedding trip. If he needs me—and I can help—I must ——"

She broke down completely, and I leaned back feeling big-footed and blundering at this revelation of what it was that had put that clear logical mind of hers off the track, left her confused, groping, just a girl, timid, distrustful of her own judgment where her heart was concerned.

"Was that it, all the time?" I asked. "Well, take it from me, Worth's done nothing of the sort. He's been playing detective, not chasing off after some other man's bride."

Up came the color to her cheeks; she reached that mite of a hand across to shake on the bargain with "I'll go straight down this evening. You'll find me in Santa Ysobel when you come, Mr. Boyne."

"At the Thornhills'?" It might be handy to have her there; but she shook her head, looking a little self-conscious.

"I'm taking that spare room at Sarah Capehart's. Skeet wanted me, and I have an invitation from Laura Bowman; but if—well, seeing that this investigation is going to cover all that neighborhood, I thought I'd rather be with Sarah."

The level-headed little thing! Pete and I had the pleasure of taking her out to her home, where she had her packing to attend to. On the way she spoke of an engagement with Cummings for the theater Saturday night.

"And instead, I suppose I shall be at the carnival ball. Shall I tell him that in my note, Mr. Boyne? Is it all right to let him know?"

"It's all right," I assented. "You can bet Cummings is due down there as soon as Worth shows up; and that must be soon now."

"Yes," Barbara agreed. Her face clouded a little. "You noticed in Skeet's letter that they're expecting Ina tomorrow."

Poor child—she couldn't get away from it. I patted the hand I had taken to say good-by and assured her again, "Worth Gilbert hasn't been in the south. I wonder at you, Barbara. You're so clear-headed about everything else—don't you see that that would be impossible?"

Then I drove back to my office, to find lying on my desk a telegram from the young man, dated at Los Angeles, requesting me to meet him at Santa Ysobel the following evening!

XVII

WEDNESDAY evening I pulled into a different Santa Ysobel; lanterns strung across between buildings, bunting and branches of bloom everywhere, streets alive with people milling round, and cars piled high with decorative material, crowded with decorators. The carnival of blossoms was only three days ahead.

At Bill Capehart's garage they told me Barbara was out somewhere with the crowd; and a few minutes later on Main Street I met her in a truck. Skeet Thornhill was at the wheel, adding to the general risk of life and limb on Santa Ysobel's streets, carrying a half dozen or more other young things tucked away behind. Both girls shouted at me; they were going somewhere for something and would see me later.

Getting down toward the Gilbert place just beyond the corner I flushed from the shadows of the pepper trees a bird I knew to be one of Dykeman's operatives. Watching his carefully careless progress on past the Gilbert lawn, then the Vandeman grounds, my eye was led to a pair who approached across the green from the direction of the bungalow. No mistaking the woman; even at this distance, her height and the clean sweep of her walk told me that this was the bride, Ina Vandeman. And the man strolling beside her—had he come with her from the house or joined her on the cross-cut path?—could that be Worth Gilbert?

I sat in the roadster and gaped. The evening light—behind them, and dim enough at best—made their countenances fairly indistinguishable. At the gap in the hedge they paused, and Mrs. Vandeman reached out, broke off a flower to fasten in his buttonhole, looking up into his face, talking quickly. Old stuff—but always good, reliable old stuff.

Then Worth saw me and hailed, "Hello, Jerry!" But he did not come to me, and I swung out of the machine to the sidewalk.

I heard the sobbing of the truck; it went by, missing my running board by an inch, stopped at Vandeman's gate, and Skeet discharged her cargo of clamor to stream across the sidewalk and up toward the bungalow. I saw Barbara, in the midst of the moving figures, suddenly stop, knew she had seen the two over there, and crossed to her, with a cheerful "He's here, all right."

"Oh, yes!"—not looking toward the gap in the hedge or at me. "He came on the same train with—with them."

Then someone from the porch yowled reproachfully for her to fetch those banners *pronto*, and with a little catching of breath she ran on up the walk.

I turned back. Worth and Ina had moved on. Bronson Vandeman, well groomed, dressed as though he had just come in off the golf links, his English shoes and loud-patterned stockings differentiating him from the crude outdoor man of the Coast, had joined them on the Gilbert lawn; his genial greeting to me let his bride get by with a mere bow, turning at once back to her house by the front walk. But rather to my annoyance Vandeman came bounding up the steps after us. I judged Worth must have invited him.

Chung carried my suitcase upstairs and lingered a minute in my room. I'll swear it wasn't merely to get the tip for which he thanked me, but with the idea of showing me in some recondite Oriental fashion that he was glad I'd come. This interested me. The people who were glad to have me in Santa Ysobel at this time belonged on the clean side of my ledger. Then I went downstairs, to find Vandeman still in the living room, sprawled at ease beside the window, looking round with a display of his fine teeth, reaching a hand to pull in the chair Worth set for me.

"Well, Jerry," that young man prompted, indicating by a careless gesture the smokers' tray on the table beside me, "there's time before dinner for the tale of your exploits. How's my friend Steve?"

I began to select a cigar, and said shortly, "It's all in reports waiting for you at my office."

"Yes." Worth ignored my irritation. "Tell it. What'd you do down south?"

"Just back from the south yourself, aren't you?" I countered.

"Sure"—airily. "But I wasn't there to butt in on your game. Did you find that Skeels was Clayte?"

I merely looked over the flame of my match at that small-town society man, smiling back at me with a show of polite interest.

"Go on," Worth interpreted. "Vandeman knows all about it. I tried to sell him a few shares of stock in the suitcase, so he'd have an interest in the game; but he's too much the tightwad to buy."

"Oh, no," deprecated Vandeman. "Just no gambler; hate to take a chance." He ran his fingers through his hair, tossing it up with a gesture I had noticed when he came back from the dance at Tait's.

"All right—apology accepted," Worth nodded. "Anyway, you didn't. Well, Jerry?"

Vandeman waited a moment with natural curiosity, then as I still said nothing, giving my attention to my smoke, moved reluctantly to rise, saying, "That means I'd better chase along and let you two talk business."

"Not! Sit tight!" from Worth.

I was mad clear through, and disturbed and apprehensive too. I managed a brief dry statement of the outcome in the south. Worth hailed it with "Skeels lurks in the jungle! Life still holds a grain of interest."

"Why the devil couldn't you keep me advised of your movements?" I demanded.

"Dykeman's hounds," he grinned. "Had them guessing. They'd have picked me up if I'd gone to your office."

"You could have written or wired. They've picked you up anyway," I grunted. "One's on the job now. Saw him as I came in."

"Eh? What's that?" cried Vandeman, a man snooping in the shrubbery outside getting more attention from him than one dodging pursuit three hundred miles away. "What do you mean—hounds?" And when he had heard the explanation of Dykeman's trailers: "I call that intolerable!"

"Oh, I don't know." Worth reached over my shoulder for a cigarette. "Lose 'em whenever I like."

I wasn't so certain. There were men in my employ he couldn't shake. Perhaps those reports in Dykeman's desk might have offered some surprises to this cocksure lad. My exasperation at Worth mounted as I listened to Vandeman talking.

"Those bank people should do one thing or another," he gave his opinion. "Just because you got gay with them and handed them their payment in the suitcase it left in they've no right to have you watched like a criminal. In a small town like this such a thing will ruin a man's standing."

"If he has any standing," Worth laughed.

"See here." Vandeman's smile was persuasive. "Don't let what I said out in front embitter you."

"I'll try not to."

"Mr. Boyne"—Vandeman missed the sarcasm—"when I got back to this town to-day what do you suppose I found? The story going round that a quarrel with Worth, over money, drove his father to take his own life."

"That's my business here," I nodded. And when he looked his surprise: "To stop such stories."

He stared at me, frankly puzzled for a moment, then said, "Well, of course you know and I know that they're scurrilous lies; but just how will you stop them?"

I had intended my remark to stand as it was; but Worth filled in the pause after Vandeman's question with "Jerry's here to get the truth of my father's murder, Bron."

"Murder?" The mere naked word seemed to shock Vandeman. His sort clothe and pad everything—even their speech. "I didn't know anyone entertained the idea your father was murdered. He couldn't have been—not the way it happened."

"Nevertheless, we think he was."

"Oh, but Boyne—start a thing like that and think of the talk it'll make! They'll commence at once saying that there was nobody but Worth to profit by his father's death."

"Don't worry, Mr. Vandeman." He made me hot. "I know where to dig up the motive for the crime."

"You mean the diaries?" Worth's voice sounded unbelievably from beside me. "Nothing doing there, Jerry. I've burned them."

I sat and choked down the swears. Yet, looking back on it, I saw plainly that Jerry Boyne was the man who deserved kicking. I ought never to have left them with him.

"You read them and burned them?" said Vandeman.

"Burned them without reading," Worth's impatient tones corrected.

"Without reading?" the other echoed, startled. Then, after a long pause: "Oh—I say—pardon me, but—but ought that to have been done? Surely not. Worth—if you'd read your father's diaries for the past few years—I don't believe you'd have a doubt that he committed suicide—not a doubt."

Worth sat there mute. Myself, I was rather curious as to what Vandeman would say; I had read much in those diaries. But when it came it was the same old line of talk one hears when there's a suicide: Gilbert was a lonely man; his life hadn't been happy; he cut himself off from people too much. Vandeman said that of late he believed he was pretty nearly the only intimate the dead man had. This last gave him an interest in my eyes. I broke in on his generalities to ask him bluntly why he was so certain the death was suicide.

"Mr. Gilbert was breaking up; had been for two years or more. Worth's been away; he's not seen it; but I can tell you, Boyne, his father's mind was affected."

Worth let that pass, though I could see he wasn't convinced by Vandeman's sentimentalities any more than I was. After the man had gone I turned on Worth sharply with "Why the devil did you tell that pink-tea proposition about your dealings with the Van Ness Avenue Bank?"

"Safety valve, I guess. I get up too heavy a head of steam, and it's easy to blow it off to Vandeman. Told him most of it in the smoker, coming up. You'll talk about anything in a smoker."

"Oh, will you?" I said in exasperation. "And you'll burn anything, I suppose, that a match'll set fire to?"

"Go easy, Jerry Boyne." His chin dropped to his chest, he sat glowering out through the window. "Cleansing fires for that sort of garbage," he said finally. "I burned them on the day of his funeral."

XVIII

MY COMING had thrown dinner late; we were barely through with the meal and back once more in the living room when the latch of the French window rattled, the window itself was pushed open, and a high imperious voice proclaimed: "The Princess of China, calling on Mr. Worth Gilbert."

There stood Ina Vandeman in the gorgeously embroidered robes of a high-caste Chinese lady, her fair hair covered by a sleek black wig that struck out something odd, almost ominous, in the coloring of her skin, the very planes of her features. Outside, along the porch, sounded the patter of many feet; Skeet wriggled through the narrow frame under her tall sister's arm, came scooting into the room to turn and gaze back at her.

"Doesn't she look the vamp?"

"Skeet!" Ina had sailed in by this time, and Ernestine followed more soberly. "You've been told not to say that."

"I think," the other twin backed her up virtuously, "with poor mother sick and all, you might respect her wishes. You know what she said about calling Ina a vamp."

And Skeet drawled innocently: "That it hit too near the truth to be funny—wasn't that it?"

Through the open window had followed a half dozen more of the Blossom Festival crowd, Barbara and Bronson Vandeman among them. Ina paid no attention to anyone, standing there, her height increased by the long straight lines of the costume, her bisque-doll features given a strange pallid dignity by the raw magnificence of its crusted purple and crimson and green and gold embroidery and the dead-black wig.

"Isn't it an exquisite thing, Worth?"—displaying herself before him. "Bron has a complete mandarin costume; we lead the grand march as the Emperor and Empress of Mongolia. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"First rate."

Worth spoke in his usual unexcited fashion, and it was difficult to say whether he meant the Oriental idea or the appearance of the girl who stood before him. She came close and offered the cuff of one of her sleeves to show him the embroidery, lifted a delicate chin to display the jade buttons at the neck. Barbara over on the other side of the room refused to meet my eye. Mrs. Bowman, a big fur piece pulled up round her throat, shivered. I met half a dozen Santa Ysobel people whose names I've forgotten. I could see that Bronson Vandeman socially took the lead here, that everybody looked to him.

The room was a babel of talk when a few minutes later the doorbell rang in orthodox fashion, and Chung ushered Cummings in upon the general confusion. Some of the bunch knew and spoke to him; others didn't and had to be presented; it took the first of his time and attention. He only got a chance for one swipe at me, a low-toned, sarcastic "Made a mistake to duck me, Boyne."

I didn't think it worth while to answer that. Presently I saw him standing with Barbara. He was evidently effecting a switch of his theater engagement to the ball for I heard Skeet's "Mr. Cummings wants a ticket! He'll need two! Ten dollars, Mr. Cummings—five apiece."

"No, no—Skeet!" Barbara laughed embarrassedly. "Mr. Cummings was just joking. He'll not be here Saturday night."

"I'll come back for it"—hand in pocket.

"It's a masquerade ——" Barbara hesitated.

"Bring my costume with me from San Francisco."

"I'm not sure ——" again Barbara hesitated.

Skeet cut in on her: "Why, Barbie Wallace! It's what you came to Santa Ysobel for—the Bloss. Fes. Ball. And to think of your getting a perfectly good man, right at the last minute this way, and not having to tag on to Bronse and Ina or something like that! I think you're the lucky girl!" And she clutched Cummings' offered payment to stow it with other funds she had collected.

At last they got themselves out of the room and left us alone with Cummings. He had carried through his little deal with Barbara as though it meant considerable to him, but I knew that his errand with Worth was serious, and put in quickly: "I intended to write or phone you to-morrow, Cummings."

"Well"—the lawyer worked his mouth a bit under that bristly mustache and looked at Worth—"it might have saved you some embarrassment if you'd been warned of my errand here to-night—earlier, that is. I suppose Captain Gilbert has told you that I phoned him, when I failed to connect with you, that I was coming here—and what I was coming for?"

"I didn't tell Jerry," Worth picked up a cigarette. "Couldn't very well tell him what you were coming for. Don't know myself."

The words were blunt; really I think there was no intention to offend, only the simple statement of a fact; but I could see Cummings beginning to simmer, as he inquired: "Does that mean you didn't understand my words on the phone; or that you understood them and couldn't make out what I meant by them?"

"Little of both," allowed Worth.

Cummings stepped close to him and let him have it direct: "I'm here to-night, Captain Gilbert, as executor of your father's estate. I have filed the will to-day. I might have done so earlier, but when I inventoried this place—you remember, the day before the funeral; you were here at the time—I failed to locate a considerable portion of your father's estate."

"You failed to locate? All the estate's here: this house, the downtown properties. What do you mean—failed to locate?"

"I was not alluding to realty," said Cummings. "It's my duty to locate and report to the court the present whereabouts of seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Van Ness Avenue Bank.

"Can you declare to me as executor where it is? And if any other person than your father placed it in its present whereabouts, are you ready to declare to me how and when it came into that person's possession?"

"Quite a lot of words, Cummings; but it doesn't mean anything," Worth said casually. "You know where that bank stock is and who put it there."

"Officially, I do not know. Officially, I demand to be told."

"Unofficially, answer it for yourself." Worth turned his back on the lawyer to get a match from the mantel.

"Very well. My answer is that I intend to find out how and when that bank stock which formed a part of your payment to the Van Ness Avenue Bank disappeared from this house."

I admit I was scared. Here was the first gun of the coming battle; and I was sure this enemy, who stood now looking through half-closed eyes at the lad's back, would have poison gas among his weapons. He had emphasized the "when." He believed that the stories of Worth's night visit to his father were true; that the implied denial by Barbara and myself in my office was false; that Worth had either received the stock from his father that Saturday night or taken it unlawfully. I was sure that it was the stock certificates which I had seen Worth take from the safe compartment of the sideboard in the small hours of Monday morning; a breach of legal form which it would be possible for a friendly executor to pass over

"Cummings, Worth inherits everything under his father's will; what's the difference about a small irregularity in taking possession? He ——"

"Never explain, Jerry!" Worth shut me up. "Your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe it."

Cummings had stood where he was since the first of the interview. His face went strangely livid. There was more in this than a legal fight.

"Yes, Boyne's a fool to try to help your case with explanations, Gilbert," he choked out. "I'll see that both of you get a chance to answer questions elsewhere—under oath. Good evening."

He turned and left. He had the best of it all round. I endeavored for some time to get before Worth the dangers of his high-handed defiance of law, order, probate judges and the court's officers, in the person of Allan G. Cummings, attorney and his father's executor. He listened, yawned—and suggested that it must be nearly bedtime. I gave it up, and we went—I, at least, with a sense of danger ahead upon me—to our rooms.

Along in the middle of the night I waked to the knowledge that a casement window was pounding somewhere in the house. For a while I lay and listened in that helpless exaggerated resentment one feels at such a time. I'd drop off, get nearly to sleep, only to be jerked broad awake again by the thudding

Listening carefully I decided that the bothersome window was in Worth's room, and finally I got up sense and spunk enough to roll out of bed, stick my feet into slippers, and sneak over with the intention of locking it.

The room was dimly lighted from the street lamps, far away as they were; I made my way across it. Worth's deep, regular breathing was quite undisturbed. I had trouble with the catch, went and felt over the bureau and found his flashlight, fixed the window by its help, and returning it, remembering how near I came to knocking it off the bureau top, thought to put it in a drawer which stood half open.

As I aimed it downward its circle of illumination showed something projecting a corner from beneath the swirl of ties and sheaf of collars—a book, a red-morocco-bound book. Mechanically I nudged the stuff away with the torch itself. What lay there turned me cold. It was the 1920 diary!

My fingers relaxed; the flashlight fell with a thump as I let out an exclamation of dismay.

A sleepy voice inquired from the bed, "Hi, you Jerry! What are you up to in h——?"

For answer I dragged out the book, went over to the bed and switched on the reading lamp there.

Worth scowled in the glare, and flung his arms up back of his head for a pillow to raise it a bit.

"Yeah"—blinking amiably at the volume—"meant to tell you. Found it to-day when I was down in the repair pit at the garage. It had been stuck in the drain pipe there."

"And I suppose," I said savagely, "that if I hadn't come onto it now you'd have burned this too."

"Don't get sore, Jerry," he said. "I saved it." He yawned.

I had an uncontrollable impulse to have a look at that last entry, which would record the bitter final quarrel between this boy and his father. No difficulty about finding the spot; as I raised the book in my hands it fell open of itself at the place. I looked, and what I saw choked me—got crosswise in my throat for a moment so no words could come out.

I stuck the book under his nose, and held it there till I could whisper: "Worth, did you do this?"

The last written page was numbered forty-nine; on it was recorded the date, March sixth; the weather, cloudy, clearing late in the afternoon; the fact that the sun had set red in a cloudless sky; and it ended abruptly in the middle of a phrase. The leaf that carried Page Fifty had been torn out; not cut away carefully as were those leaves in the earlier book, but ripped loose, grabbed with clutching fingers that scarred and twisted the leaf below!

He shoved my hand away and stared at me. For a moment I thought everything was over. Certainly I could not be a very appealing sight, standing there sweating with fear, my hair all stuck up on my head where I'd clawed it, shivering in my nightclothes more from miserable nervousness than from cold; but somehow those eyes of his softened; he gave me one of the looks that people who care for Worth will go far to get, and said quietly, "You see what you're doing? I told you I didn't steal the book, so that clears me in your mind of being the murderer. Now you're after me about this torn-out page. If I'd torn it out and stolen it—you and I would know what it would mean."

"But, boy ——" I began, when he suffered a change of heart.

"Get out of here! Take that damn book and leave."

He heaved himself over in the bed, hunching the covers about his ears, turning his back on me. As I crept away I heard him finish in a sort of mutter—as though to himself: "I'm sorry for you, Jerry Boyne."

XIX

MORNING dawned on the good ship Jerry Boyne not so dismasted and rudderless as you might have thought. I'd carried that 1920 diary to my room, and before I slept read the whole of it. This was the last word we had from the dead man; on these pages if anywhere would be found support for the suggestions of a weakening mind and suicide.

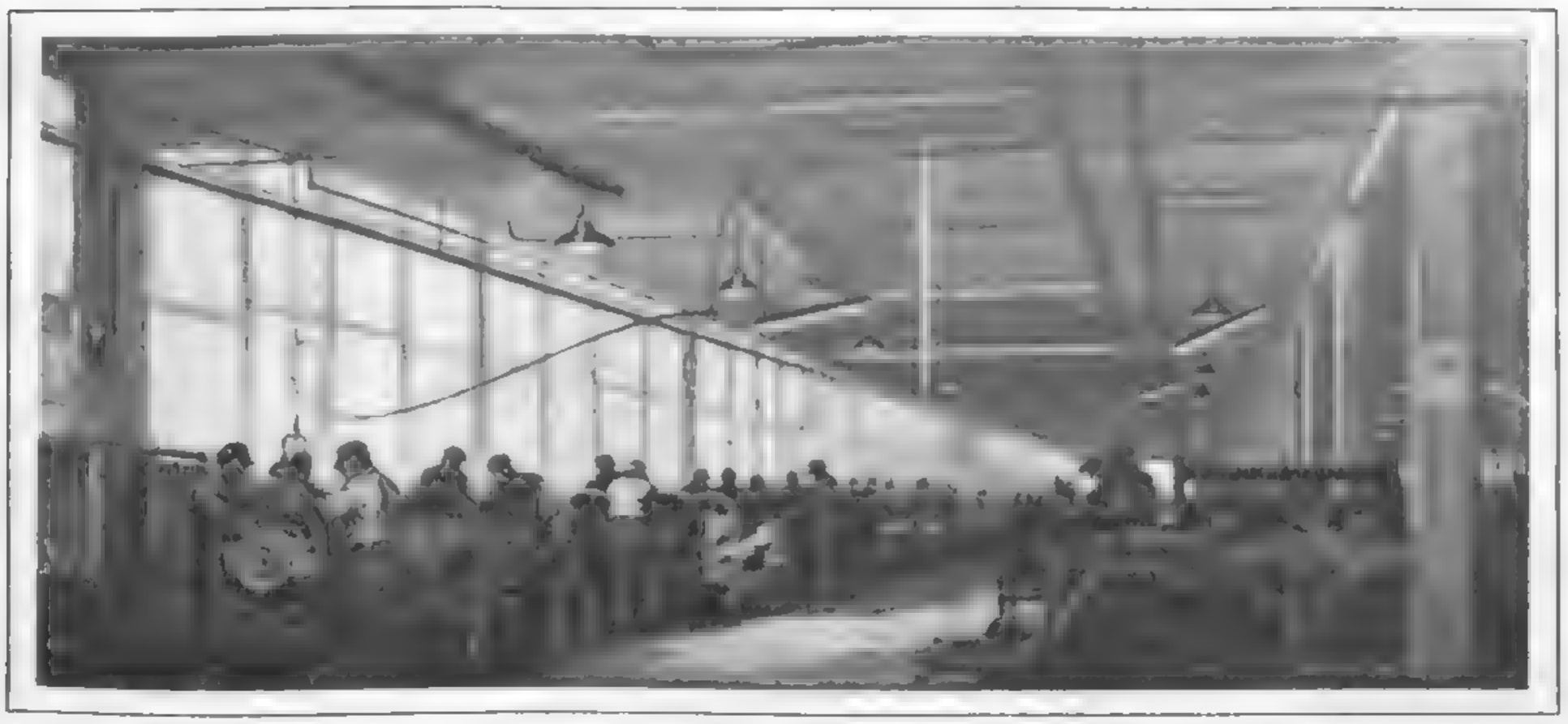
Nothing of that sort here; on the contrary, Thomas Gilbert was very much his clear-headed, unpleasant, tyrannical self to the last stroke of the pen. But I came on something to build up a case against Eddie Hughes, the chauffeur.

I didn't get much sleep. As soon as I heard Chung moving round I went down, had him give me a cup of coffee. I stationed him on the back porch and walked to the study, shut myself in, and discharged my heavy police revolver into a corner of the fireplace; then, with the front door open, fired again.

"How many shots?" I called to Chung.

"One time shoot."

(Continued on Page 44)



It Is Not the Motor Alone that Makes the Chalmers a Great Car

Chalmers builds its own motor, of course. There is no other way to be sure of Chalmers quality.

So it is a good motor. It is even an extraordinary motor. On it focus, most often, an owner's ardor and admiration.

But it is not the motor alone that makes Chalmers the wonderful car it is.

Around it Chalmers engineers have built a structure that is notable for fundamental soundness.

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Without doubt, the thing that gives Chalmers users their greatest satisfaction is the smallness and the infrequency of repair bills.

Their cars run months beyond the usual time without extensive overhauling. They largely escape tedious and expensive adjustments.

Much of this, naturally, is due to the excellence of general mechanical design. Much, again, to the principle of the Chalmers motor.

How Pre-Heated Fuel Improves Performance

Pre-heating the fuel, as Chalmers does, means complete combustion in the cylinders.

In other words, more miles and more power from less gasoline. That makes the Chalmers noted for fuel economy.

That, also, gives it a smoothness of running—a lightning response to the throttle—that is pure delight.

With such a motor, a man is prone to take the other splendid Chalmers qualities for granted.

Comfort of Riding and Driving is Prized

He may speak but little of its comfort—but he prizes highly its fine riding qualities.

He may not often refer to the ease and certainty with which he drives. But he knows this is one of the reasons why he likes his Chalmers.

A motor that starts so easily and so surely is bound to be a topic of talk. Its quick "warming up" is likewise certain of comment.

But Chalmers engineers are not content to concentrate entirely on the motor.

Their thought was to design and build a motor that would be noteworthy for its fine operation, for its economy and for its long periods of high efficiency.

Further, to build a chassis of surpassing excellence to receive it.

Post Yourself on the Chalmers

There is no doubt in our minds that the Chalmers is a wonderful car.

There is no doubt in the minds of Chalmers owners.

It may be that you are not fully informed regarding today's Chalmers.

If that is so, we would like to suggest that you check Chalmers performance and upkeep records. They are likely to prove an enlightenment to you.

Chalmers Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

CHALMERS

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The barrel is Bakelite—tough and non-inflammable. This style is furnished as a non-self filler of large ink capacity. More than likely this is just the pen you have been wanting.

PARKER
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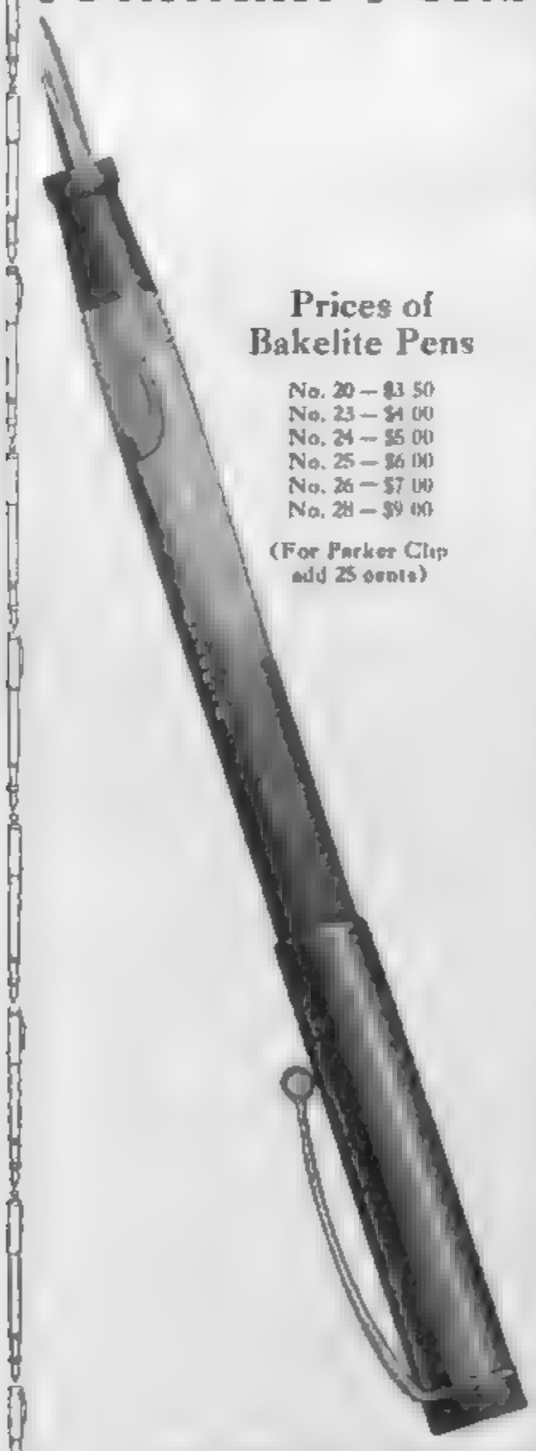
SAFETY-SEALED
Fountain Pens



Prices of Bakelite Pens

No. 20 — $3 50
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You use a fountain pen so often and so continuously that you are justified in insisting on a Parker.

Jewelers, Druggists, Stationers and Department stores handle Parkers.

The Parker Pen Company
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(Continued from Page 42)

Worth's head poked from his upstairs window as he shouted, "What's the excitement down there?"

"Trying my gun. How many times did I fire?"

"Once, you crazy Indian!"

And the question of soundproof walls was settled. Nobody heard the shot that killed Gilbert twenty feet away from the study if the door was closed. Mrs. Thornhill's ravings, as described in Skeet's letter to Barbara, were merely delirium.

I walked out round the driveway to the early morning streets of Santa Ysobel. The little town looked as peaceful and innocent as a pan of milk. In an hour or so its ways would be full of people rushing about getting ready for the carnival, a curious contrast to my own business, sinister, tragic. It seemed to me that two currents moved almost as one, the hidden, dark part under—for there must be those in the town who knew the crime was murder; the murderer himself must still be here—and the foam of noisy gayety and blossoms riding atop.

A blossom festival; the boyhood of the year; and I was in the midst of it, hunting a murderer!

An hour later I talked to Barbara in the stuffy little front room at Capehart's, browbeaten by the noise of Sarah getting breakfast on the other side of a thin board partition; more disconcerted by the girl's manner of receiving the information of how I had found the 1920 diary hidden in Worth's bureau drawer. There was a swift, very personal anger at me.

I had to clear myself instantly and thoroughly of any suspicion of believing for a moment that Worth himself had stolen or mutilated the book, protesting, "I don't—I don't! Listen, Barbara—be reasonable!"

"That means 'Barbara, be scared!' And I won't. When they're scared, people make mistakes."

"You might see differently if you'd been there last night when Cummings made his charge against Worth. That seventy-two thousand dollars Worth carried up to the city Monday morning he had taken from his father's safe the night before."

For a minute she just looked at me, and not even Worth Gilbert's dare-devil eyes ever held a more inclusively defiant light than those big soft dark ones of hers.

"Well—wasn't it his?"

"All right," I said shortly. "I'm not here to talk of Worth's financial methods; they're scheduled to get him into trouble; but let that pass. Look through this book and you'll see who it is I'm after."

She had already opened the volume and began to glance along the pages. She made a motion for me to wait. I leaned back in my chair.

It was only a few moments later that she looked up to say, "Don't make the arrest, Mr. Boyne. You have nothing here against Eddie—for murder."

Because I doubted myself I began to scold, winding up, "All the same, if that gink hasn't jumped town I'll arrest him."

"It would be a good deal more logical to arrest him if he had jumped the town," Barbara reminded me. "If you really want to see him, Mr. Boyne, you'll find him at the garage round on the highway. He's working for Bill."

That was a setback. A fleeing Eddie Hughes might have been hopeful; an Eddie Hughes who gave his employer back talk, got himself fired, and then settled down within hand reach, was not so good a bet. Barbara saw how it hit me, and offered a suggestion:

"Mr. Boyne, Worth and I are taking a hike out to San Leandro Cañon this afternoon to get ferns for the decorating committee. Suppose you come along—anyhow, a part of the way—and have a quiet talk, all alone with us. Don't do anything until you have consulted Worth."

"All right. I'll go you," I assented.

Half past two saw the three of us, Worth in corduroys and puttees, Barbara with high boots and short dust-brown skirt, tramping away past the homes of people toward the open country. At the Vandeman place Skeet's truck was out in front, piled with folding chairs, frames, light lumber and a lot of decorative stuff.

The tall Chinaman came from the house with another load.

"You Barbie Wallace!" the flapper howled. "Aren't you ashamed to be walking off with Worth and Mr. Boyne both, and good men scarce as hen's teeth in Santa Ysobel to-day!"

"I'm not walking off with them—they're walking off with me," Barbara laughed at her.

"Shameless one!" Skeet drawled. "I see you let Mr. Cummings have a day off. Aren't you the kind little boss to 'em!"

I just raised my brows at Barbara, and she explained a bit hastily, "Skeet thinks she has to be silly over the fact that Mr. Cummings has gone up to town, I suppose." She added with fine indifference, "He'll be back in the morning."

"You bet he'll be back in the morning!" Worth assured the world.

"Now what does he mean by that, Mr. Boyne?"

"He means Cummings is out after him."

"I don't," Worth contradicted me personally. "I mean he's after Bobs. She knows it. Look at her."

She glanced up at me from under her hat brim, all the stars out in those shadowy pools that were her eyes. The walk had brought sumptuous color to her cheeks, where the two extra-deep dimples showed.

"You both may think," she began with a sobriety that belied the dimples and shining eyes, "looking on from the outside, that Mr. Cummings has an idea of, as Skeet would say, 'rushing' me; but when we're alone together, about all he talks of is Worth."

"Bad sign," Worth flung over a shoulder that he pushed a little in advance of us. "Takes the old fellows that way. Their notion of falling for a girl is to fight all the other Johnnies in sight. Guess you've got him going, Bobs."

I walked along, chewing over the matter. She estimated Cummings fairly, as she did most things that she turned that clear mind of hers on; but her lack of vanity kept her from realizing, as I did, that he was in the way to become a dangerous personal enemy to Worth. His self-interest, she thought, would eventually swing him to Worth's side. She didn't as yet perceive that a motive more powerful than self-interest had hold of him now.

"Why, Mr. Boyne," she answered as though I'd been speaking my thoughts aloud, "I've known Mr. Cummings for years and years. He never ——"

"You said a mouthful there, Bobs." Worth halted, grinning, to interrupt her. "He never—none whatever. But he has now."

"He hasn't!"

"Leave it to Jerry. Jerry saw him that first night in at Tait's; then afterward, in the office."

"Oh, come on!" Barbara started ahead impatiently. "What difference would it make?"

They went on ahead of me, scrapping briskly, as a boy and girl do who have grown up together. I stumped along after and reflected on the folly of mankind in general, and that of Allan G. Cummings in particular. That careful mature bachelor had seen this lustrous young creature blossom to her present perfection; no doubt he'd offered her safe and sane attention when she came to live in San Francisco, where they had friends in common. But it had needed Worth Gilbert's appearance on the scene to wake him up to his own real feeling. Forty-five on the chase of nimble sweet-and-twenty; Cummings was in for sore feet and humiliating tumbles—and we were in for the worst he could do to us. I sighed. Worth had more than one way of making enemies, it seemed.

At last we came in sight of the country club upon its rise of ground overlooking the golf links. The low brown clubhouse, built bungalow fashion, with a long front gallery and gravel sweep, was swarming with people—the decorators. Motors came and went. The grounds were being strung with paper lanterns. We skirted these and the links itself, where there were two or three players obstinate, defiant old men who would have their game in spite of forty blossom festivals, climbed a fence, and crossed the grass up to the crest of a little round hill, halting there for the view. It wasn't high, but standing free as it did it commanded pretty nearly the entire Santa Ysobel district. Massed acres of pink and white, the great orchards ran one into the other without break for miles. The lanes between the trunks, diamonded like a harlequin's robe in mathematical trimness, were newly turned furrows of rich black soil, against which the gray or sometimes whitewashed trunks of apricot, peach and plum trees gave contrast. Then the cap of glorious blossoms, meeting overhead in the older orchards, with a warm blue sky above and puffs of clouds that matched the pure white of the plum trees' bloom.

The spot suited me well; we had left the town behind us; here neither Dykeman's spotter nor anyone he hired to help him could get within listening distance. I dropped down on a bank; Worth and Barbara disposed themselves, he sprawling his length, she sitting cross-legged just below him.

It wasn't easy to make a beginning. I knew it wouldn't do me any particular good with Worth to dwell on his danger. But I finally managed to lay fairly before them my case against Eddie Hughes, and I must say that as I told it it sounded pretty strong.

I didn't want to put too much stress on having found my evidence in the diaries; I knew Worth was as obstinate as a mule, and having said that he would not stand for anyone being prosecuted on their testimony, he'd stick to it till the skies fell. I called on my memory of those pages, now unfortunately ashes and not get-at-able, and explained that Worth's father hired Hughes directly after a jail break at San José had roused the whole county. Three of the four escapes were rounded up in the course of a few days, but the fourth—known to us as Eddie Hughes—was safe in Thomas Gilbert's garage, working there as chauffeur, having been employed without recommendation on the strength of what he could do.

"And the low wages he was willing to take," Worth put in dryly. "Old stuff, Jerry. I wasn't sure till you spilled it just now that my father was wise to it. But I knew. What you getting at?"

"Just this: When I talked to Hughes that first night I came down here with you, while we all supposed the death a suicide, he couldn't keep his resentment against your father, his hatred of him, from boiling over every time he was mentioned."

"Get on," said Worth wearily. "Father hired a jailbird that came cheap. Probably put it to himself that he was giving the man a chance to go straight."

I glanced up. This was just about what I remembered Thomas Gilbert to have said in the entry that told of the hiring of Eddie. Worth nodded grimly at my startled face.

"Eddie's gone straight since then," he filled in. "That is, he's kept out of jail, which is going straight for Eddie. He'd certainly hate the man who held him as he's been held for five years. Not motive enough for murder though."

"There's more. The 1920 diary you gave me last night tells when and why the extra bolts were put on the study doors. Your father had been missing liquor and cigars and believed Hughes was taking them."

"Pilfering!" with an expression of distaste. "That doesn't——"

"Hold on!" I stopped him. "On February twelfth your father left money, marked coin and paper money, as if by accident, on the top of the liquor cabinet; not exposed, but dropped in under the edge of the big ash tray so it might look as though it were forgotten—in a sense, lost there."

"How much?" came the quick question.

"Fifty-one dollars."

He looked round at me.

"Just one dollar above the limit of petty larceny; a hundred cents added to put it in the felony class that meant state's prison. So he could have sent Eddie to the pen—eh? I guess you've got a motive there, Boyne."

"Well—er——" I squirmed over my next statement, blurting out finally: "Hughes didn't take the money."

"Knew it was a trap." Worth's laugh was bitter. "And hated the man who coldbloodedly set it to catch him. If he didn't take it don't you think he counted it?"

"Worth," I said sharply, "your father put those bolts on—and continued to find that he was being robbed. He was mad about it. Any man would be. Say what you will, no one likes to find that persons in his employ are stealing from him. The aggravating thing was that he couldn't bring it home to Hughes, though he was sure of the fact."

"So he went back to what he had known of Eddie when he hired him? After profiting by it for five years he was going to rake that up?"

"He was"—a bit touched—"and well within his rights to do so. Three weeks before he was shot he wrote that he'd started the inquiry. There was no further mention of the matter in the book as it stands, but don't you see that the result of the inquiry

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

must have been on that torn-out last page? Eddie's Saturday-night alibi won't hold water. His cannery girl of course will swear he was with her; but there's no corroborating testimony. No one saw them together from nine till twelve."

Dead silence dropped on us, with the white clouds standing like witnesses in the blue above, the wind bringing now and again on its scented wings little faint echoes of the noise down at the clubhouse.

"What more do you want?" Both young faces were set against me, cold and hostile: "Here was motive, opportunity, a suspect capable of the deed. My theory is that Mr. Gilbert came in on Hughes, caught him in the act of stealing from the cabinet. Hughes jumped for the pistol over the fireplace, got it, fired the fatal shot, and placed the dead man's fingers about the butt of the gun. Then he picked up the diary lying on the table, tore out the leaf about himself, and poked the rest of the book down the drain pipe."

"And the shot?" Worth resisted me. "Why didn't the shot bring Chung on the run?"

"Because he couldn't hear it. Nobody'd hear it ten paces away. That's what I was trying out this morning. You told me I'd fired once. Well, I fired twice; once with the door shut, and neither you nor Chung heard it; afterward, with the door open—the report you registered."

"The blotter—and it had been used on that last page—showed no words to strengthen this theory of yours," said Barbara as confidently as though the little blue square had been clear print instead of broken blurring. Perhaps it was clear to her. I was glad I'd given it a thorough reexamination the night before.

"I think it does." I struggled against the tide manfully, buoying myself up with the tracing of the blotter. "Here's the word 'demanded,' reasonably connected with the affair. The letters 'ller' may be the last end of 'caller,' or possibly 'fuller'; I noticed Gilbert spoke in a former entry of the bottle in the cabinet and Hughes snitching from it, and used the word 'fuller.' Here's the word 'Avenue,' complete, and Lizzie Watkins, Hughes' girl, lives on Myrtle Avenue."

The silence after that was fairly derisive. Worth broke it with an impatient, "And the fact of the bolted doors throws all that stuff out."

"Well," I grunted, "Barbara deduced the slipping of some bolts to please you once—why can't she again?"

"Mr. Boyne"—the girl spoke quickly—"it wouldn't help you a bit to be assured that Eddie Hughes could enter the study and leave it bolted behind him when he went out—help you to the truth, I mean. These facts you've gathered are all wabbly; they'll never in the world fit in trim and true. They're hardly facts at all. They're partial facts."

"Wouldn't help me?" I ejaculated. "It would cinch a case against him. We've got to have someone in jail, and that shortly. We're forced to."

"Forced?"

Worth had sat up a little and reached far forward for a stone that lay among the weeds down there. He spoke to me sidewise with a challenging flicker of the eye. Barbara kept her lips tight shut.

"I need a prisoner"—trying to correct my error; then burst out—"my Lord, children! An arrest isn't going to hurt a man like Hughes—even if he proves to be innocent. It's an old story to him. Barbara, you said yourself that the man who stole the 1920 diary was the murderer."

"But I didn't say Eddie Hughes stole it."

Her tone was significant, and it checked me. I couldn't remember what the deuce she had said that night. There recurred to me her mimicry of a woman's voice—Laura Bowman's, as I believed—to determine through Chung who Thomas Gilbert's feminine visitor had been. Should that clew have been followed up before I moved on Eddie Hughes?

Even as I got to this point I heard Worth punctuating his remarks with the whang of his rock on the bit of twig he was pounding to pieces. "Boyne, I won't stand for any arrest being made except in all sincerity—the person you honestly believe to be the criminal."

"Does that mean you forbid me, in so many words, to proceed against Hughes on what I've got?"

"It does," Worth said. "You're not convinced yourself. Leave it alone."

"'Nough said!" I jumped to my feet. If he wouldn't let me lay hands on Hughes—there was nothing to do but go after the next one. "You two run along. Get your ferns. There's a man at the club here I have to see."

Barbara was afoot instantly; Worth lay looking at her for a moment, then heaved himself up, shook his shoulders, and stood beside her.

"Race you to the foot of the hill," she flashed up at him.

"You're on," he chuckled. "I'll give you a running start—to the tree down there—and beat you."

They were off. She ran like a deer. Worth got away as though he was in earnest. He caught her up just at the finish; I couldn't see which won; but they walked a few rods hand in hand.

Something swelled in my throat as I watched them away: Life's springtime—and the year's; boy and girl running, like kids that had never known a fear or a mortal burden, over an earth greener than any other, because its time of verdure is brief, dreaming already of the golden tan of California's midsummer, under boughs where tree blooms made all the air sweet.

For sake of the boy and the girl who didn't know enough to take care of their own happiness I wheeled and galloped in the direction of the country club.

There is an institution known—and respected—in police circles as the Holy Scare. I was determined to make use of it. I'd throw a holy scare into a man I knew, and see what came out.

XX

THE country club, when I walked up its lawn, was noisy with the hammering and jawing of its decoration committee. Out in the glass belvedere, like superior goods on display, taking it easy while everyone else worked, I saw a group of young matrons of the smart set, Ina Vandeman among them, drinking tea. The open play she was making at Worth troubled me a little.

He was the silent kind that keeps you guessing. She'd landed him once; what was to hinder her being successful with the same tactics—whatever they'd been—a second time?

Then I saw Edwards' car was still out in the big crescent driveway, showing by the drift of twigs and petals on its running board that it had been used to bring in tree blooms from his ranch; the man himself crossed the veranda, and I hailed, "Any place inside where you and I could have a private word together?"

"I—I think so, Boyne," he hesitated. "Come on back here."

He led me straight across the big assembly room, which was being trimmed for the ball. From the top of a stepladder Skeet Thornhill yelled to us, "Where you two going? Come back here and get on the job."

She had a dozen noisy assistants. I waved at her from the farther door as we ducked. Strange that honest, sound little thing should be own sister to the doll-faced vamp out there in the show case!

Edwards made for a little writing room at the end of a corridor. I followed his long, nervous stride. If the man had been goaded to the shooting of Thomas Gilbert it would have been an act of passion, and by passion he would betray himself. When I had him alone, the door shut, I went to it, told him we knew the death was murder, not suicide, and that the crime had been committed early Saturday night. Before I could connect him with it he broke in on me, "Is Worth suspected?"

"Not by me," I said. "And not by you, Edwards! You know better than that."

I held his eye, but read nothing beyond what might have been the flare of quick anger for the boy's sake.

"Who then?" he said. "Who's dared to lisp a word like that? That hound Cummings—chasing round Santa Ysobel with Bowman—is that where it comes from? I told Worth the fellow was knifing him in the back." He began to stride up and down the room. "The boy's got other friends—that'll go their length for him. I'm with him till hell freezes over. You can count on me——"

"Exactly what I wanted to find out," I cut in, so significantly that he whirled at the end of his beat and stared.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning you are the one man who could clear Worth Gilbert of all suspicion."

"What do you know?"

The big voice had come down to a mere whisper. Plenty of passion now—a passion of terror. I spoke quickly.

"We know you were in the study that night, with a companion," and I piled out the worst of his affair, as I'd read it in the diaries, winding up, "Plain what brought you there. Quarrel? Motive? Don't need to look any farther."

Before I was done Jim Edwards had groped over to a chair and slumped into it. A queer toneless voice asked, "Worth sent you to me—a detective—with this?"

"No," I said. "I'm acting on my own."

"And against his will," it came back instantly.

"What of it?" I demanded. "Are you the coward to take advantage of his sense of honor? To let his generosity cost him his life?"

"His life."

That landed. Watching, I saw the struggle that tore him. He jumped up and started toward me; I hadn't much doubt that I was now going to hear a plea for mercy—a confession, of sorts—as he stopped, dropped his head, and stood scowling at the floor.

"Talk," I said. "Spill it. Now's your time."

He raised his eyes to mine and spoke suddenly:

"Boyne—I have nothing to say."

"And Worth Gilbert can hang and be damned to him—is that it?"

I took another step toward him. "No, Edwards, that nothing-to-say stuff won't go in a court of law. It won't get you anywhere."

"They'll never in the world—try Worth for—that killing."

"I'm expecting his arrest any hour."

"A trial! Those cursed diaries of Tom's brought into court! My heaven! I believe if I'd known he'd written things like that I could have killed him for it!"

I stared. He had forgotten me. But at this speech I mentally dropped him for the moment and fastened my suspicions on the woman who went with him to the study.

"All right," I said brutally. "You didn't kill Thomas Gilbert. But you took Mrs. Bowman to the study that night to have it out with him, and get six pages from the 1916 book. She got 'em—and you know what she had to do to get 'em."

"Hold on, Boyne!" he said sternly. "Don't you talk like that to me."

"Well," I said, "Mrs. Bowman was there after those diary leaves. I heard Barbara Wallace imitate her voice, and Chung recognized the imitation. You know—that night at the study—the first night."

He took a bewildered moment or two for thought, then broke out, "It wasn't Laura's voice Barbara imitated. Did she say so?"

"No, but she imitated the voice of a woman who came weeping to get those pages from the diary; and who else would that be? Who else could possibly want them?"

"You're off the track, Boyne." He drew a great shuddering sigh of relief. "Tom was always playing the tyrant to those about him; no doubt some woman did come crying for that stuff—but it wasn't Laura."

"By heaven," I exclaimed as I looked at him, "you know who it was! You recognized the voice that night—but the woman isn't one you're interested in."

"I'm interested in all women, so far as their getting a decent show in the world is concerned," he maintained sturdily. "I'd go as far as any man to defend the good name of a woman—whether I thought much of her or not."

"This other woman," I argued, not any too keen on such a job myself—"hasn't she got some man to speak for her?"

Edwards looked at me innocently.

"She didn't have, then——" he began.

And I finished for him: "But she has now. I've got it!" As I jumped up and hurried to the door his eyes followed me in wonder.

There I turned with: "Stay right where you are. I'll be here in a minute," ducked out into the hall and signaled a passing messenger, then stepped quickly back into the writing room and said, "I've sent for Bronson Vandeman."

He settled deeper in his chair with: "I'll stay and see it out. If you get anything from Vandeman I miss my guess."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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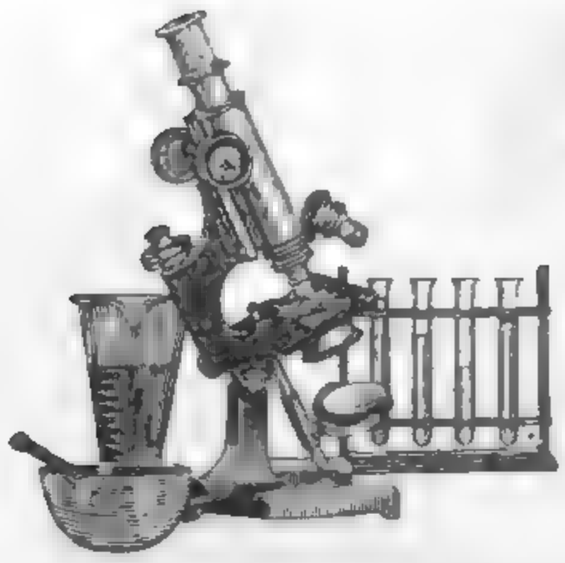

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VANISHED MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

But it is fairly typical of him who is eliminated—or rather who eliminates himself through lack of discretion—that he tries to combine the actual direction of manufacturing or some other branch of industry with large-scale speculative operations. He attempts to direct the actual operation of his companies along with the floating of new securities and the speculation on the Stock Exchange of the securities already listed there.

He has such supreme confidence in the value of the stocks he has fathered that he bitterly resents any speculation in them for the decline, and attempts to punish the bears. Thus he is often led, sometimes consciously and intentionally and at other times perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally, to effect what amounts to a corner in his stocks.

Often he comes into prominence in actual control of more than a majority of the stock of one or more important corporations. These are companies which he has built up in past years, in actual command perhaps of the plants, never regarded by anyone as a national figure until the war suddenly changed him overnight from a mere millionaire executive of a comparatively small corporation to a multimillionaire financier.

But he is in a different position from the heads of older companies whose securities were long ago widely distributed, first to speculators and later on to investors, through the medium perhaps of the Wall Street markets. These men own but little of the stock themselves, 5 or 10 per cent at most. There is no temptation for them to bid up and try to buy or corner the other 95 or 90 per cent, because it is practically impossible. But the newcomer and his immediate friends actually own from a half to two-thirds in their companies. This opens the road to the rawest kind of speculation and eventually to situations that are corners in effect if not in law.

Now, strangely enough, these newcomers in high finance never seem to have read financial history. They know less apparently about their predecessors of similar ilk than a freshman in a university-extension course in business administration. Or if they have read they evidently regard themselves as the shining exceptions to the inexorable rules laid down by all the experience of history. They probably regard themselves as Napoleons, as geniuses above the reach of misadventure.

Wall Street House-Cleanings

Yet the record is as plain as day. Corners are always dangerous, boomerangs that strike the operators, even though these be within their technical and legal rights. In stocks, in cotton and in grain, it has been proved again and again that the load is more than men can carry. Nor is that perhaps the worst of it. If a man corners one stock, brokers and speculators are afraid of any other stocks in which he may be interested. A corner means the driving out and slaughter of the shorts. But no stock can be a speculative favorite without a short interest, for if this is lacking precipitous breaks in price are far more common, and brokers will not allow their clients to buy. Thus a corner in one stock destroys the markets for other securities in which the engineers of the corner may be interested, and these gentlemen then stand alone, breasting the whole force of the storm.

But always our new wizard buys and buys, usually beyond his cash resources. He is simply obsessed with the idea of buying everything. That means borrowing from the banks, which is all right as long as prices continue to rise. It is a case where one can get away with murder provided there is any place to bury the corpse. But when the market turns and goes down, as it did last year with typical declines in stocks of from a high of, say, 130 to a low of 30 or even 20, the murder will out. Then the $10,000,000 of loans, or in a few cases the $20,000,000 and more, no longer carry themselves.

The great new wizard of stock speculation discovers he is a cripple, and that the banks are busily arranging among themselves to look after his affairs without caring much what becomes of him. The stockbrokers who a few months ago were so eager for his business or even for his nod and smile no longer come around to see him, but are concerned only with how soon the banks will take up and pay off the margin accounts which they have been carrying in his behalf.

There is not much use in discussing or arguing the benefits or evils that come from these cleaning-out, eliminating episodes in Wall Street. It is a subject into which mental attitude, temperament and prejudices, sectional and otherwise, enter to a very large degree. Every panic, every stock-market spasm, any portion of the process known as the passing of stocks from weak to strong hands, is evidence to some of the growing power of the interests, or the money trust, or something of that kind. It is simply another step in the process by which industry and the credit structure become more concentrated.

To other men this process seems altogether wholesome, the strengthening of a shaky structure, the passing of a storm. Certain interests, it is true, gain in power and prestige, but I think it is largely the product of an inflamed and unbalanced imagination to look upon these men as either an especially privileged or abnormally ambitious group. They are much less greedy for power than those who cut up the rumpus and create the muss out of which the so-called interests emerge with added strength. Indeed the adventurers themselves would have become in a sense the interests if their plans had been as sound as they themselves supposed.

Trading in New Issues

But all this is not very important. What needs to be emphasized is the fact that men should not buy what they cannot pay for. It is the man with ready cash who emerges from a financial panic or disturbance of any kind, the conservative, careful, provident individual. He may have a great name, one to conjure with, or he may be famous for wealth and power, or yet again he may be an unknown, unsung, average citizen who has been thrifty and careful and is therefore enabled to buy stocks when they are cheap.

Indeed no one who studies the industrial and financial history of this country can fail to perceive the extent to which the stocks of important corporations always become more widely distributed at the end of a great smash-up in the market. It is the small investors primarily and not the Wall Street giants who pull the country out at such a time. When the cliques, the pools and syndicates are going to pieces on the rocks of their own recklessness the little investor has his chance, and in the main he usually takes it.

But it would be a mistake to think of the great recent downward swing in the markets only in terms of individuals, of men, of investors and speculators, big and little. We must look at the other side of the shield. Perhaps any proposition can be reduced to human terms and equations, but there are usually other ways of looking at it.

We have to consider not only the reckless ambitions and foolhardiness of individual capitalists but also the possibility that the digestive and absorptive organs of the financial world may have been overworked. In other words, have we not suffered from the flotation of too many new companies at inflated values? Nor is there anything novel about this either. There are always bound to be a great many new securities in a period of inflation. That is the time when the owners of companies can sell to advantage, and always at such a time more new stocks are created than can be taken care of in the period of deflation which follows.

Always at the time it seems as if each boom were more wonderful and more permanent than any that went before. And so when the bubble has burst it always appears as if the squeezing out of air and water and rosy hopes were on a scale unknown before. One thing at least is certain—in the great stock-market liquidation of last December a far larger number of separate and different stocks were involved than ever before in the history of the New York Stock Exchange, and in certain respects the squeezing out process went farther than at any time in fifty years.

The specific question rises whether in the boom years of the war and those that immediately followed the Stock Exchange did

(Continued on Page 51)

Try this test of hosiery strength

Try to tear a Durable-DURHAM stocking or sock. It can't be done—not with all the strength of your two hands. Pull it crosswise or lengthwise—it makes no difference. Even where the top is knit to the rest of the leg it will resist your hardest tugs. Read why below.

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For six years we have made a special study of hosiery dyeing. This study has resulted in a discovery which will lengthen the life of every pair of hosiery you buy.

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This reputation spread broadcast. In a comparatively short time we had become the largest manufacturers of hosiery in the world. Having thus set a new and higher standard in mercerized and cotton hosiery, we began to produce silk hosiery also.

We found that it makes no difference how fine the quality of the silk or how excellent the workmanship, if it is dyed by an injurious process it cannot give full wear. Garter "runs", early holes at heels and toes, small flaws which suddenly appear in the fabric, are usually due to inferior dyeing.

Today Durham Silk Hosiery is ready for you—ready to prove that Durham dyes put longer wear in hosiery—ready to reduce your hosiery expenses to a minimum.

Ask your dealer for Durham Hosiery by name. If he cannot supply you write to our sales office at 85 Leonard Street, New York.

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PHŒBE. A pure thread, fine quality Japan silk stocking; fashioned seam, extra reinforced heel, toe, sole and garter top of lisle $1.25

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PROMENADE. A pure thread Japan silk sock, medium weight; fashioned seam; silk lisle reinforcings of extra strength at toe, heel and sole ..... 90¢

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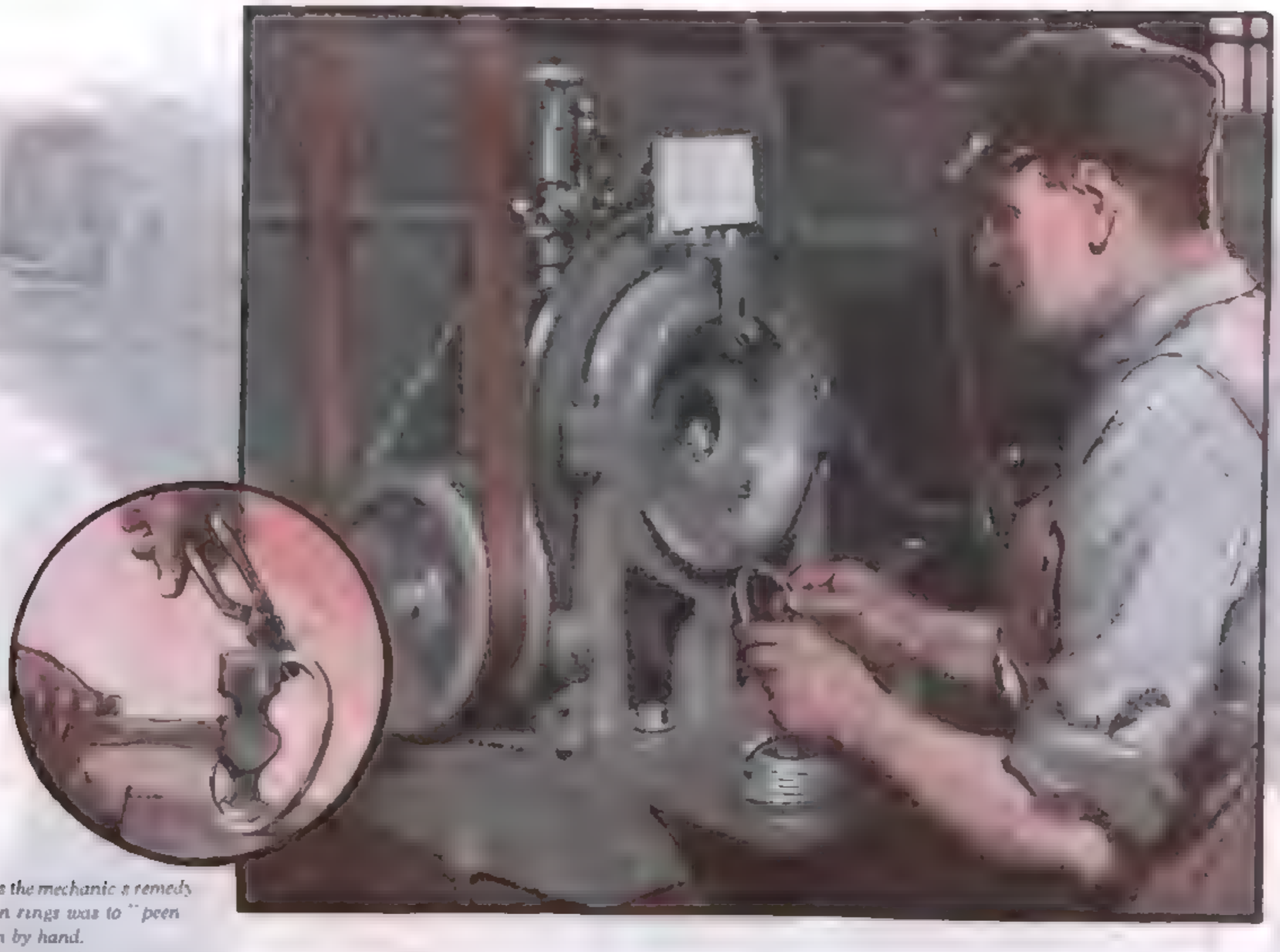

For many years the mechanic's remedy for leaky piston rings was to "peen (hammer) them by hand. Our rings are hammered in automatic machines with that precision which makes them leakless—permanently

Why Hammered?

"NOT one motorist in fifty is getting the full power and mileage his engine could give him", said a prominent engineer recently

Constant carbon accumulation and the resulting troubles which cut down the engine power are commonly believed to be necessary evils. Yet they could practically be eliminated by installing leakless piston rings—hammered piston rings.

But why *hammered?*

Because it is the one best way to make a ring leakless, stop the waste of power, and keep the cylinder clean and efficient.

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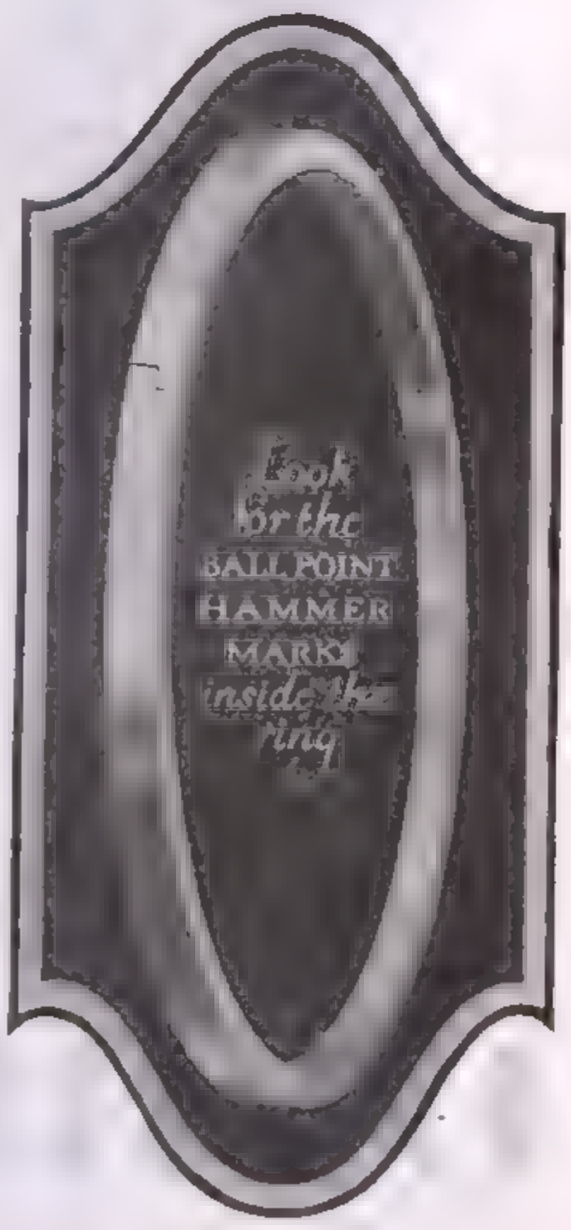
Your garage man has them or can get them for you quickly.



American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland
Export Department: 47 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 48)

not admit too many unseasoned companies to its list. A recent count on a given day showed that one-third of the issues traded in were stocks listed over the last couple of years. The new securities on this market alone run up far into the billions of dollars

The question is a hard one to answer. It is complicated in the extreme. Being the largest single market for securities in the country, and easily dominating and overshadowing all other markets, the Stock Exchange must be careful how it draws the line. Companies that are swindles from the start obviously must be kept out. But beyond that the question is much like immigration—we want men but we don't want undesirables, and we don't know how to draw the line.

If the Stock Exchange is exceedingly strict it will merely force new companies out into some unorganized, unregulated market where the scandals will be even worse, and the Stock Exchange will be left with only Liberty Bonds and a few other ultraconservative investment securities. No one can predict for certain the development of a corporation. The strongest of the railroad stocks—even those of companies which now own the immensely valuable anthracite coal deposits—were considered reckless in the extreme when they were first listed on the Stock Exchange.

The case of the United States Steel Corporation is even more striking. The common stock of this company was considered to have little if any value when first introduced. After J. P. Morgan's famous interview in 1904, when he was quoted as saying that undigested securities were responsible for the stock market's depression, Steel Common dropped as low as 8⅜. For several years it was the merest football for speculators, kicked by the bears whenever they felt like making a little money. But the stock was gradually bought up by large numbers of investors, its price finally rose to a reasonable and moderate level, and with fairly regular dividends through good years and bad, has gone on its way, free from extreme fluctuations either up or down.

"The promotions of the last few years have been neither as wild nor as fantastic as those of the boom period of 1900 and 1901," said a stockbroker of long and extensive experience whom I questioned on the subject of new promotions. "Not only was Steel Common supposed to be all water but it was based in turn upon stocks of subsidiary companies, such as American Steel & Wire, which were inflated to the last degree. I believe it will take less time to make good on these new promotions. In my opinion it will be only two or three years instead of eight or ten years."

Charges of Exclusiveness

It is only fair to say that the stocks which are created in a boom period are not taken up by syndicates with the idea of keeping them, but rather with the idea of selling them. Even the public which buys these stocks does not buy to keep. Nine-tenths of the individuals who buy in a great bull market have no intention of making a permanent investment in the hope of securing a fair and reasonable return, but are concerned solely with being able to sell out at a huge profit to some even more gullible individual. They all want to ride fast while the going is good.

Stocks rarely pass into what might be called ultimate hands in the course of a great bull market on the Stock Exchange. A bull market is essentially always a speculative operation, and the investment functions of the Stock Exchange really come into evidence only in a bear market, in a period of general liquidation when investors buy bargains to keep. I do not think the Stock Exchange pretends to be an investment market on the top of a boom.

Nor has the indigestion of securities been wholly due to new flotations and promotions. The immense supply of stock dividends in 1920 was probably a factor in the severe decline. Many of these stock dividends were issued of course by old companies which were already on the board, and naturally these additional issues of stock had to be admitted.

It is only fair to point out that in few if any other markets is it so easy for him who runs to read. The Stock Exchange may admit new and untested shares, but the facts are all there, printed where all may see, in the listing application, which is far more detailed than the reports which corporations ever make to government commissions. This does not mean that the stock is sound, or guaranteed and hallmarked in any respect. No one takes responsibility that it will turn out well, and there is a wide-open invitation to lose as well as make vast sums of money.

In the long run probably, over a period of years, it would no doubt be found that the unwise and unsound promotions, like the skyrocketing and downfall of famous individual plungers, are but the occasional peaks, the high lights in the great continuous functioning of a securities market, the bulk of whose operations are neither spectacular nor unnecessary.

But after making every possible allowance and giving full weight to all explanations and excuses the fact probably remains that the Stock Exchange opened its arms much too freely in 1919 and the early part of 1920. Influenced perhaps by criticism directed against its exclusive policy in the past the Exchange leaned over too far in the direction of inclusiveness. Critics had said that the Exchange took in only the largest of companies and discriminated against smaller but equally sound concerns, thus playing into the hands of the interests. So the Exchange became democratic and let in a rather motley group of relatively small companies whose stocks had not yet been distributed by pools and syndicates or were held so closely by a few deluded captains of industry that corners and manipulation were rendered temptingly easy.

Unprecedented Liquidation

Thus when the long heartbreaking decline set in, one weak spot, one weak group after another was discovered and uncovered. Here then was the twilight of the new promotions and flotations, the slaughter not exactly of the innocents but of the untested, the unseasoned and undistributed. These stocks were naturally all the more vulnerable because they were associated in the public mind either with pools or syndicates which were now hastily getting out from under the crashing edifice or with individual financiers whose recent power was now vanishing into thin air.

Of course even the utmost imprudence in overextension on the part of individual promoters, along with the most reckless oversupply of new securities, might not have been visited with the usual penalty if it had not been for the world-wide decline in commodities. In other words, the elimination of individuals and the decline in stock prices were but straws on the wind of a vast international and necessitous liquidation and deflation of goods.

"All the world got together to drive down prices," was the way one banker expressed it, "and when the whole world makes up its mind, when everyone thinks alike and is determined that prices shall go lower, nothing can resist the movement."

After all is said for and against the stock market, one undisputed fact remains—namely, that in periods of business depression it is often the only free and open market, the only place where business concerns and individuals can secure ready cash. There were times last year when goods could not be sold and money could not be borrowed, but always buyers could be found at some price for stocks. The sacrifice might be a terrific one, but at least a sale could be effected, and actual delivery made without cancellation, which was more than could be said for most lines of merchandise.

Owing to this fact a great number of people sold in the aggregate a vast amount of stocks in order to raise funds to tide them over a critical business situation. Securities, both stocks and bonds, form a sort of secondary reserve for many concerns and individuals engaged in business. Now that the worst of the hurricane has passed I do not think there is any harm in saying that in the opinion of old-timers the general liquidation of stocks last year was the most drastic that has ever taken place.

Indeed there were times in 1920 when the courage of investors was absolutely paralyzed by the intensity and necessitous character of commodity liquidation and of that in securities which were hurled upon the market as a natural result. Never perhaps was it more difficult for even those people who had money to invest and were in no way adversely affected by falling prices to rise above the prevailing psychology and repair their own sinking courage.

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 51)

It may be interesting at this point to explain the attitude of some of the most intelligent people in Wall Street toward the policy of deflation which the Government adopted and which has had so much to do with the course of business in the last few years. Whether the policy as here advocated would not have caused just as much dissatisfaction is too big a question to discuss in this article. I for one believe that only the future historian will be able to decide what would have been the perfect discount policy just after the war. But the view as given here is worth repeating.

"You will remember," said a leading authority on stock-market affairs, "that the Government began to ration money to the stock market in September, 1918. That is, we have taken two years to deflate, which is the reason why we have never had any panic on the Stock Exchange during that time, although the slaughter of prices has been enough to create one. The movement has been gradual, spread over two entire years, and therefore orderly.

"The stock-market people did not object to this rationing. 'That is all right for us,' we said, 'we realize it is coming to us, but why divert money from us to, let us say, cotton, and keep the price of cotton up to forty cents when you know perfectly well it must eventually come down?' But nothing was done in the way of deflation in any line except the stock market. Meanwhile our loans were gradually squeezed out, and although there has never been such an output of new securities requiring money to float them, brokerage houses to-day have the smallest loans in years.

"Meanwhile nothing was done to deflate cotton, wool, sugar and countless other commodities for a very long time. Eventually of course the Federal Reserve banks did begin the process, but they tried to do it all in a few months and naturally the feet were simply knocked out from under one line of business after another. If sugar, for example, had been deflated as gradually from twenty-six cents to eight cents as stocks have been squeezed out it would have been far better. Why such wonderful caution was used in handling the stock market and none at all in other lines I cannot see."

Government Cancellations

But great, major movements in the stock market such as that of 1920 always go too far. Just as stocks go too high in a bull market, so they go too low in a contnued decline. With this fact in mind I recently asked one of the leading bankers in Wall Street to outline his views as to the values of securities. Here was his reply:

"This thing must be taken up by sections. The railroads should be considered by themselves. They have already benefited enormously from the new law and will benefit even more if that law proves to be permanent. For they are given what they should have had for ten years past, recognition by the people that our economic troubles were to a large extent due to the breakdown of the railroads. That has been known for ten years but not publicly recognized until the new law was passed.

"What I am afraid of now is that the farmers and shippers will again become hostile to the railroads and demand a reduction in rates. The farmer will stand for the present rates if his profits pick up again, but not otherwise. The shipper will be satisfied only if the railroads begin to buy equipment. Nothing is so needed in this country at this moment as a revival of buying on the part of railroads. Nothing would do more to turn the tide.

"When we come to the industrials, the people at the head of these companies have had a heartbreaking experience. Never was anyone so badly fooled. For one thing, they didn't realize how much of the great demand for goods in 1919 was due to railroad congestion. They had enormous orders, but the collapse came when they tried to deliver the goods. Immense inventories on the one hand and cancellations on the other tell the sad story. I believe the way in which some of the government departments wiped out contracts after the armistice was partly responsible for this practice. I believe there are still other industries which must be deflated and that we are going to see some of the most comfortless annual reports of corporations that were ever known.

"But the time has come to use discrimination, to sift the good from the bad Men had better begin to analyze the position of these companies and to use their brains. For it is obvious that all companies have not suffered to the same degree, although in the general crash the prices of nearly all stocks have gone down. The time has come now to study the balance sheets of industrial companies, to see which have bills payable and which bills receivable. There are those that have to borrow still more money, and there are others that have more money of their own than they know what to do with. There are some which have practically no inventories, which did not expand much during recent years and have no floating debt. Sooner or later discrimination of the sort which I suggest will have its effect."

One temptation that always presents itself to the narrator of eventful Wall Street history is to conclude each of his points with this remark, "But there is nothing new about this. It has all happened before." Picturesque figures, individual leaders of speculation, were snuffed out in 1903 and 1907, as well as in 1920. Time and again stocks have sold both far above and far below their intrinsic values. One can truly say there is nothing new about all this.

The new feature, and one which cannot be overemphasized, is the part which our system of taxation has played in exaggerating and intensifying violent fluctuations in the stock market.

Taxation Hardships

I repeat that it is impossible to overemphasize this feature. Whether one approves or not, the fact is that extremely high or extremely low prices for securities have a profound effect upon the country's business. Men who themselves perhaps never buy or sell stocks are led to extend or contract their operations by the barometer of the Stock Exchange. If prices keep mounting day by day and the speculative atmosphere is surcharged with optimism there is a widespread tendency throughout the business world to make new commitments, but when stocks are sinking day by day the business man is disinclined to buy. Extreme fluctuations in stocks therefore always have serious consequences.

Our system of taxation is peculiar in that it counts as income all gains or appreciation in the value of property, provided the property is sold. This includes all forms of property—land, ore in the ground, standing timber, buildings, stocks and bonds, manufactured products and factories. Now the essential unfairness of this system of taxation is obvious. The tax is on gains which may have taken years to accumulate, but its payment is thrown into the one year when the sale is made, and thus the owner is forced into a far higher range of the supertax than he really belongs in. A man may have worked for years on a relatively small income to build up a business, and then if he sells it at what is called a profit the Government takes away at one fell swoop more than half of the gain which has taken him years to create.

This provision of our income tax unquestionably needs revision. It was adopted to reach stock-market profits more than any other, but in this respect it is about to prove a boomerang. When the stock market was rising in 1919 rich men were very loath to sell even at the huge profits then available, because the supertaxes were so heavy. The result was that the bull cliques, pools and syndicates, as well as wealthy individual operators who normally would unload upon the public at the top of a bull market, did not let go as usual.

Thus prices kept on going up beyond all reason, and it was far easier than ever before to corner a stock. It no longer became necessary for the managers of bull syndicates and for individual operators to watch their step. Before the income tax went into effect the most serious danger that confronted such operators was the likelihood that some cranky old holder of 15,000 shares, independent as blazes and perhaps far removed from all market influences, might decide at any moment to liquidate and force the pool to take his stock to prevent a bad break.

But under the supertaxes such owners could not afford to unload. In previous bull markets the pool members spent much of their energies trying to coddle the big independent owners and keep them from spoiling the market. But Uncle Sam was

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At the foot of a shaft mine he enters the tunnels of reinforced concrete which are lighted electrically just like the New York Subway. He boards an empty car in the electric subway which carries him to the tunnel heads, where his work is to be done. There an electric coal machine and driller is at work cutting into the face of the tunnels. The miner shovels the coal into little open cars, which are then attached to others and made ready for a "trip." An electric motor pulls the little train to the foot of the shaft, where it passes car by car over the scale which credits each individual worker with his proper tonnage. An electrically operated elevator now hoists the car to the tipple, and the coal is dumped upon screens and allowed to run into railroad cars for shipment to the consumer.

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now taking care of all that, and the pool manager didn't have to worry.

But even while the market was still boiling there were people who saw that such a situation was the most dangerous possible. One comment made upon the stock market in July, 1919, read like this:

"The pools, and that Wall Street which extends over the whole country, can play with the floating shares and mark up quotations not only in belated appreciation of intrinsic worth, but in some cases in advance of intrinsic worth. The result may be in the end the blowing of such bubbles in the stock market as will in time give rise to a very serious crisis. Truly, our system of taxation is an invitation to bubble-blowing, and in the end a stimulus if not a direct promoter of Wall Street wreckage."

This prediction has come true in every detail. Just as men disliked to give the lion's share of their gains to the Government, so they became eager to present the Government with a goodly portion of their losses when the opportunity presented itself. Once the whole tide had turned and prices in all markets were declining, it became possible for rich men to wipe out part of their taxes by simply disposing of blocks of stock in which there was a large market loss. It is said that one financier with an income close to a million dollars a year wiped out his entire year's tax with a sale of less than 30,000 shares of an oil stock that had fallen from 60 to 20.

Toward the end of 1920 the pressure of selling to establish losses for the income tax literally became a torrent. Brokers interviewed estimated that anywhere from one-quarter to three-quarters of all the selling was for this purpose. A man who wandered into a large brokerage house late in December asked the head of the firm the usual question, "What's doing?" "Nothing except selling stocks to establish losses," was the reply.

The Fickleness of Bears

It seemed for a time as if the whole world was selling for this purpose, and it was being done not so much by speculators as by investors. Even banks and trust companies, which had made large profits in the period of high interest rates, were able to reduce their tax obligations by selling bonds and stocks on which they had a heavy loss. Fire-insurance companies also were able to reduce their taxes in this way.

"Ordinarily such institutions would take a chance on their bonds and stocks recovering in price eventually," said an active and responsible broker who handles an extensive business for institutions. "In a normal tax situation they would sit tight and hold on, but now they are only too glad to share their losses on these securities with the Government. That is why such big blocks of stock have been coming out which have been held by institutions for thirty and even forty years."

It is true that many of those who sold for tax purposes expected to buy back within a few days, weeks or months. But often they changed their minds, and even when they did repurchase the effect was less pronounced in helping prices up than was the force of the selling in driving them down. When the tide is all one way a greater effort is required to stem it than to accelerate it.

Naturally under such conditions bull operators acting either singly or in groups and pools were utterly discouraged. Bull pools are perfectly willing to fight the bears. Both are speculators, and have about the same equipment and resources. Besides, there is nothing so fickle as a bear. He may suddenly stop his short selling, turn clear round and help the bulls to boost the very stock he was but recently attacking. But the banking or insurance institution, the business corporation and the wealthy old individual investor who dumps upon an already weak market two or three thousand shares of a stock which has long been held free and clear, literally drives terror into the hearts of the bulls and their pool managers. Before such selling all the speculative dodges and wiles and tricks of a bull clique are but chaff before the hurricane.

Another feature of the great 1920 stock-market slump which is relatively new was the absence of support from London, Paris and Europe generally. In all previous convulsions of equal magnitude, excepting that only of 1914, when it was found necessary to close the Stock Exchange, Europe always came to the rescue. This time of course it bought nothing and sold continuously, because, owing to the rates of exchange, the prices secured by a foreign owner of American stocks were naturally much larger to him than our quotations would signify. Then, too, it must be borne in mind that our banks were constantly lending large sums to Europe last year and also subscribing for issue after issue of our own Treasury certificates.

"Taking all things together, the necessitous liquidation caused by business deflation, the absence of the help from Europe which we used to have, the tax situation and the fact that rich men's incomes have been cut in two, I think it is a miracle that the stock market should have declined in such an orderly manner," said one of the most experienced men in Wall Street, one whose official position and business operations alike entitle his views to the most careful consideration. "It means only one thing—that the middle class in this country have a lot of money, and buy stocks whenever there is a bad break."

It is always the odd-lot buyer, for that matter, who finally turns the market. In other words, when the financiers get into trouble among themselves the people pull them out. During the month of November more than $75,000,000 of securities in odd lots on the Stock Exchange were bought and paid for. The steady increase in the number of stockholders in large corporations in the last few months is another evidence that the public has been investing heavily.

Nothing has yet been said in this article regarding the subject most often mentioned in connection with a falling stock market. I refer of course to short selling and bear raiding, the latter being somewhat difficult to distinguish from the former but generally regarded as a more reprehensible form of the same thing. In any drastic and protracted decline more is said in the newspapers and printed accounts of the market, and more is heard in conversation, concerning the operations of the bears than of any other cause or of all other causes together. Yet I venture to assert that any impartial investigation will disclose the fact that short selling had less to do with the debacle in stocks last year than any of the other causes mentioned.

I do not mean that short selling is not frequently overdone, just as the buying of stocks on margin is also overdone, but in the main short selling and bear raiding are mere ripples, picturesque incidents on the surface. They are the effects rather than the causes of great movements. Indeed the short seller cannot succeed at all unless he can ride down on a genuine cataract of stocks which are being dumped overboard by their owners. I was talking with an intelligent Wall Street man about a famous bear operator of the last few years.

The Services of Short Sellers

"I rather think he did start this last decline," said my acquaintance. "But it would have come anyway, and it has cleared the atmosphere. I am one of those who believe that the sooner these necessary cleanings out take place the better. I don't believe in putting off the evil day, and I for one am thankful that Mr. X precipitated it."

An officer of one of the largest banks in New York upon being asked whether short selling had much to do with the decline replied: "You can drive a piece of cork under water but it won't stay there by itself unless it has in some way been made heavier than water. You can drive prices down by short selling, but short selling won't keep them down."

The fairest statement to make about the short seller, or bear, is that he is more or less of a parasite, a trader, and above all a mere rider on the horse. He performs the service of supplying a good part of the oil which makes a big speculative market churn around, if that be a service.

"When you read in the papers about the entire capital stock of some company having been dealt in on the Stock Exchange fifty times or more in a year it is a joke," said one of the most experienced brokers in the Street. "It is because a bear thinks somebody is bidding too high for the stock, and takes a fling at it. He trades round in it all day, but usually he wants to go to the theater at night with no worries on his mind, and he is quite likely, although not always, to close up his operations every day. He is the fellow in between, and no one runs quicker or gets scared more easily than a bear. He has nothing to do with the final lodgment of the stock in the hands of ultimate investors. All he does is to help make a market."

I do not know any subject regarding which there is greater exaggeration than short selling. Nor does this statement imply that short selling is unattended with both benefits and evils. But the tendency is always to exaggerate its importance. Whenever prices of stocks decline, a lot of ignorant people begin to shout that the bears raided the market at ten o'clock, and again at noon, and again at three.

If the Germans had captured Paris, London and then Boston and New York, and the market had fallen, someone would have solemnly blamed the bears for a savage attack. If it should be discovered tomorrow that all the gold had been stolen out of the United States Treasury and if all the banks in the country should fail, the least reflection of these calamities in the stock market would inspire some ignoramus to lay it all to the bears.

During part of the war period the Stock Exchange authorities kept a record of the short sales made, and though no authoritative statement has ever been made as to the results of that investigation, there is good reason for believing that one net result was the discovery that the total volume of short selling was rarely more than one-quarter or one-third as large as it was generally credited with being.

A Dangerous Occupation

Another fact that is not generally understood is the rapidity with which even the largest bear operators shift their position and change over to the bull side. Moreover there have been times when large operators who had become notorious for their supposed bear raiding were discovered as a result of secret investigations by the authorities to have been selling stocks which they actually owned. In other words, they were not short sellers at all, although even their fellow brokers supposed them to be such.

There is the best authority for stating that the one individual who has most often been credited in recent years with carrying on large bear operations has just as often or oftener been on the other side of the market. A year or two ago he brought a suit for libel against an obscure financial publication which accused him of seeking to depress the market maliciously, and for quite a little while afterward the rumor mongers were careful how they linked his name with bear raiding.

It should be remembered that the few chronic bears rarely keep the money that they make. Their position makes them pessimistic, and they often remain that way long after the growth of the country or of individual corporations carries values to a higher level and leaves them stranded. J. P. Morgan was credited with having said that going short on the country was a dangerous occupation. Then, too, even aside from the steady if uninterrupted growth of wealth, the bear is just as likely to overstay his market as the bull.

"Have you ever heard of a bear who left a fortune to his family?" inquired a broker with whom I was talking on the subject. I admitted I never had, and asked the broker if he supposed the largest investor in the country, John D. Rockefeller, had ever sold stock short.

"He would faint at the idea," was the reply.

It is always much easier to say that the market is going down because it is being raided by powerful and conscienceless bears than merely to call attention to the undoubted fact that no one wants to buy stocks. It not only sounds better, it reads and writes more easily. The writer knows what he is talking about, for he had to fill a column in a New York newspaper with stock-market gossip every day for five or six years.

The public must always personify what is going on. There is no way of personifying the cold fact that people do not want to buy stocks, and a financial editor cannot find new ways of stating this naked, unadorned and comfortless truth every day in the year. But once you introduce the bear, there is something the public imagination can fasten itself upon. Just as the public symbolizes and personifies financial power in the persons of Rockefeller and Morgan, so it always sees a falling stock market in the human form of bear raiders, ghouls who

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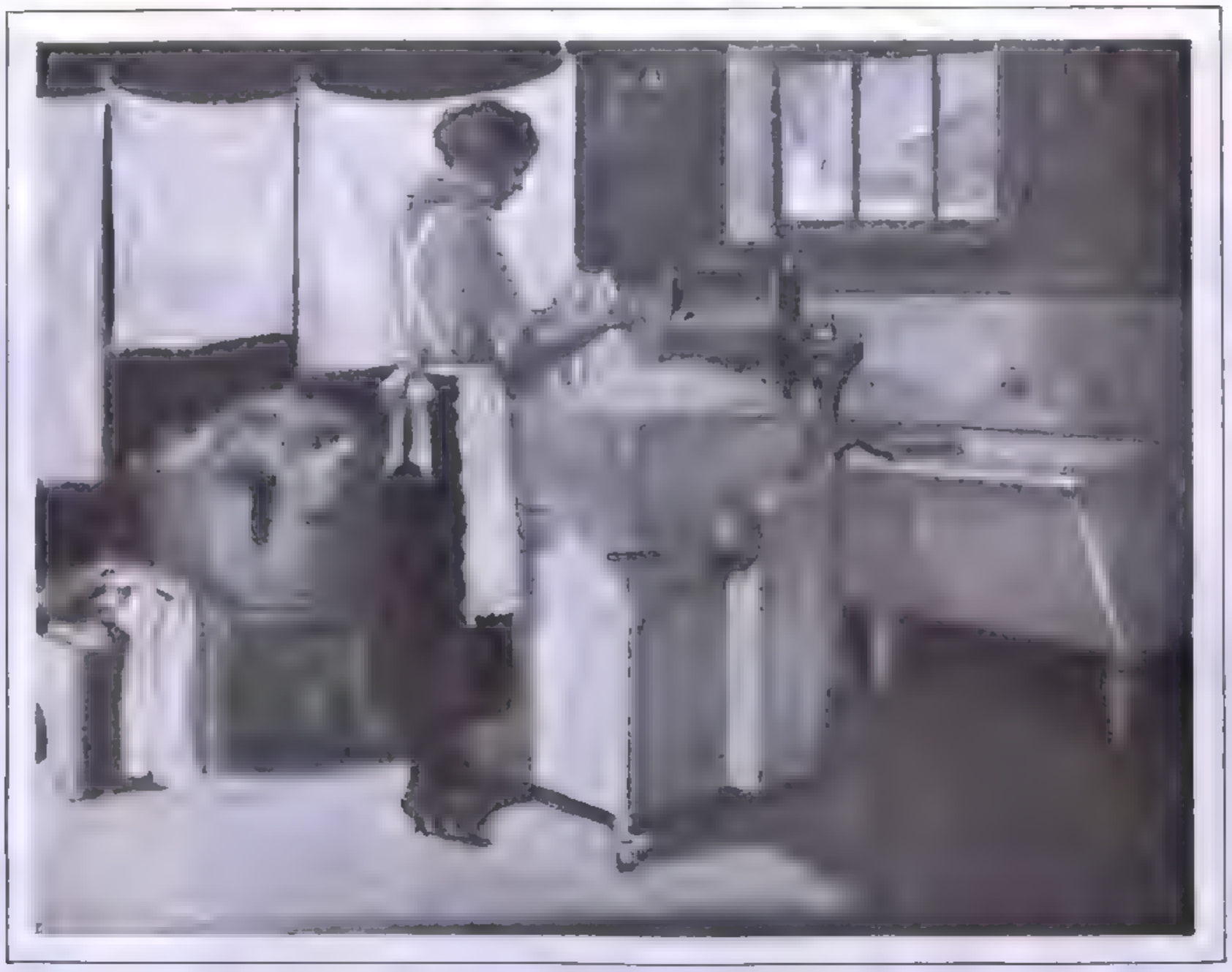

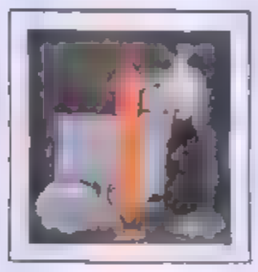

Some electric washers *lift* and *dip* the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water—and it is a good method.

Other electric washers *rock* and *toss* the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water and it is a good method

The ABC Electric Laundress *does both.* Rapidly it alternates these good methods—and so it combines their advantages.

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Even should you retain your washwoman, by its swift double (✚) cleansing process the A B C *Electric Laundress* will enable her to finish a big wash, and also iron, the same day. Sparing the soiled things from being frayed or rubbed thin on a rough washboard effects another saving. Wash this cheaper way; start at once; obtain an A B C *Electric Laundress.* Quickly it will save its cost and thereafter make your income go farther.

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Today, write for "*The ABC of Washday*," with address of a nearby dealer who will gladly demonstrate this *doubly* thorough washer.

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How You Can Benefit By Goodyear Service

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THE whole concern of the Goodyear Plan of Service is the delivery to the user of the largest possible mileage from Goodyear Tires.

Fundamental in this plan is the manufacture by Goodyear of a tire of highest quality and its convenient distribution through Goodyear Service Station Dealers.

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By applying this care and these tire savers before little tire injuries grow big, you can benefit in this Plan of Service just as thousands of others have benefited before you.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for tire inspection, for the lessons on tire care and the tire savers available there; these will help you get maximum Goodyear Tire mileages.

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WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

Western Hemlock
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EXPERT LUMBER SERVICE FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD

HERE is a service of the greatest practical importance to the family looking forward to owning its home.

To the farmer for his house, barns, corn cribs.

To the industrial man and corporation, planning expansion, replacements, repairs—or using lumber in manufacture.

A service that may add 100% to the value of your lumber purchase—whether you buy a couple of boards, a truck load of dimension stuff, or think in terms of millions of board feet to the single order.

This service means nothing less than expert advice in using the *right wood* in its *proper place*—based on detailed scientific knowledge of the various species of wood, their strengths, their fitnesses, and their individual action under specific conditions of use.

It may be a new thought to you, for instance, that in building a house lumber must be selected for three totally different functions.

There is the *framework*—which requires strength above all else.

There is the *outside finish*—demanding durability under exposure to the weather.

And the *inside trim*—where the need is for a wood properly seasoned and prepared, that will "stay put", and that will be attractive when stained, or will take and hold paint or enamel.

For each of these functions certain woods are especially adapted.

For some, cheaper woods will give as good service as more expensive species. In other instances, cheaper woods can be used only at a sacrifice of durability and ultimate economy.

The same principle—the *right wood* in its *proper place*—applies to farm buildings, industrial buildings, and all industrial uses of lumber.

The proper use of lumber was never more important to America than it is at this moment.

To the individual citizen it means durable and economical building.

To the nation at large it means still more—a great step toward an *ample supply of lumber*, present and future—the elimination of waste in the thoughtless use of lumber.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

(Concluded from Page 54)

seek to thrive on the destruction of other people's property. There is something picturesque and comforting in the very idea. It summons up mental images of pirates and bandits, gunning for the wholly innocent bulls.

A fairly large short interest in anything like a normal market is usually wholesome Of course the short seller must always buy back, and he is a fearless buyer. Unlike the bull he never changes his mind or loses his nerve about buying. A man may think he is a bull but when he actually comes to buy he may lose courage. Not so with the bear; he has to buy, even if it ruins him.

Thus it is that short sellers have often saved a nasty situation. At one time early last year if a certain large operator had not covered something like 80,000 shares of an outstanding short line in a single day the market would have been wholly without support, and might have fallen into actual panic.

Those who are in closest actual touch with the daily operations on the Stock Exchange deny that short selling increases on the decline. They assert that the records kept by the authorities showed that the short account increased with the rising market in 1919, and was gradually reduced with the falling market of last year. This of course is as it should be, and if the report is correct the gradual covering of the short interest last year was without doubt one reason why the decline in the market did not become an actual panic and why it remained as orderly as it did.

Unfortunately, however, wholly exact and convincing information on these subjects is lacking. Though recognizing the great and complex difficulties which the authorities of the Stock Exchange labor under, yet I am firmly convinced that they are too reticent about making public information that would remove, or ought to remove, much of the criticism against short selling. Indeed it is rather difficult to discover just what the policy of the Exchange is in regard to this entire question, although it may be suspected that in such a large organization there is not only no unanimity among the members at large but also possibly a difference of opinion even among the governing authorities.

"The great trouble with short selling," said a broker who probably has more immediate and intimate knowledge of the excessive features of speculation, both bull and bear, than any other one man in the country, "is that while it is helpful in a normal market it is of doubtful value in times of real distress. We are very glad of course to have had a big short interest developed in 1919 which covered up gradually during the 1920 declines, but it is a different story when new lines of shorts are put out in a stock where the distress is acute, because then the selling does more harm than the subsequent buying does good.

"We don't want the bears to punch holes in stocks when they discover that the buying power is entirely absent. We are trying to keep the bears from going into these holes, or as we call them 'ells,' created as they are by an entire absence of buying orders or bids on the specialists' books."

The Dog That Walked Sideways

There is little doubt that groups of traders finding stocks in which there were no buying orders, and which perhaps had not fallen so far relatively as other stocks, saw an opportunity to knock in what was at best a hollow and rotten structure. Their selling of course tended to dislodge the weak holdings of embarrassed owners, and in the general unsettlement helped to push the whole market to a still lower level.

Though in general bears do not work in pools and syndicates yet there is nothing to prevent groups of men from getting together and precipitating a decline. "They are no longer speculating in stocks," one speculator was quoted as saying last December. "It is now a game of sandbagging. The highwaymen stand around the corner and if anyone passing shows signs of weakness he is tapped on the head."

The Wall Street Journal in commenting on the situation recalled a story told by John W. Gates at a time when he was caught with huge outstanding loans and the bears jumped on his pet stocks. "I feel," remarked Mr. Gates, "like the dog in Youngstown that walked sideways. The reason the dog walked sideways was because everyone despised the animal and never missed an opportunity to administer a severe kick. The dog got in the habit of walking sideways in order to protect himself from attacks from the rear."

An experienced observer has compared short selling in normal times to one man running on the street. No one would notice or interfere with him, but if an entire crowd started to run in one direction the police would fear a riot and might be obliged to interfere.

Though perhaps the authorities of the Stock Exchange do not have a sufficiently clear-cut, publicly announced policy in regard to short selling, nevertheless they are exceedingly vigilant in investigating what appear to be abuses. Members of the Business Conduct Committee are constantly picking traders right out of the crowds on the floor and demanding to know whether they are shorting and bearing a particularly weak stock or are merely selling stock which they or their clients own.

The power of the committee is so great that few brokers persist in bear operations after being warned. Far more often than the public has any idea, the bears are told to lay off and give a weak stock a chance. Even the largest nonmember operators usually prefer to coöperate with the committee, and often agree to discontinue their operations if these seem to the committee detrimental to the best interests of a market which it is sought to keep as open and honest as possible.

The Excesses of the Bulls

An immense amount of painstaking and careful work is done by this and other committees which even the members of the Exchange themselves are not always fully aware of. Sometimes days after a sensational incident has occurred it is suggested in the papers that a certain committee may possibly decide to investigate when as a matter of fact the committee was actually going over the books of the suspected offenders within ten minutes after the first sign of trouble. There is no way of course of preventing the inception of secret conspiracies to smash an already weak stock to pieces, but nothing could be more swift than the so-called police work which follows the first evidence of the conspiracy.

But however far we go into this subject we cannot escape the conclusion that these excesses on the bear side would be impossible except for and are indeed the logical outcome of what in the writer's opinion are the even more dastardly excesses on the bull side. It is a curious fact, and one which can make only for the most cynical view of human nature, how seldom the scruples which are expressed against bear operations extend to bull pools or the organized buying which puts stocks far above their real values. I suppose it is another case of whose ox is gored.

To make this point definite and concrete I am going to refer to a case which has never been mentioned in print before, and regarding which unfortunately I am not permitted to use names. A certain corporation president was found to be speculating in something like two-thirds of the total capital stock of one of his companies during the bull market of 1919. The stock was rising so fast that the situation was an exceedingly dangerous one and a committee of the Stock Exchange attempted to call a halt.

The head of the company not being a member of the Exchange was naturally not subject to discipline, but he appeared voluntarily before the committee. He was in a towering rage and denounced the committee members in scathing language, even intimating that the disinterestedness of their motives was not all that might be desired. "Haven't I a right to buy all the stock I want to in my own company?" he demanded furiously.

This was more than a year ago. Only a few months ago this same stock became so weak one day that the committee actually ordered trading in it suspended for an hour and a half, to give the private brokers of the head of the company a chance to search the city for him in an effort to induce him to put in a few bids to support his stock from sinking through the floor!

Is it any wonder that those who are really familiar with the inside workings of the market place regard the flushed and overenthusiastic bull leader as more dangerous than the bear, and pay but little attention to the childish prattle of persons who talk about nothing but the evils of bear raiding?

Yet it is even more difficult and delicate for the authorities of the Exchange to interfere with bull operations than with those on the other side. The committees of the Stock Exchange must not abuse their power or they will lose it. They cannot make inquisitors out of themselves and poke themselves into everybody's business.

Several years ago when Bethlehem Steel, which had sold around 35 for years, rose to 200 the most conservative financial publication in the country attacked the Stock Exchange authorities for not placing a maximum price upon the stock. It was intimated that the stock was being artificially held up far above its real value. No action was taken and the stock subsequently rose to 700. Events thus to a certain extent justified the first advance in price at least. This shows the extreme difficulty in trying to legislate on prices.

But it is rare that stocks prove to be worth these extreme figures, and I for one am convinced that difficult as the job is sure to prove the authorities of the Stock Exchange must hold the lid down tighter in future bull markets, and deserve their full share of blame for allowing the bull market of 1919 to go to such lengths.

It is a delicate matter also to check the spread of false and vicious rumors in a period of declining prices. Both the laws of the state of New York and the rules of the Stock Exchange forbid the circulation of false rumors. But to run them down is another matter. At such a time the bears always attempt to circulate vicious reports, but it is hard to draw the line between that which is based on truth and that which has no such foundation.

No doubt persons have telephoned to financial-news agencies and inquired whether it was true that the X corporation was about to go on the rocks. The question may have been asked with malicious intent or it may not. Certain corporations did go on the rocks and many individuals were crippled. Probably the rumors in a bear market are no more vicious than the tips in a bull market. I cannot see that it is any worse incorrectly to report the failure of a concern or an individual than falsely to suggest that one corporation is about to buy another and thus induce people to purchase stock for an expected advance which does not and cannot take place.

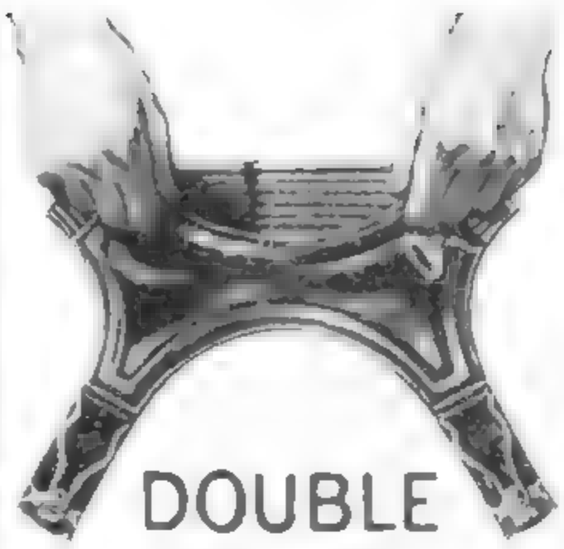
When Rumors are Rife

Of course in a period of liquidation and deflation people's nerves become jumpy and the soil for rumors is most fertile. A runner for a Stock Exchange firm was about to deliver a batch of securities to another firm, one of the largest and most prominent in the country, just a moment before the closing hour. The cashier having more business than he could handle called out to the runner, "We fail on that," a technical expression meaning that owing to the pressure of business the firm preferred to pay interest on those securities overnight to the selling firm rather than clutter up the cashier's desk with more work than he could handle.

The custom is not uncommon, but the boy being unfamiliar with the jargon of the Street rushed back to his own office and loudly announced that the great house which he had just left had failed. The false report spread like wildfire.

If any lesson is to be learned from the markets of the last few years it is that a lot of men in high or relatively high positions in the business world are too much inclined to speculate. It is a grave question whether any man who is paid a high salary and who occupies a position of trust in a corporation which is owned by numbers of stockholders has any ethical right to play the market. Indeed in the opinion of some of the most experienced men in Wall Street it is just as wrong as it would be for the President of the United States or a justice of the Supreme Court to take a stock-market position.

But aside from the moral question involved it is impossible for a man to administer the affairs of a large corporation and at the same time speculate in its stock. He must do one or the other. I never have known of but one man capable of doing both well, and that was the late E. H. Harriman, and that perhaps was because he began his business life as a floor trader on the Stock Exchange. Certainly the average corporation executive has enough troubles these days without also trying to match his wits against those of the professional speculator.



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PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

If Your Legs Could Laugh

Say boy—they'd laugh for joy when you slip on these comfortable, double-grip, double-duty-doing Paris. And your sox would be quite happy to be held so smart and snappy.

Double Grips
50¢ and up

Single Grips
35¢ and up

A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
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BUT NOT IN QUALITY

The
WARREN
Standard Printing
Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull-coated paper for artistic half-tone printing

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Glossy-coated for highest quality half-tone work

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A generally popular, relatively inexpensive glossy-coated paper

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An English finish paper taking medium screen half-tones satisfactorily

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Warren's Cumberland Super Book
A super-calendered paper of standard quality for half-tone, line, and text

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and
Warren's Thintext
For thin editions

Specimens of printing on Warren's Standard Printing Papers are included in all of the exhibitions of national printing of The American Institute of Graphic Arts.

* See opposite page

better paper

better printing

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

WARREN STANDARD

"Ye Gods, give us light!"

THAT was the cry of the ancient. He felt the blind helplessness of ignorance.

The longing for more light—more information—brought the birth of science and teaching. From this same desire came books, and then printing.

The history of the betterment of printing is summed up in those words, "give us light."

Better printing has been a steady, unending growth. No invention that would make printing better has been allowed to remain idle. No type face that increased legibility has failed to become popular.

And better paper has played its part. Better paper and better printing have made the work of science more illuminating, the school book more instructive, the advertisement more convincing.

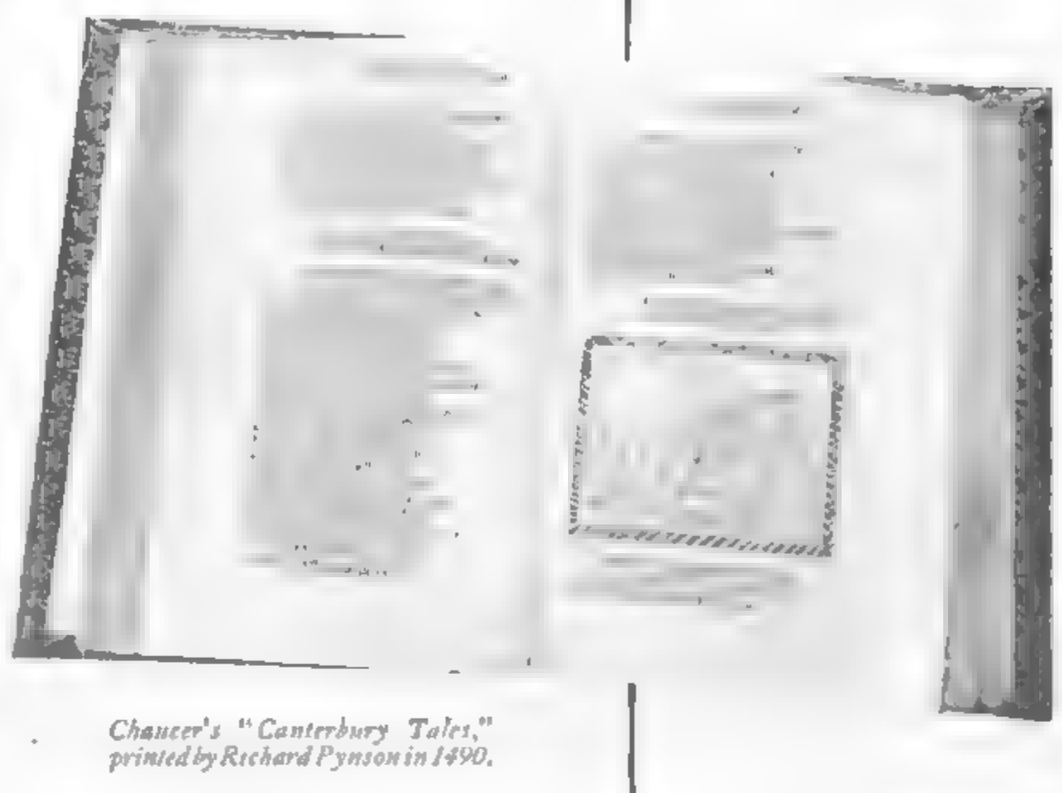
All this business of advertising is built on the desire of people to know more about things, and the ability of printed words and pictures to tell them more.

If you start to think of advertising from any other basis than this, you are sure to get a wrong conception of it. And you are equally sure to buy poorer printing and produce poorer advertising.

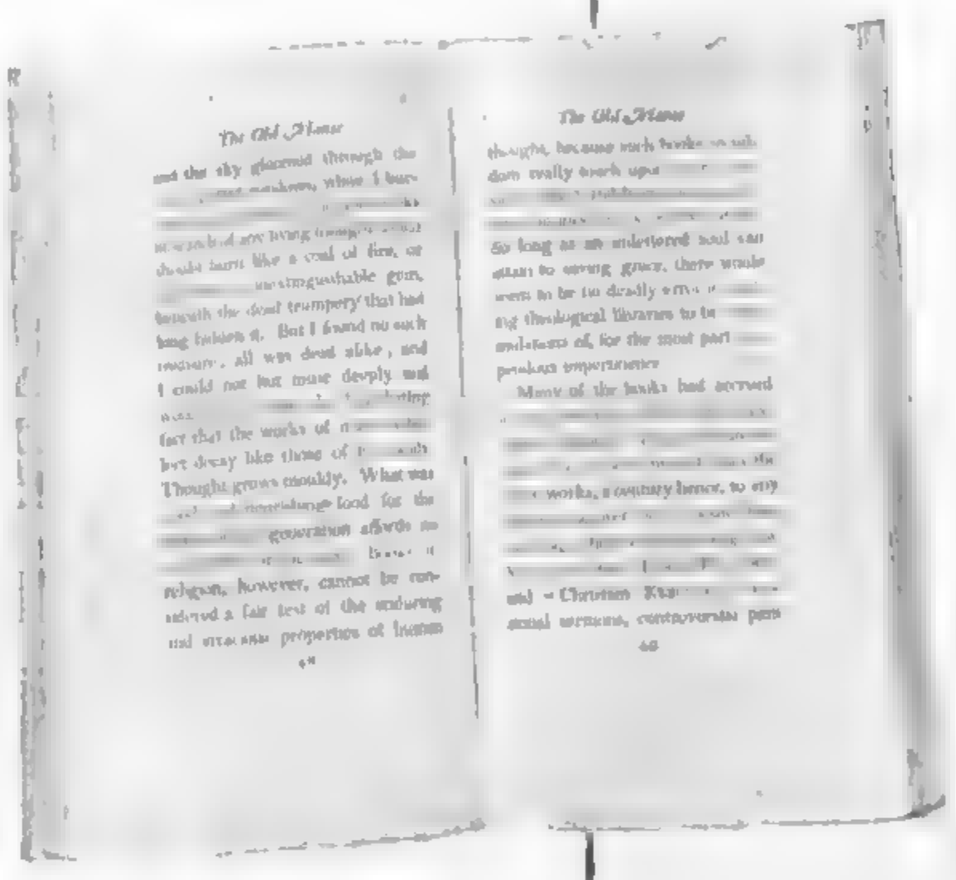
THERE is a recent development in printing called the illustrated letter. It consists of printing on your letter a picture or pictures of the thing you are writing about. These pictures, which may be in color or reproduced photographs, or diagrams or whatever you please, can be part of the letterhead design, or they can be printed on the inside pages of a four- or eight-page folded letter.

For a letter so printed, a printing paper is essential. A portfolio showing the uses of the illustrated letter has been prepared on Warren's Library Text. This folder explains the many uses of such a letter, contains examples of actual letters that have proved remarkably successful, and demonstrates the peculiar advantages of Warren's Library Text for this sort of work. These folders are distributed by paper merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers. If you do not know the Warren distributor nearest your city, write us and we will tell you his name.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



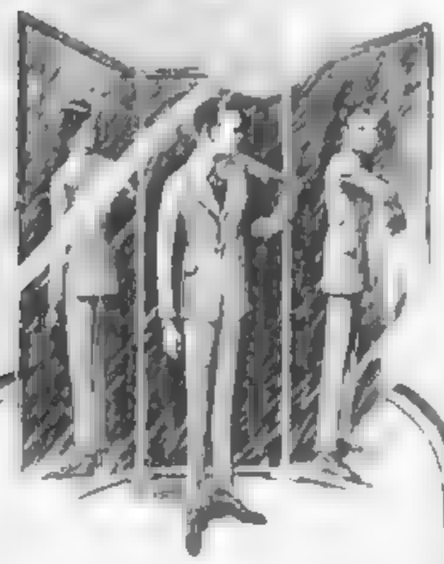
Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," printed by Richard Pynson in 1490.



A fine example of modern book typography. Hawthorne's "The Old Manse," printed by Bruce Rogers.

REN'S PRINTING PAPERS

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS



Let the Buy-Word Be "WEAR"

A COAT lining is as good as it wears. If, to assured long service, there be added style and good looks the case is complete. That is the lining for you.

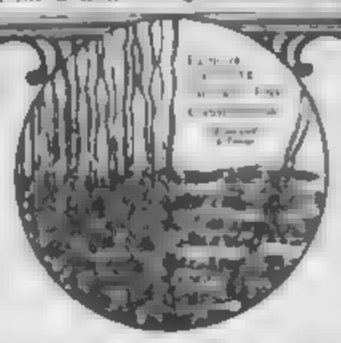
Granite Double End Coat Linings look like Alpaca, "heft" like Serge and wear like the Pyramids. The exclusive "Double End" construction presents a smooth, level surface to friction; a firm, flexible body to strains; and to the eye a highly attractive texture. It outwears the coat but never the fancy.

Granite Double End is made in America by superior American Labor to satisfy the loftiest standards of American Wearers. Demand it by name and examine it in the garment. In various weaves and designs and in solid or two-tone color effects. Patterns to suit every coat and please every taste. Included are fancy stripes and our special new fashionable overcheck.

This Label in the Lining Ends Doubt

THE GUARANTEE

This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly wearable during the life of the garment we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.



LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York

PUNCHING THE WHITE HOUSE TIME CLOCK

(Continued from Page 4)

another representative, Major William McKinley, who at last brought about a semblance of peace. Representative McKinley prevailed upon the president pro tempore of the Senate at the last moment to issue an order that representatives holding white tickets be admitted to the Senate galleries without question. The House in 1889 had not yet aspired to a place on the floor of the Senate Chamber during the indoor part of the exercises.

So much being settled, the kindly Major McKinley walked over to the Senate wing to see the new Vice President sworn in. He was virtually alone in his stroll. A large part of the House, still huffed, instead of attending the function went up to Harvey's and points adjacent to spend the noon hours drinking their luncheons.

Small wonder, therefore, that Representative Uncle Joe Cannon broke his vow when, at the second McKinley inauguration in 1901, the House won a smashing victory that ended for all time the eighty-four-year-old inauguration war. The House had triumphed at last by doing the best thing the House does—making an appropriation. In February of that year the representatives had got the jump on the senators by appropriating seven thousand dollars to pay the bills incidental to the Capitol end of the ceremonies. Back in 1901 the sum of seven thousand dollars would buy a fair quality and quantity of cigars and things. A moment later the House increased its lead by doing the second best thing the House does—appointing a committee to spend the appropriation.

The Senate was haughty but broke, which is a state of mind always open to argument and compromise. Therefore, when a bustling young New Yorker named Theodore Roosevelt, just out of his thirties, came down the aisle that March midday to take the vice-presidential oath—and thus be thrust, hoped many a political bigwig watching him, into political oblivion—he brushed past members of the Lower House, who now for the first time in history had seats on the floor of the Senate Chamber at a vice-presidential inauguration. Also for the first time representatives and their speaker walked ahead of the cabinet, the general of the Army and the admiral of the Navy when the procession from the Senate Chamber out to the east portico was begun. Finally there was the crowning glory of seating Joe Cannon and hat—Joe being then chairman of the House's Committee on Appropriations—with President McKinley in the formal ride back to the White House.

John J. Harmony on the Job

The sensitive souls of the House had been placated for all time. Quadrennially thereafter the members of a joint committee of the House and Senate arranged and bossed all that part of the show which took place in the Senate Chamber and outdoors on the Capitol plaza. This year, when under a last minute arrangement it has been decided to omit all the outdoor exercises and swear in the President as well as the Vice President in the Senate Chamber, the same sort of joint committee of both Houses is bossing the job. In consequence old John J. Harmony is ever present these days.

As for the rest of the show—that big spectacular part of it which began—would have begun this year also if Senator Borah had only been sick or something that January day he began to yell for economy—with trumpet toots after the new President had taken the oath and which ended only when the last batch of pyrotechnical scrambled eggs had exploded and had splattered the black night sky over the White House Mall—it was always arranged, carried out and completed without official aid from Congress. Yet someone, of course, had to be in charge of the spectacle, just as someone was in charge of the parade arrangements and preparations this year, or until they were suddenly called off. Must be a head to things even in these days when everyone is so all-fired equal to everyone else, and the cosmic banner bears the legend, "I'm As Good As You Are and a Damn Sight Better." And so it happened that sometime after Election Day the President-elect named someone as chairman of the Inaugural Committee.

Mr. Harding followed the usual practice shortly after that little affair of the Tuesday after the first Monday of last November, an occasion still spoken of by Democrats as election day, but which especially enthusiastic Republicans now insist was merely a national census. Mr. Harding, not knowing what Mr. Borah had on his mind and chest, appointed Mr. Edward B. McLean to boss the then contemplated hullabaloo which was to have exploded along Pennsylvania Avenue after the exercises at the Capitol. And Mr. McLean did what his predecessors on the job had done—appointed subcommittees to help him set the stage for the big street parade and other afternoon and evening incidentals which, in the past, always combined to make any inaugural March fourth, so Washington had come to believe, more glorious and scintillant than even any July Fourth the Capital had known. But this year, it will be remembered, Chairman McLean and his helpers suddenly found themselves all dressed up in their working clothes and no place to go.

The Show in Three Acts

Money to pay the shot for the more spectacular aspects of the outdoor show of past days was raised by voluntary subscription. This year, as at all previous inaugurations for generations, Washington business men, especially the hotel men, always gave freely, and as freely they hoped—especially the hotel men—to get back all, plus some more, and never until this year were their hopes dashed—especially the hotel men. If you heard the howl that went up a few weeks ago when it was announced that there was to be no outdoor inaugural of the President, no parade, no inauguration ball, you would realize that dashed doesn't half express what Washington—especially the hotel men—thought of the New Simplicity. Double dashed, a row of stars and a covey of exclamation points wouldn't begin to suggest what was howled to the heavens.

When shattered nerves had come back somewhat nearer normal on that January day just past, Washington's next cry was "Well, we'll give a show of our own!" How successful and resplendent the more-or-less impromptu and semiamateur show or shows of 1921 will be I cannot, of course, at this writing predict. In fact, as I write this Washington is still far from coherent—is standing in somewhat of a daze, seeing in retrospect the great day as they saw it at the moment Senator Borah stood up in meeting: The thousands and tens and tens of tens of thousands pouring into the Union Station. The big show—in three acts until trimmed—about to commence. 'Act I. Scene: The Senate Chamber at Washington; "Calvin Takes the Oath." Act II. Scene: The Front Porch Behind the Capitol; "From Printer to President!" Act III. Scene: Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington—The Same Day; "For-r-r-r-d March!" Note: The management of this theater under no circumstances will permit office-seekers in the audience to interrupt or otherwise bedevil the players by climbing on the stage during the performance.

Even before the first rehearsal Stage Censor Borah's remarks caused the producers to hedge to the extent of using only one indoor set, combining the first and second acts into a one-act sketch and throwing the last act bodily into the Potomac. But as originally written it was some show!

If it had been produced without change, and supposing it had been permitted even to approach the splendiferousness of past performances, it would have been all the grand military and civic parades of all old-home weeks transmogrified into one inclusive wallop. It was—we are now considering, of course, the sort of inauguration day which past generations of Washingtonians knew and which present and coming generations perhaps will see in the future—of a potency sufficient to take a horse which for fifteen or twenty years had resigned itself to being no particular kind of horse—merely the sort of horse which one would recognize instinctively as belonging to a colored gentleman in the ash collecting profession in the section of Washington known as Swampoodle—and in a twinkling transform the steed into a cavalry charger—as any spectator will testify who has watched the hastily assembled mounts ridden by visiting militia officers in inauguration-day parades sag by.

It could make and has made a New York district leader walk for miles without stopping to shake hands. It demonstrated every four years that every able-bodied citizen of the Keystone State was a member of the Pennsylvania National Guard; that the entire state of Pennsylvania had come to Washington in uniform and en masse, leaving nobody home to work the mines or run the scrapple-making industry. It was, and I hope some day in the future it again will be, actually the sort of big top and street show that Barnum's circus would be if the circus were half as glorious as Press Agents Fellowes, Norwood and Staton would have a newspaper city editor believe it is. In brief, friends, it was a curly wolf, a sweet patootie, a bear!

As the first direct action of the day impinged there was a flocking and an exodus out of Washington's northwest—the city's northeast, southwest and southeast are largely apocryphal—the whole crowd headed in the general direction of the dome. Long before the noon hour the desk chairs on the floor of the Senate were and again this year will be crowded to an appallingly greater degree than they are on those days, later in the season, on which word reaches the solons that Walter Johnson is to pitch for the home team.

Already the cross streets adjacent to Pennsylvania Avenue were chockablock with horsemen ranging in splendor from plain generals in the regular generaling business all the way up to the eye-blasting glories of a governor's military secretary—all sitting their horses patiently while waiting for the toot that was to swing them into line for the big pee-rade. Avenue sidewalks by now had all but disappeared beneath the equally patient standees, who waited in hope for the quick noonday thrill of seeing a plain citizen ride smilingly eastward and an all-afternoon thrill that began when the same man, now President of the United States of North America, again filled the eye as back again he came in the fore of crashing brass and prancing hoofs and rumbling field guns and the eternal tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men sweeping westward through the most magnificent parade street in the Union.

The Matter of Overcoats

Regardless of the way the original manuscript of the big show has been slashed and manhandled this year it is a certainty that as the forenoon wanes, somewhere in a hotel suite or residence to the northwest a gentleman and his lady, their breathing apparatus running on high at the quick approach of the greatest moment of the greatest day that can come into any man's life, are having a last solemn conference.

"Warren," the lady is saying, "remember it's really winter still. Surely you're not thinking of wearing that light overcoat you're putting on! Where's your heavy ulster?"

"Shucks!" cries the about-to-be first gentleman of the land, mightiest boss of the universe, who now need brook dictation from none. "It isn't cold, my dear. Besides, I had this light overcoat made especially to wear to-day, and so, of course," the great boss concludes gently but with absolute finality, "I shall wear it."

And that's that. And a moment later the glistening door of an equipage drawn to the curb is respectfully held open by an excited footman who looks as if he had just fallen off a Christmas tree, and a commanding gentleman, wearing a brand-new high hat, brand-new suit, brand-new shoes, brand-new cravat and a winter-before-last heavy ulster slightly frayed at the cuffs, quickly crosses the sidewalk to the vehicle and is driven off toward his moment of supreme triumph.

He it is whose arrival is being awaited so eagerly by the throng packed and still packing into the Senate Chamber. Thus they awaited him and only him even at past inaugurations in which theoretically he was to be but one of the indoor crowd gathered to witness the ceremony of inducting his running mate, the Vice President-elect, into office. This year, what with the change of program to the extent of having the President as well as the Vice President

(Continued on Page 66)

Resurrecting Designs for Watch Cases from the Buried Art of Pompeii

Portraying the Wadsworth art of fashioning cases for the leading watch movements

A Wadsworth creation that reflects the rare beauty of an ancient art

BESIDE the shores of the Bay of Naples, on a peaceful plateau of the Campania, lay Pompeii, the city of splendor, unconscious of the paroxysm which threatened its very life.

Upon the calm serenity of this quiet town burst Vesuvius with the pent-up fury of the ages, shattering and burying deep within a grave of ashes a civilization as high as that of Rome.

Lost for more than sixteen centuries, this living tomb of art was uncovered to expose the rarest of antique treasures. From this labyrinth of ruins comes the reflection of the joyous life of an age-long past.

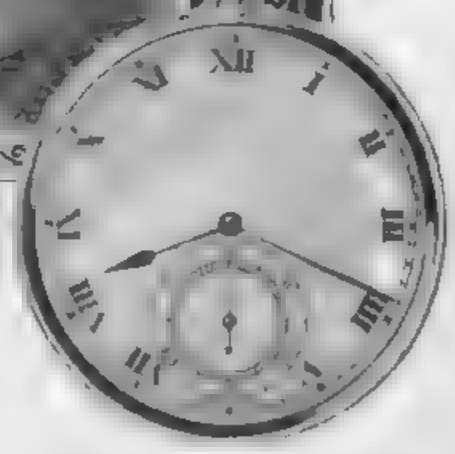
Patterns that lived upon those ancient frescoed walls and vaulted ceilings descend to us intact, and are found today in the works of the Wadsworth artists. Thus do the watch cases shown above reflect the matchless art of old Pompeii.

For the man who seeks in a watch that perfect combination of sturdiness and elegance, for the woman who would find that grace and beauty she so desires in a watch, Wadsworth has fashioned these cases. Among the products of the Wadsworth artists there is a case for every taste, a case for every purse.

The watch — a product of two industries

With great skill the movement maker constructs your "movement" or "works", an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

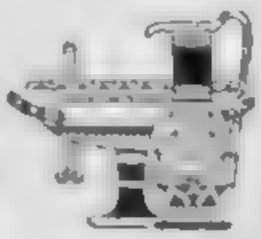


The model above illustrates how Wadsworth has built sturdiness and clean-lined elegance into a practical watch case for men

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be "dressed" in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of watch cases exclusively
Factories: Dayton, Ky.

Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches



MO

"We never tire of
Supreme-cured ham
in our home"

RRIS

Baked with sweet potatoes is a delicious way to enjoy the flavor of Morris Supreme Ham.

Supreme Ham

It makes a wonderfully tempting dinner. Then you serve the rest at later meals, sliced cold.

All Morris Supreme products are delicious. The famous yellow and black label is always a sure guide in buying good foods.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Are You a Procrastinator?

THE hardest part of doing anything is to get started. You've probably made up your mind a dozen times to join the fraternity of a million Da-cote users. But here's Saturday coming around again and the old bus still looks like a last year's bird's nest.

Your dealer is trying to remind you by putting in this Murphy window display. When you see it do your duty. Step inside and get a Da-cote Color Card. Select a combination from black and white and ten popular colors.

Then have two hours of fun.

Go over the car with hose and sponge. Get off all the dirt. When she's dry, pry open your can of Da-cote and flow on the creamiest enamel you ever saw. When you see all the brush marks and laps run together after each stroke you'll think you're an expert! Do the fenders and wheels last, and then lock her up.

Next morning show the folks a car with a brilliant, smooth, glass-like finish. Da-cote means—"A coat today—dry tomorrow."

Look for the Da-cote window or write us for Color Card and dealer's name. Then forget you're a natural born procrastinator and do the unexpected.

A million men say it's easy.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 62)

take the oath and deliver his inaugural address in the Senate Chamber, the arrival of the President-elect in the chamber promises to take on some of the explosiveness heretofore equaled only when the Honorable Babe Ruth returned to his home town at the end of the season.

And while they wait they are far from bored. All the subjects of all the cartoonists seem to have abandoned the political pages of the newspapers for the day and are on hand to lend themselves to close inspection on the hoof. Again, here is a splash of vivid color to draw all eyes as an almond-eyed, dainty mite of a lady in her native costume of Chinese silks enters and seats herself in the section of the galleries always reserved for members of the diplomatic corps and their families. Not she, however, for all her exotic quaintness, is of chief interest during this preliminary stage wait—not even to startled gallery gods who, up to the moment the little Oriental lady appeared, had had a vague notion that the Chinese race was composed solely of bachelors limited conversationally to, "Can get shirt done Sat' af'noon six 'clock night." Nor is it that part of the galleries where perhaps the wife and other near relatives of the outgoing President are seated which chiefly holds the eyes of the waiting crowd, nor is it the famous statesmen all about—not even a J. Ham Lewis in all his scenic loveliness.

The Show Begins

No; with an intensity of interest second only to that which a little later will be centered upon the chief actor of the day himself, all eyes and minds—and hearts—are concentrated upon the gallery seat which finally is occupied amid an excited buzzing of "That's she!" "That's her now!" Already she is the first lady of the land to the crowd. The real first lady, whose reign will not end for half an hour or more, for the moment is forgotten. And when it so happens—as it did so happen at the McKinley inauguration of 1897—that there also appears a silvery-haired old lady amid still more audible buzzings of "That's his mother!"—well, at times like these the sometimes emotional American mob gazes long through misty eyes, and gulps and is unashamed.

"Yes, he's a bouncer, isn't he?" every mother—and father—now gazing upon the mite of venerable womanhood in her best black silks and laces has said with her at some time or other, adding, as she added, half jocosely and half believing, "Maybe he'll be President when he grows up." And it is something, I tell you, to be there and see the glory in her wrinkled old face at the moment when the most stupendous dream of American motherhood for once comes true.

Noon is all but here. There is a sudden bustling about. Then into the most imposing chair on the dais a senator acting as president pro tempore of the Senate seats himself.

In the sudden silence no imposing, gold-laced announcer of ambassadors appears, as would be the case on a like occasion abroad. Instead a young man arrayed in his best three-button sack suit, with perhaps his niftiest Christmas handkerchief, the one that best harmonizes with his striped shirt, jutting from a top pocket in honor of the occasion, begins to show signs that he has something of moment on his chest. For the first time in half an hour or more he has ceased his flittings up and down the Senate aisles. Actually he seems about to perch.

He does. There is an expectant calm. The big show is on!

The young man with the large voice faces the senators and senators-elect and the senators who in a few moments are to find themselves unelect, all gathered well forward and to the left of the Vice President's desk. And now at stated intervals the young man variously tells the world that it is the speaker of the House who is advancing along the aisle, that it is the members and members-elect of the House of Representatives who are approaching in more or less order toward the seats arranged in mathematical exactness to the left of the Vice President's chair and are as promptly disarranging the geometrical exactness by picking up the chairs bodily and shoving them farther forward.

The foreign ambassadors, followed by the gentlemen announced as the-e-e ministers from foreign la-a-ands, clink into view, dazzling in their working clothes, that assay pounds of gold to the sleeves alone and are obviously the output of absolutely the foremost gent's-furnishing metal workers of their native lands. Then the chief justice and the associate justices in their plain but impressive gowns of soft-flowing black; the general of the Army, the admiral of the Navy, and their aids. And the young man in the sack suit—who at times seems to have his heart in his art and again announces the great casually, mechanically over his shoulder as someone whispers something to him just at the moment of intake—the young man has not yet really struck his best pace.

"The Vice President and the Vice President-elect!"

A weighty observation, say you; but wait! Comes the lull inevitable in all good stagecraft; just long enough to be effective, never too long to bore. The faint sound of commotion off stage. At the foot of the aisles belated arrivals headed toward front seats are suddenly halted; are hastily crowding themselves aside into any last-row standing room at hand; are waiting rigidly, respectfully, expectantly. The world has stopped breathing.

"The-e-e Puh-res-ah-dent and the-e-e Puh-res-ah-dent-elect!"

With a rumble and rattle that roll from floor to highest gallery seat the assemblage rises to its feet. Amid a silence that throbs he comes into the gaze of the rigid multitude.

Incidentally, the President of the United States is with him. But the king is done, dead, through, finished. Therefore—all together, everybody!—Long live the king!

And on the early summer evening of a national-convention day only a few months back unnumbered units of the multitude now gazing spellbound upon him perhaps had cried, "Who? Well, for the luvva—who th'ell's he!" To-day the many who are looking upon him for the first time do not have to be told which man in the group advancing along the aisle is he. He is the world's most striking proof that it pays to advertise. Yesterday he wasn't, to-day he eternally is. On the convention floor they had scarcely begun to cheer before writing men, movie men, orating men, cartoonists had begun to claw a passage through the press about him to get at the ear and tongue of the unknown. And then it had all begun—amid a roaring about him as of great winds and rattling hail, as tongues and lungs fanned the air and typewriters and cameras rattled unceasingly from dawn through to dawn.

What All the World Knows

To-day ask the stranger in the Senate-gallery seat next to yours—the same man who yelled the loudest "Who?" on that early summer convention night—whether the gentleman advancing along the aisle shaves close or once over. Once over! Stranger, what was the name of that school-teacher of his who said he'd never amount to a tinker's dam, or words to that effect? Miss Elvira Timmins, neighbor, and she died of stomach trouble fourteen years ago last Thanksgiving. He's a golf fan, ain't he, stranger? Well, yes and no, friend; good on the drive, but a rotten putter. Husky looking man, isn't he? Yep, absolute physical perfection except for one molar he lost on the upper-right-hand side when he was sixteen.

Hush! He has reached the head of the aisle now, and the something that everyone hopes most to see is about to happen. It is happening, for he has stopped now, has raised his head, is scanning with searching eyes the rows of humans banked above him. And at last he sees what he is searching for -a slim, white-gloved hand waving a happy greeting, a new bonnet bobbing violently above the waving hand. He nods and smiles to her and shakes his hand in return. Instantly every reportorial head in the press seats is bent low over copy paper as the newspaper men make a note of the great incident. And it is safe to say that of all the phenomena of the day, big as well as little, none will make a deeper impress in the minds of the onlookers than this homely interchange of greetings between this American husband and this American wife. In an instant this human touch in the midst of formality has marked the unbounded difference between king-making abroad and here at home. These two folks eh, neighbor, are just our folks after all—what? His job is bigger than ours, that's all. And so when her smile goes down to him it is merged, has become one with the all-inclusive smile from all the eyes that beam good will upon him—a fitting accolade in this moment of achievement.

So businesslike are the indoor proceedings that follow that the old Vice President is out and the new Vice President in before they can realize the fact -especially before the Vice President who is out can realize the fact. The Senate chaplain prays. The secretary reads a brief presidential proclamation convening the Senate in extraordinary session. The vice-presidential oath is administered, whereupon on the instant, at least in this year of 1921, the nation finds itself in the unusual position of having a Democratic President and a Republican Vice President.

The first act of the new Vice President is the first act of every statesman who turns and finds facing him one or more of his fellow men. He makes a speech. Usually also he does what is rarely done by statesmen. He makes a short speech. And before the star reporter on the Congressional Record has noted his last "Prolonged applause on floor and in galleries" on the typed copy of the speech before him the new Vice President concludes his part of the entertainment by swearing into office the new mess of senators escorted to his desk.

In fact, statistics show that it takes two hours and eight minutes less to become a Vice President of the United States than to become an Elk and an even three hours less than it takes to join the Eagles.

A Stormy Inauguration Day

Right at this point we come, in the inaugural exercises of 1921, to the first big change in the program as the ceremonial has been known to Washington for generations—always excepting the inauguration of 1909, when Mr. Taft, owing to the vicious blizzard of that year, took the oath in the Senate Chamber in the same way Mr. Harding purposes to do. On the eve of that memorable inauguration of twelve years ago there was a freak thunderstorm, followed by a snow-and-sleet blizzard and winding up on the afternoon of March fourth with a howling windstorm; nevertheless, the unnatural demonstration of Nature couldn't put the creditable inauguration parade or the inauguration ball out of business. No; it takes nothing less than a Congressional windstorm to do the trick. Mr. Taft bought a paper vest and tried to insist upon taking the oath out in the storm, but they wouldn't let him. He did ride back to the White House in state, however, and neither he nor the country suffered any evil effects—unless there is something in the rumor that the Taft inauguration caused the paper shortage that still obtains.

If it takes less time to become Vice President of the United States than to join the Elks or Eagles, it takes still less to become President of the United States. Perfectly good Presidents have been made in the past in outdoor ceremonies lasting only a shade more than five minutes, counting from the beginning of the administration of the presidential oath by the chief justice to the last syllable of the new President's inaugural address after taking the oath. The oath and the address were the only numbers on the outdoor programs of past years, unless one includes the formal procession from the Senate Chamber to the outdoor stand which always took place at the end of the indoor ceremonies. This year the entire inauguration exercises will end in the Senate Chamber with the administering of the oath to Mr. Harding, after Mr. Coolidge has been sworn in, and the Harding inaugural address.

Presidential inaugural addresses also usually are brief. At least they always have been, but, of course, you never can tell when—well, anyway, perhaps it would be just as well to touch wood as you say it.

All Presidents of the past seemed to realize that inaugural speeches when printed in the newspapers did not exhaust editions or swell circulations. Then, too, the Presidents that have gone before, knowing that their speeches were to be delivered in the open air, grasped that few could hear what they said in the open except the comparative handful of notables and home folks seated behind the speaker on the platform of pine and bunting and the first rows of standees on the pavement just beneath him—those patient early birds of the white

(Concluded on Page 69)

SERVICE TO YOU

Peering into the unknown, venturing constantly through untrodden fields, achieving seeming impossibilities, Electrical Research is ever at your service. There are evidences of it to be observed almost every hour of your day.

AT the touch of a button, homes are flooded with light. Innumerable services are performed for man's personal comfort and convenience. Communities are made brighter and safer by night. Industrial machinery everywhere is energized to produce the world's goods with far greater speed, simplicity and economy.

Time and distance are bridged by wire and wireless. The science of medicine is made more potent by the marvelous X-ray and other electrical apparatus. New materials, new methods, new products and new uses for old ones are conceived and perfected.

It is Electrical Research which performs all this service for you and all mankind—the patient, intelligent, self-sacrificing toil of scientists, physicists and engineers in laboratory and factory.

Bringing You This Service

BUT bending electricity to man's will would be futile without the electric light and power companies to bring the fruits of Research to the world's finger tips. Through them, men benefit by a Research which, in 25 years, has made incandescent lamps four times better, power transmission easier now over hundreds of miles than it was then for ten miles, and generating machinery capable of producing a hundred times as much power in a given space.

It is through the investment of capital in electric light and power companies that electricity can be generated on a vast scale for economy's sake. It is their capital, their engineering and maintenance service, their business organization which distribute current through constantly multiplying millions of wires. These companies are vital to the world's use of electricity.

Where Research is Personified

YOUR contact with these public service companies may have been so impersonal that you have failed to realize the full service rendered you. You only press a switch. You expect results with no thought of the maze of wire and cable, of buildings filled with measuring, protecting, control and distributing apparatus, of heavy transmission lines leading back to immense power stations, all personifying Research.

This mechanical legion does its duty dependably for you under the eyes and hands of men whose watchfulness, integrity and loyalty make their public service a true service to the public.

They are dealing in a necessity—these electric light and power companies—a necessity for which the demand is constantly swelling. Their business is, therefore, on a firm foundation. In order that they may deliver to you at the end of a wire the fullest benefit of Research, they need the sympathetic interest of a consuming public which views fair-mindedly the operating and financing problems of this service.

Research, both in its purely scientific and in its embodied mechanical form, must go on expanding and enriching its service to you.

95-411

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Lay them over the old shingles

YOU, perhaps, like thousands of others, have put off re-roofing your home until now. Patriotism, high cost of labor and materials may have contributed to this delay. But now at a minimum expense you can have a new, permanent and fire-safe roof.

Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old wooden-shingled roof. Johns-Manville recommends this method without reservation. Ten years' trial has convinced us that it is not only the most economical way to re-roof, saving as it does the labor, expense, dirt and confusion of tearing up the old roof, but it is also the most practical way, since you have that much additional insulation and protection.

You'll want this booklet

It's brimful of helpful advice about re-roofing. Beauty, permanence, fire-safety and service—all are attainable even to the modest pocketbook. The booklet tells how.

Drop a postcard request to Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City.

THE story of the ordinary roof is one of patching and repairing, repairing and patching, then renewing, only to begin the expensive process of patching and repairing all over again. It's the kind of "overhead expense" that puts the biggest crimps in the family budget.

Eliminate this costly annoyance now—and for all time. Lay a Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingled Roof right over the old shingles. Then forget your roof for good.

Think of the economy of it!

You not only save the time and expense of tearing up the old shingles, but you have the additional insulation and protection that the old shingles will afford as a base to the new and permanent roof of Asbestos Shingles. But these little economies are nothing when compared with the far greater saving due to the very fact that you are using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Because they are all-mineral, they cannot warp, crack or rot. Hence they never need the periodic attention that other roofs need. First cost is practically the only cost.

No matter how bad the old roof looks

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will quickly cover its gaping defects. An inflammable roof is a constant menace; it may betray the home it is supposed to protect. Covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles it is suddenly fire-safed. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are given highest rating by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., whose business it is to classify fire risk.

"It made our house new all over again"

Time and time again house-owners have told us that. And indeed, it is almost magical how an Asbestos Shingled Roof transforms dilapidation into the semblance of a new house. Hard and durable as the rock from which they are made yet in color Asbestos Shingles are soft—gray, brown and Indian red.

No muss or dirt

Tearing the old shingles from the roof always means messing up your property, injuring lawns or shrubbery, a houseful of dust and dirt. This annoyance can now be eliminated.

Your carpenter or slater can do it easily

Not having to tear off the old roof makes this re-roofing job an attractive one to him.

He is saved the usual preparatory labor, which of course is a money saving for you.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

Here it is when the job is done. Underneath that beautiful new Asbestos Shingled Roof is the old roof, fireproofed and rendered permanently useful.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS SHINGLES

(Concluded from Page 66)

race who arose at the crack of dawn in order to secure standing room right under the oratorical guns.

Men, women, children were in those first lines crowding close; but whatever the age of the earliest birds, it is certain that they were of the white race—and this despite the fact that the capital has an excitement-loving colored population of one hundred thousand. But you couldn't get a place close to the pine-and-bunting platform jutting out from the east portico unless you raced into the plaza before anyone else showed up in the early morning; and you could not coax any unit of Washington's brunet population to enter the plaza until he could do so abreast of the first brass band to arrive—which was too late. In fact, few if any of the capital's colored citizens attended the outdoor ceremonies at the Capitol; nor did they to a large extent seek stationary vantage points along the parade route. On inauguration days, as on all other days of street parading at the capital, the darker portions of the population of Washington and environs massed themselves early in the neighborhood of the Peace Monument at the foot of the western steps leading to the Capitol, where they awaited the first cry of "Forward march!" Then and then only they began to tumble westward through Pennsylvania Avenue with the parade in successive clouds, each cloud's forefront abreast of the front line of slip horns of a given brass band, the end of the cloud abreast of the bass drum. The number, therefore, of the colored clouds that tossed tumultuously past a given point on the parade route was determined precisely by the number of brass bands in the inaugural parade.

There are many Washington citizens of color, especially among the younger volunteer marching set, who are still at a loss to understand why the Inaugural Committee forced a newly inaugurated President into a secondary position in his own parade when the committee could just as easily have gone the limit and let him march arm in arm with John Philip Sousa.

A Wonderful Stage Setting

"In view of all this," perhaps you are saying, "it must have taken a lot of courage on the part of the Republican leaders to discontinue the popular parade part of the festivities this year, did it not?"

It did not. You forget that the colored population of Washington has no vote. White and black, let 'em roar!

Regardless of the seeming disinterestedness of Washington's brunet brethren and sistern in the outdoor administering of the oath in the past, it must not be supposed that a President who was inaugurated out in the open air delivered his inaugural address in the presence of a mere handful; far from it. To begin with, immediately surrounding him was—depending upon the home town he hailed from—all Princeton or Buffalo or Canton, male and female, in all their finest store clothes, fuss and feathers. Then there was the army of notables in the formal procession from the floor of the Senate Chamber, which filled the rest of the chairs on the inaugural platform and spilled back and upward over the rows of pine benches toward an awe-inspiring back drop that was the wonder of the Capitol itself. Finally there were standees, their far fringes beginning under the leafless trees off toward the guttering Congressional Library and running westward to the heavens, the last of them mere black specks of humanity massed high against the white roof copings of the Capitol and ending only where the curve of the dome begins to sail upward across the sky.

The gleaming library on one side, the marvel that is the Capitol on the other—well, even if no one came to the party, there you had a stage setting, audience or no audience, of a potency sufficient to urge one to speech, cheers, song. It is a setting that explains Congress—even Congress! The boys just can't gag their emotion under a dome springing to heaven, that's all. The last whoops of a multitude whose eyes rather than its ears told it the inaugural address was finished dashed against the white walls, came faintly down from the skies. There were last hand-shakings on the inaugural platform—you may recall that the death of one new President long ago was attributed largely to hand-shaking exhaustion—and the glistening vehicle that was to take the brand-new national boss westward to the most desirable real-estate proposition on the market drew close to the platform steps. More cheers, waving hats, smiles, hands struggling out of the press to reach him, sputtering motorcycles, distant fanfares and faint, far drums; and he was off to—to—only God knew what.

All through the afternoon then to sunset, through the dusk, to early black night, his world was filled with marching men—and women, and children. Only once between noon and darkness was there brief surcease of the tramp, tramp of feet, the clack of hoofs, the rumble of guns and caissons and banging drums—those moments when, the head of the parade having reached the Treasury, the procession was always halted and the new President and his now really first lady of the land entered the White House and became luncheon hostess and host to a somewhat large but carefully hand-picked assortment of guests.

Passing a Given Point

It was a quick lunch. Out came the luncheon party then to the reviewing stand in a court of honor that was all white where it wasn't splashed with red and blue and gold lace and high hats and little bay trees and three-times-three rousing cheers.

And right at this point the Washington of March fourth, 1921—if hadn't been for the gentlemen with lungs of full morocco who recently yelled "E-e-e-conomy!"—would see and hear what it had joyously, ecstatically hoped to see and hear this year—somewhere the other side of the Treasury trumpet blasts and sharp commands bringing soldiers, a moment before idly at rest and chaffing with the spectators packing the curb lines, into sculptured alignment. The police shooing the last gold-laced late arrival off the long stretch of asphalt between the tiers of seats flanking the court of honor. A gleaming touring car, filled with square-jawed men who peer sharply from side to side to see that all is well, slipping slowly, silently the length of the court. The sides of the court two long banks of faces turned expectantly eastward. And out of the east a sudden throbbing, first lines of bandsmen swinging into view with wheel-spoke regularity round a corner of the Treasury, the mounted general of the Army, brass bands, flags whipping in the winds, brass bands, all West Point and Annapolis, more bands, the natty, knotty regulars, field artillery, state governors leading their various miles of militia, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, cadets from private military schools; then men in mufti, Red Cross nurses, fully one thousand plug-hatted marching members of the Association of the First Man to Suggest Harding for President, bands stepping on bands, the Coolidge Cuties, bands, the male population of Marion, the female population of Marion, the state of Ohio, the state of Massachusetts, the—the—the whole hod-derned works!

There was only one point in inaugural parades where the processions failed momentarily to hold attention, and even then those so affected by the seeming endlessness of it all were invariably veteran, case-hardened inauguration spectators. It was they alone who at a given moment sighed aloud, "Cripes! Here comes some more troops! Let's go to the movies or something while some of them are going by." But if you were not case-hardened you were still there when night fell and the court was aglow with electric lights.

Seven thousand soldiers and sailors and twenty thousand men, women and children in mufti marched past the reviewing stand four years ago as against fifty thousand marchers in the inauguration parade of 1913. But then the inauguration of eight years ago was the first time in sixteen long years, long and lean years, and only the third time since far back in Buchanan's day, that the great unterrified party had had a chance at so much as a postmastership in Painted Post. That year the output of one entire tannery for one whole month would not have begun to make sole leather for the Tammany men in line. And the best they got out of it was sore feet—only that and nothing more.

At those inaugurations of four and eight years ago the populace permitted the President to turn in and call it a day when the last of the paraders had faded into outer darkness west of the court of honor. For many weeks this year there was promise of the revival of the historic crush and dazzle known as the inauguration ball, and great was the joy of Washington thereat—especially among the hotel men. Blue prints of ball gowns had been made and the gown sites surveyed, taped and charted when—blooey! Gown builders who had got everything for the gowns except first payments from the purchasers are, at this writing, trying to start a new inauguration war all over again.

The last inauguration ball was a dance at which there was next to no unoccupied floor space large enough to permit even President Taft—or especially President Taft—to dance on. But dancing was not the attraction at an inauguration dance in the Pension Building—an edifice for once made beautiful as night blotted out its exterior ugliness and great glory flooded it within.

Just to be there in the crush was sufficient unto itself; to experience the shock of Western eyes gazing aghast at the scantiness of Fifth Avenue evening gowns; to experience the shock of Fifth Avenue eyes gazing aghast at the superfluities of evening gowns made in Hellsbells Hollow; to join hands with the stranger in faultless evening clothes at one's right and with the whiskered stranger in the badge-spattered frock coat of ancient vintage at one's left, and so help form a human-lined lane through which the President of the United States himself and the first lady herself passed—not half an arm's length away!

"Ready, Henry? Come On!"

And so the inaugurations of old ended, as at noon in the open air they were begun, in the way that in the republic, so Washington still will tell you, they should begin and continue and end—in a party that is of the people and by the people and everlastingly for the people.

I lived in Washington for almost six months once, so I know everything about everything. I'm with Washington when it yawps for an old-time inauguration day fuss. Besides, it is only fair to get a man dog tired before sending him to bed on the first night he snaps off the light in the master's bedroom of the White House. I have yet to be President; nevertheless, I know just how he feels. Inauguration exhaustion of the historic brand is the only thing that will bring on sleep. He tosses and turns in the darkness, tosses and turns. Perhaps he supposes it is the awfulness of his new responsibilities that is driving sleep from him. It isn't anything of the kind. Sleep does not easily come to a man who for the first time in thirty years or more has gone to bed without first trying the front door at least twice to see that it is locked, winding the hall clock and putting the cat out.

Let the Vice President take his oath indoors in the holy of holies of senatorial exclusiveness if he is so minded. But the President of the United States —— Well, maybe old Jim Monroe had some thought more beautiful than even chairs of full morocco in mind when instituting the practice of taking the oath in the open.

"I shall go out in the open among them, out where they can see me and hear me and clasp my—rather, where I can see them and hear them and clasp their hands. These folks are just my folks, eh, Clay? My job is bigger than theirs, that's all. Ready, Henry? Come on!"

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INTERNATIONAL

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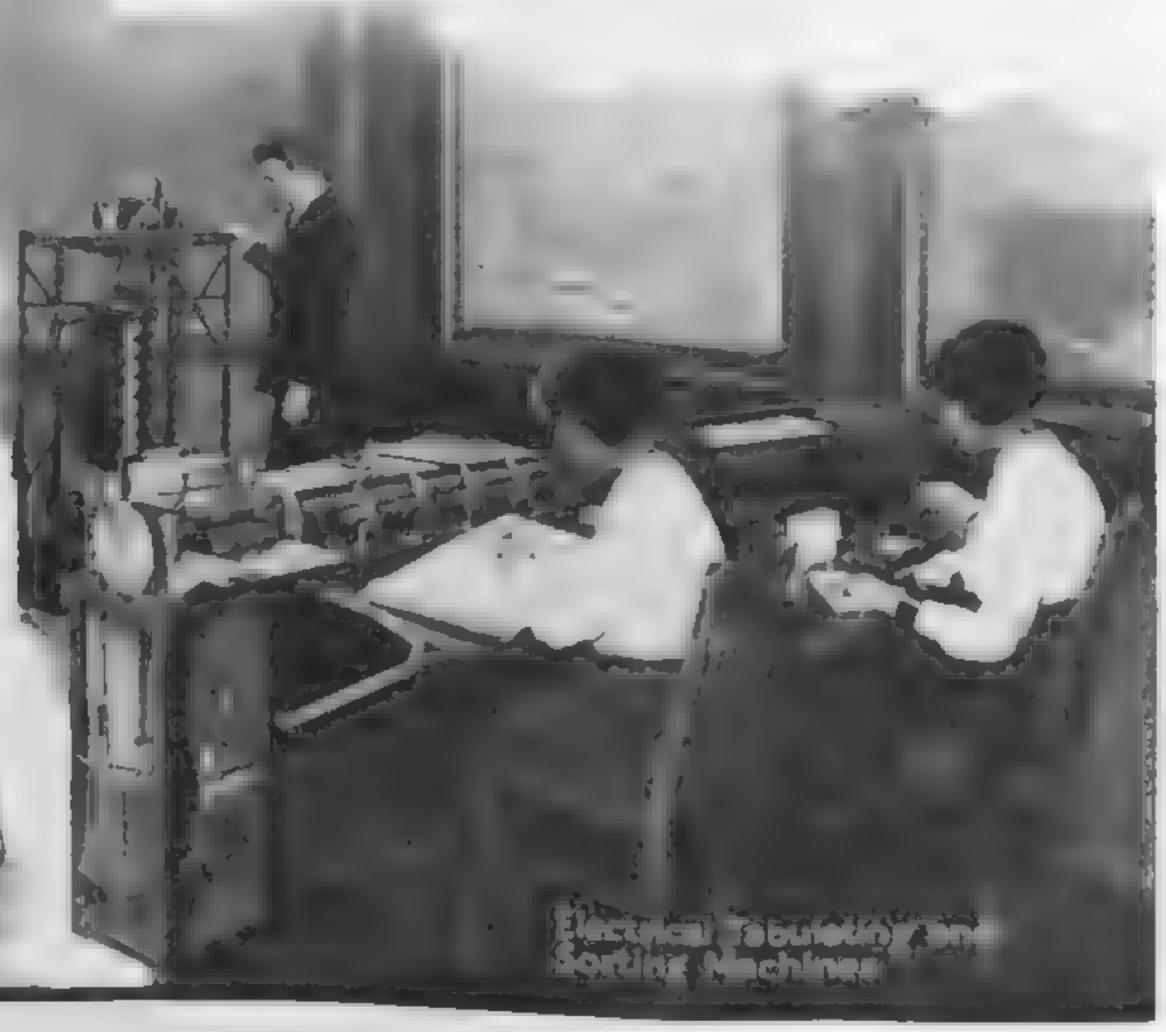
A mere yesterday ago the full energies and capital of the continent were on the battle line. Trade and commerce, farm and factory, were military conscripts, all the important plants and shops designed for peace were purveyors of fighting equipment.

Time knows no miracle of adaptability comparable to America's instant transformation from a worker into a warrior.

Work was the secret! How was it done? With Yankee notions—with inventiveness—it was our do-it-by-machinery—it was our marvelous tools—time-saving, man-sparing, record-keeping, error-preventing, waste-checking, bungle-proof devices which enabled one pair of hands here to do as much as two pairs over yonder.

American thinkers and workers were already provided with the means to double old world standards of output. We were habituated to the use of typewriters, *Time Recorders, Cost Keeping Machines,* adding machines, *Computing Scales, Counting Scales, Heavy Duty Scales, Meat Slicing Machines,* coffee grinders, cash registers, billing machines, *Tabulating and Sorting Machines,* check writers, dictaphones, addressing machines, loose-leaf binders and filing devices, multigraphs, mimeographs, and the many kindred products which made adepts out of beginners in the space of hours, relieving human shortages and in no small measure contributing to allied victory.

Without these man and time savers prosperity would be a deferred hope today. The business machines that so swiftly transformed the United States into an arsenal and Quartermaster's Depot, now make it possible to take stock at once, to strike balance sheets immediately, to make swift



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The worst is over—the best is coming—prepare for better business.

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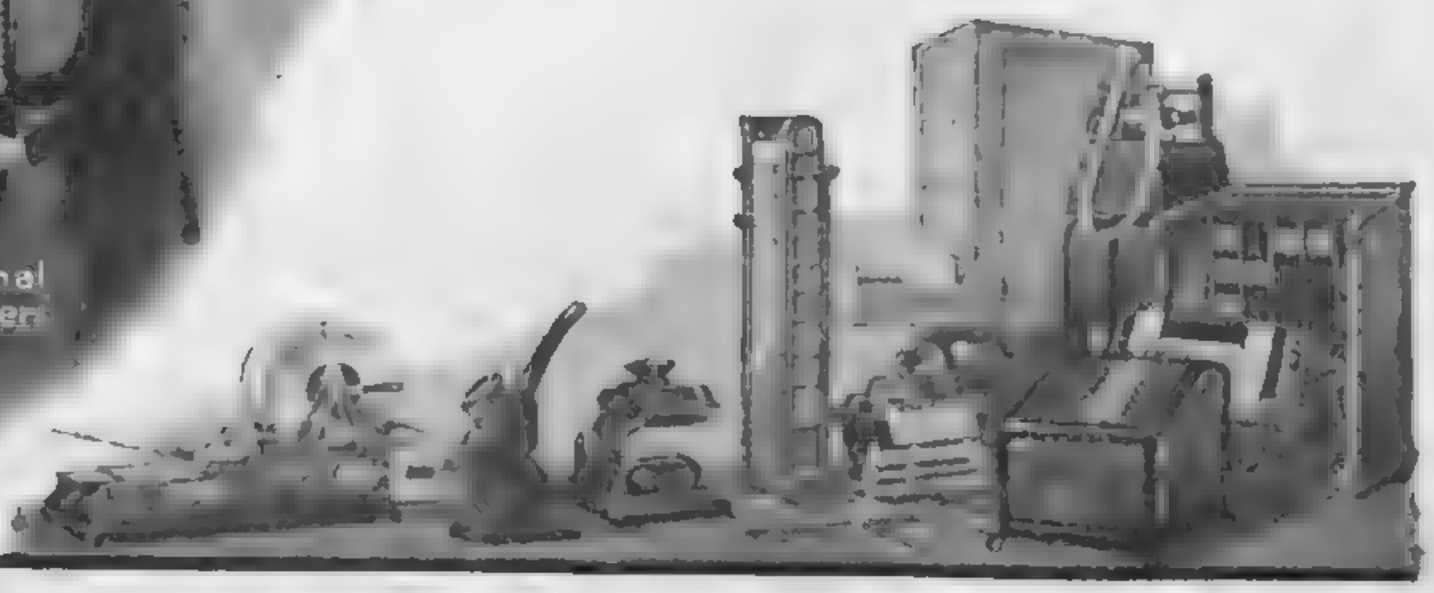

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Lubrication Factors too commonly overlooked

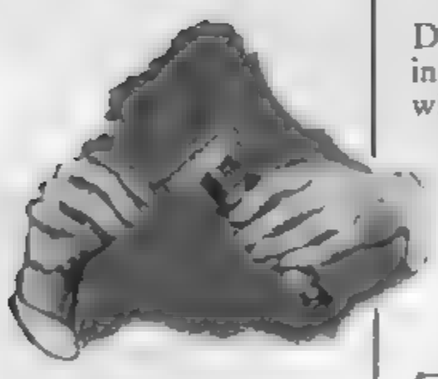
DOES your Ford occasionally "creep" forward when cranking even with the hand brake pulled back to disengage the clutch?

This peculiar action comes from the use of oil too heavy in body or of insufficient fluidity at low temperatures. Such oil causes a drag between the clutch plates, thus making the car "creep" forward. The use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will overcome this trouble.

Have you ever used oil heavier than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," believing that such an oil was better for the Ford engine?

If so, you should know that many oils which are *heavier* at normal temperatures than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" become actually *lighter under the heat of service.* They waste gasoline and do not furnish sufficient protection.

Do your spark plugs—particularly the one in the first cylinder—become caked or sticky with carbon?



All oils in burning leave carbon. But the small amount of carbon left by Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, dry dust, most of which blows readily through the exhaust. This means better engine performance. It also nearly eliminates the expense for carbon removal.

THE superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloils is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the case of the Ford car. The user of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" almost invariably finds freedom from overheating and freedom from carbon.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to destroy the lubricating qualities of the new oil.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant, as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

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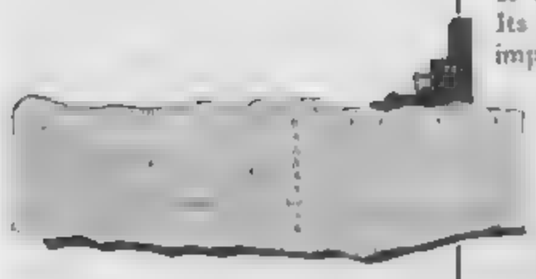

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our Booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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EUROPEAN HOE MEN AND AMERICAN FARMERS

(Continued from Page 5)

they are accomplished only at fearful expenditure of man power and are possible only as labor is both abundant and cheap.

In America, however, we perform most of our labor by animals and by more or less complicated machinery, and this is certainly not to be reckoned as unskilled labor. Any twelve or fourteen year old boy on the farm knows perfectly well not only how to drive a mowing machine but how to keep it in order, even to grinding the knives. He has skill in more directions than has any of the scores of different men who made the machine; indeed, he must have more or he would speedily ruin it and waste more than he could earn.

This same boy must not only know how to operate and care for the machine but he must also care for the horses' shoulders to prevent galling. He must know how much to feed them, how much water they ought to drink, and he must know when to keep both grain and water away because of overheating. He should know that a horse is never too warm to have a pail of water, but that after a long hot day he is nearly always too warm to have all he would drink. This boy, or somebody on the farm, must be able to run a new boxing of Babbitt metal when the old one wears out, and the farm must afford some degree of skill in working both wood and iron, or more time will be lost in running to town for repairing machinery than could be covered by the small profits from farming.

What the Immigrants Want

This same boy, not another, will not only care for the horses but he will milk cows, run the separator, feed the pigs and on rainy days mend the gates. In the winter he will break the colts to halter and next season to work. It's the boy's job on the farm, and he likes it. To be brief, nothing would please the writer more than to see a bunch of so-called skilled laborers and another bunch of expert business men follow a good typical eighteen-year-old boy for a week on the farm and try their hands at all the things he can do and do well.

If anybody thinks for a moment because the farm-reared boy must learn the peculiar kinks before he can be called skilled at the new job that farming is therefore unskilled labor, let him disabuse his mind of that fallacy, even if he has to go to the farm for a week and change places for once with the boy.

As the city man sets the green country lad at some uncommonly dirty or disagreeable job at first, so the farmer would probably retaliate by setting his city cousin to feeding the newborn calf or breaking the young bundle of thunder and lightning known as the three-year-old colt to work faithfully in harness. He might balk at the latter, because good colts are valuable, but almost any farmer would put up his calf against anybody, at least for one bout.

Skill is a relative term, and there is plenty of labor which is fundamentally unskilled when measured by the standard of American agriculture, whatever else it can do, and this fact needs pounding home into the consciousness of a considerable group of men who assume that because they successfully represent big city enterprises they are competent to speak about, if not for, the technic of farming.

For example, the following is widely quoted as having appeared recently in the editorial column of a great metropolitan paper—The New York Herald—anent the proposition to limit immigration:

"The American farmer cannot produce profitable crops to sell at a reasonable price unless he can get labor that will work hard at reasonable wages. He will not try. *American labor will not work on the farm at any price.* [Italics are mine.] Even alien labor which has been long enough in this country to be lured away from farm and day labor to industrial jobs at short hours and easy money will not work on the farm at anything but top wages. The American farmer's only chance to get the labor, which is an imperative requirement of abundant crops, at a reasonable cost is through the nation's immigration gateways."

It would probably be impossible to bring together in the same space a greater assemblage of truth and error than is contained in these few words, exceedingly well intended though they apparently were, for they were prefaced by the remarks that "Congress cannot suspend immigration . . . without cutting the ground from under American agriculture" and "Congress cannot embarrass, hinder and cripple the American farmer without delivering a body blow against the American public."

Nothing could be truer than the last sentence, but nothing could be further from the facts than the remedy proposed or the arguments advanced for it.

In general, the immigrant is not available to American agriculture, certainly not now as a hired laborer. A generation ago our immigrant was from Northern Europe. He came primarily to get land of his own, and he made the best of farm hands while he was earning the money with which to get started. Now the immigrant comes from Southern Europe, and he heads straight for the cities. He is not after land or farm wages. He is after big money.

Nor does the farmer want him, even though he comes from a farm over there, as many of them do. The South European farmer is a hoe man, and beyond market gardening and small-fruit raising he does not figure in the great problem of food production over here and will not at least for generations, if ever.

These men have not used machinery, and they have not used animals as we use them over here, and they are not available to American agriculture. The writer knew hundreds of these people in South America, and out of one force of a hundred and fifty only half a dozen could drive teams, and these only indifferently. It is well known that quite generally the Latin race begins milking, for example, by letting the calf have the first innings, even though he may have grown to be larger than his dam. What American dairyman will consent to run his business on that plan?

Invidious distinctions are not intended, but these immigrants are hoe men at the best, and the big money they want will be gotten by the route of the shine parlor, the barber chair and the cheap restaurant, or else by the standardized work of the modern factory. They are not headed for the farm, and the farmer could not use them if they were. No sane farmer will furnish tools and teams for men of this sort to ruin, and any man who does not know it already will soon find out that such a man, unfitted for American farm work, will destroy more than he can earn, except at the strictly hand labor of market gardening, small-fruit growing or such seasonal operations as wheat harvesting, which in certain sections is largely performed by migratory labor. It is not harvesting, however, but planting and cultivating and feeding that characterize both American farming and economic food production.

The Most American Occupation

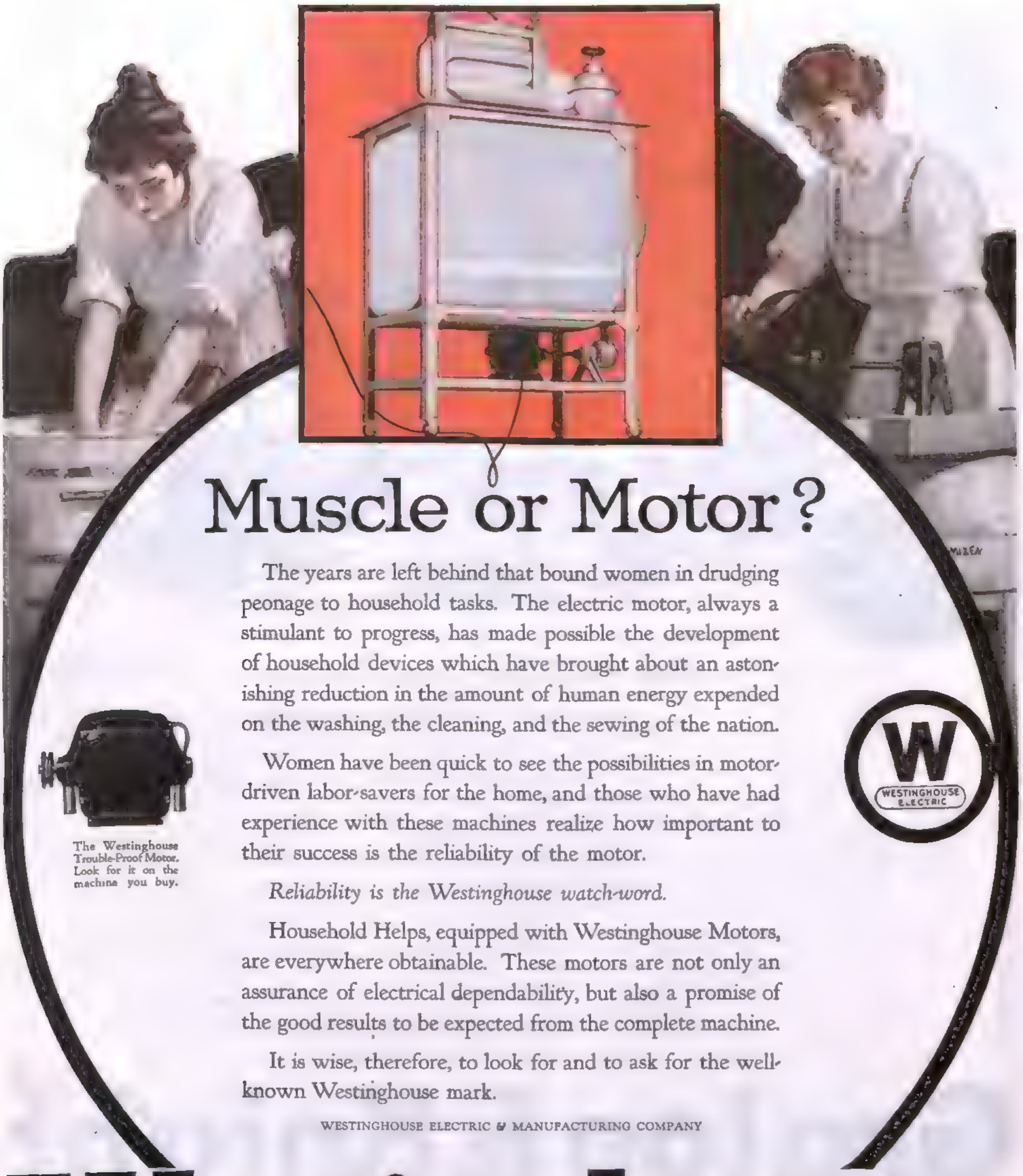
The editorial remarked that "American labor will not work on the farm at any price." This is a pure assumption and one that the writer was not warranted in making.

The fact of the matter is that now, as always in the past and hopefully in the future, the vast bulk of farm labor is performed by American-born men and boys. It is Chicago that is 67 per cent foreign, not to mention New York, and it is the city that must absorb this foreign tide if it is to come over. It is the city that has bidden for it with its short hours and easy money. The farmer has neither to offer. He does not want this kind of immigrant, and the immigrant does not want the farm. He comes to America to get rid of the hard work that the editorial talks about, and when he gets here he is through with it, or thinks he is.

No, it is the American that is doing and will do the hard work of the farm, and if it is ever otherwise the nation as a whole will feel the difference in the tide of young people that ever flows from the open country to the town, and also in the class of people that cast the truly American ballot.

Farming can show a higher percentage of real American blood to-day than can any

(Continued on Page 75)



Muscle or Motor?

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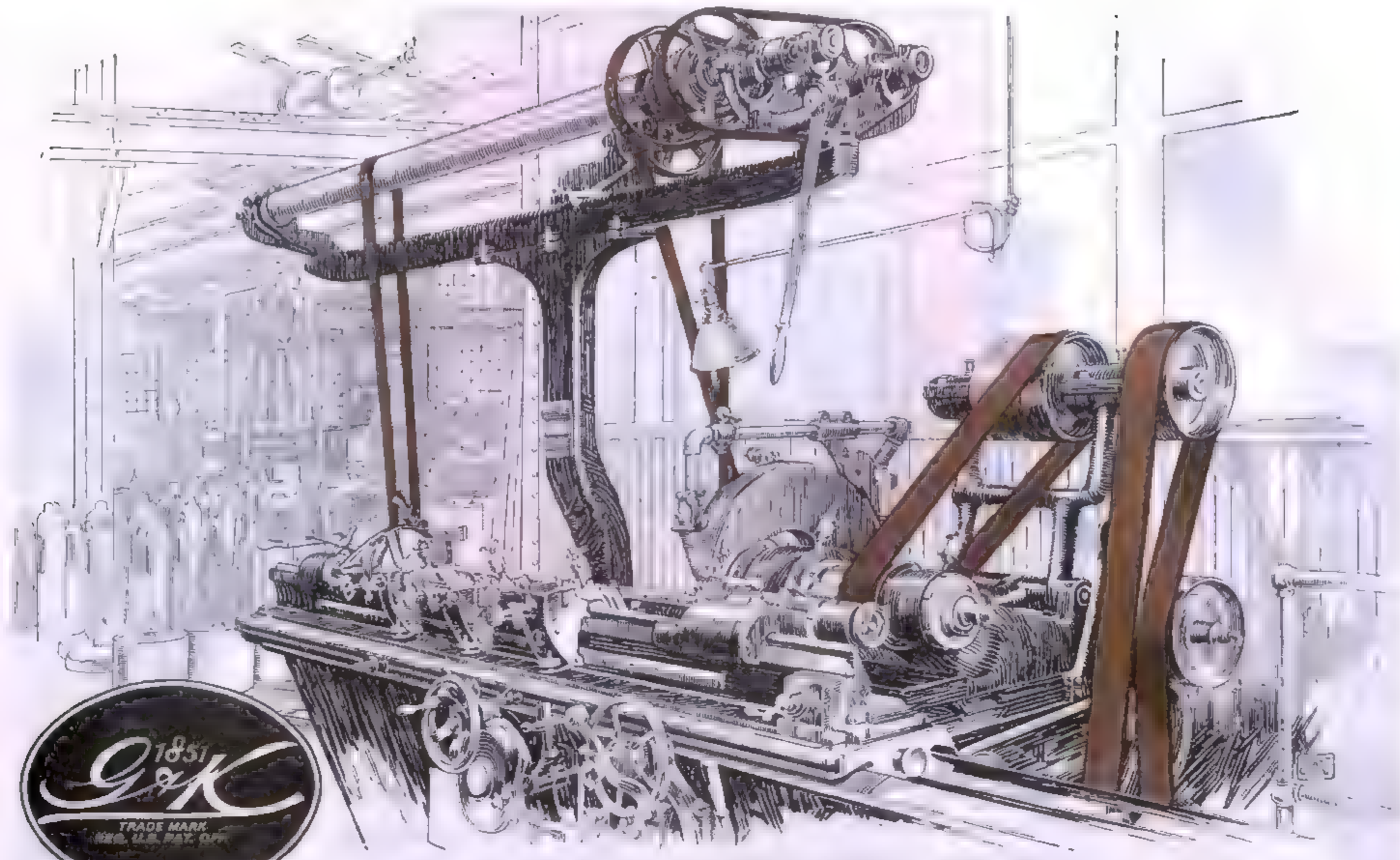

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Leather Belting

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(Continued from Page 72)

other occupation or profession in this country. The farmer is the typical American, not only because he is both a capitalist and a laborer in a small way but because he knows more things and can do more things well than can any other class, here or elsewhere. He is our cosmopolitan citizen *par excellence*, and if the city knew half as much about the country as the farmer does about the city, such egregious statements would not be made as are now quoted about the need of keeping up our food supply by the importation of cheap and unskilled labor.

If America ever comes to the time when the labor on the land is truly unskilled, then we shall become like India and China—a vast population that nobody knows what to do with.

The farmer cannot use really unskilled labor because his business does not lend itself to supervision. For example, he cannot provide a green hand with expensive teams and tools, then send him half a mile away to cultivate corn, knowing that the chances are many to one that five or six hills out of every hundred will likely be rooted out, canceling all the profits at the outset, or that a single runaway may spoil a promising young horse. The writer lost one of the best horses he ever owned on the farm in exactly this way, only the driver was not altogether green and he was not half a mile away.

The farmer must work alongside the novice, and his own sons afford about as big a job of this kind of training as he has the time or the means of providing, for it must be remembered that the farm is not organized into departments with a foreman over each. The general farmer is his own foreman, and besides that he is his own best workman and the provider of the capital as well. He is an enterpriser of the old-fashioned sort, and no efficiency engineer has yet found a way to standardize the farm, even for the purpose of raising food, to say nothing of the fact that the farm produces boys and girls and families as well as crops and cattle.

In the standardized labor of offices, factories and shops, where one man does one thing only, he does that thing over and over, day in and day out, week after week, and he is dull indeed if he does not develop skill.

On the farm, outside of milking and feeding, any particular job, such as running a seeder, for example, a cultivator or a binder, lasts but a few days, and no opportunity is offered for further practice for another twelvemonth, and instead of the individual workman spending day after day at some small detail, he will probably do a dozen different things within the limits of a single day.

It is probably true that the farmer seldom develops the extreme skill often found in standardized work, but he more than makes up for the difference in the variety of his accomplishments and his willingness and ability to be his own overseer.

Consider the Farmer's Family

Whether the hired laborer on the farm is a single man or a married man, he comes into exceedingly intimate contact with the growing children of the farmer, and the influence is profound.

The manufacturer may employ any kind of human animals that are capable of being standardized sufficiently to meet his standardized job. It is purely and solely a question of business, and these men never come into contact with his growing boys and girls.

Not so the farmer. He and his and the hireling and his come into the most intimate contact, not only every day but every working hour. The farmer loves his family as well as any other man loves his, and it must be remembered that in these days a goodly sprinkling of farmers and their wives are college people. Would the writer of the editorial in question be willing to raise his family of children in daily contact with the kind of alien labor he is evidently thinking about for American farmers? And can he expect other educated and self-respecting citizens to do less than he?

If he does he is mistaken at both ends of his guess. The American farmer is not above doing with his own hands the hard work of his own farm, but he is above raising his family with alien strangers, good, bad and indifferent, but not yet "up" to industrial employment. He is unwilling to do this in order to raise cheap food for anybody. He will do his own work and stop there if necessary, but he draws the line against all aliens who know no better than to "work hard at reasonable wages" until they have been here sufficiently long to be "lured away from the farm" by what is evidently considered the typical American opportunity—namely, "industrial jobs at short hours and easy money." I wonder if even this will last forever!

The real difficulty at the bottom of the farmer's labor trouble is this: The city has always paid better wages than the farmer can afford to pay. The difference did not greatly matter when the country was still possessed of indefinite amounts of free land or at least of fertile acres that could be bought for a few cents an acre.

Men were working for land in those days, and the writer has said that he would work willingly for ten cents a day if he could now, as they did half a century ago, buy the best land at fifty cents an acre. So would any man who really wants a farm.

And so it was in the old days that men were working for land and not for money, and they counted the proceeds of their labor in acres and not in dollars. But that day has gone, and men now are working for dollars on the farm as everywhere else, and only the farm owner, or at least the high-grade tenant, can afford to stay with the land in competition with the impossible labor conditions recently prevailing.

When children under eighteen can make five to six or seven dollars a day in standardized industry, nobody can expect them to stay with the land, for the farmer cannot pay it. So we have had another and a modern slaughter of the innocents over radii of a hundred miles or more about every one of our much vaunted and highly standardized manufactories.

The Problem of Idle Time

This is what has taken and is taking men and women and boys and girls off American lands by the thousands. It is not that they will not do the work of the farm; it is that they think they cannot afford to do it under these conditions. Nor can they! The few who, for one reason or another, stick to the farms are laughed at for their pains and are popularly considered, as the editorial writer evidently considered them, as beneath the rawest of immigrants.

But when we get over this national foolishness about farm work and about short hours and about speculation—if we ever do—then we shall be in a position to study with some real judgment the problem of our national food supply and the kind of people that should occupy and manage the lands on which this nation has staked its fortune and its future.

The abiding difficulty at the root of the farmer's labor problem is the fact that, except for dairying and a few special enterprises, farming is a seasonal occupation, with one to three months of slack time in the winter, depending upon the latitude. The farmer, like other people, being anxious to keep down expenses, has been all too free to discharge his help as soon as the pressing work was over, forgetting that the individual must have continual employment and that the best of labor will manage in some way to secure it. In this way even the best of men have been forced in large numbers to go to the city for a winter's job, and once there they have stayed, especially those who are married and forced to find family lodgings.

The farmer must provide year-around work, at least for his best men, and insist upon adding it to the overhead, if indeed there is any way of insisting upon it when the world is bound that everything shall be costly except food. That kind of cost accounting which reckons production costs only in terms of the hours and minutes of man, horse and machine labor actually employed and makes no allowance for idle time is not worthy the name of cost accounting. Somebody must feed this team twelve months and somebody must pay the man twelve months, and somewhere among the units of corn, wheat and livestock the full expense must be reckoned.

This is the other horn of the farmer's dilemma, and he will never, in the opinion of the writer, be able to compete with wages paid in speculative industries after a war or whenever else the public has lost its head, cast off all moorings and gone stark mad on luxurious living regardless of consequences. The best he can do at a time like that is to do his own work so far as possible, reduce expenses and hang on and

(Concluded on Page 78)

Trumps—He bid on Hearts but plays the Joker on your Aces—What would you say?

DOUBTLESS you've met him (or her)—the player who has his own set of rules. He adds to the gaiety of a lively game, but don't let him "put something over" on you. Flash "The Official Rules of Card Games" on him. Send for a copy today—250 pages—300 games—20c postpaid. It means a more scientific and more evenly contested game if you play according to the rules which experts have developed after years of study.

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BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

They are preferred by the experienced player and are of great help to the beginner because they let one take his mind off the mechanics of play and concentrate on the game. Their air-cushion finish makes them easy to shuffle and prevents misdeals. Their big indexes prevent mistakes in reading the cards when bidding, and in selecting the cards when playing. Their high-grade material enables them to retain their snappy flexibility indefinitely

Congress Playing Cards are the gold edge decks with full color backs from beautiful paintings. Ideal for prizes, gifts and card parties.

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The easy way to learn Auction. Simply follow the instructions in our pamphlet "Auction at a Glance" and you will be playing Auction Bridge expertly after one evening. Sent free with every copy of the rule book.

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The U. S. Playing Card Co. Cincinnati, U. S. A. or Windsor, Can.
Please send postpaid the new "Official Rules of Card Games" and "Auction at a Glance." I enclose 20 cents
Name _____
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Two popular Bicycle backs Rider and Club

This tire built for

This unretouched photograph shows a Mason Five Inch Heavy Duty Cord on a Pierce-Arrow Coupé. It had traveled 8073 miles on its original air when this photograph was taken. Note the splendid condition of the tread.

heavy cars

Here-

is a five inch Cord built especially for you. It more than meets your demands for big mileage, durability, unbroken service and appearance. In short, we build a tire fully in accord with the quality of your car.

Stronger and more durable than ever, this Mason Five Inch Heavy Duty Cord is now made with a double breaker cushion, a 42% stronger carcass and a 38% stronger bead.

When you see the black "M" tread with the green stripe, you see the aristocrat of tires for heavy cars and one that can be depended upon for high mileage free from trouble.

Every Mason Tire, whether it be Heavy Duty Cord, Junior Cord or Maxi-Mile Fabric, is backed without reservation by the Mason guarantee that knows no mileage limit.

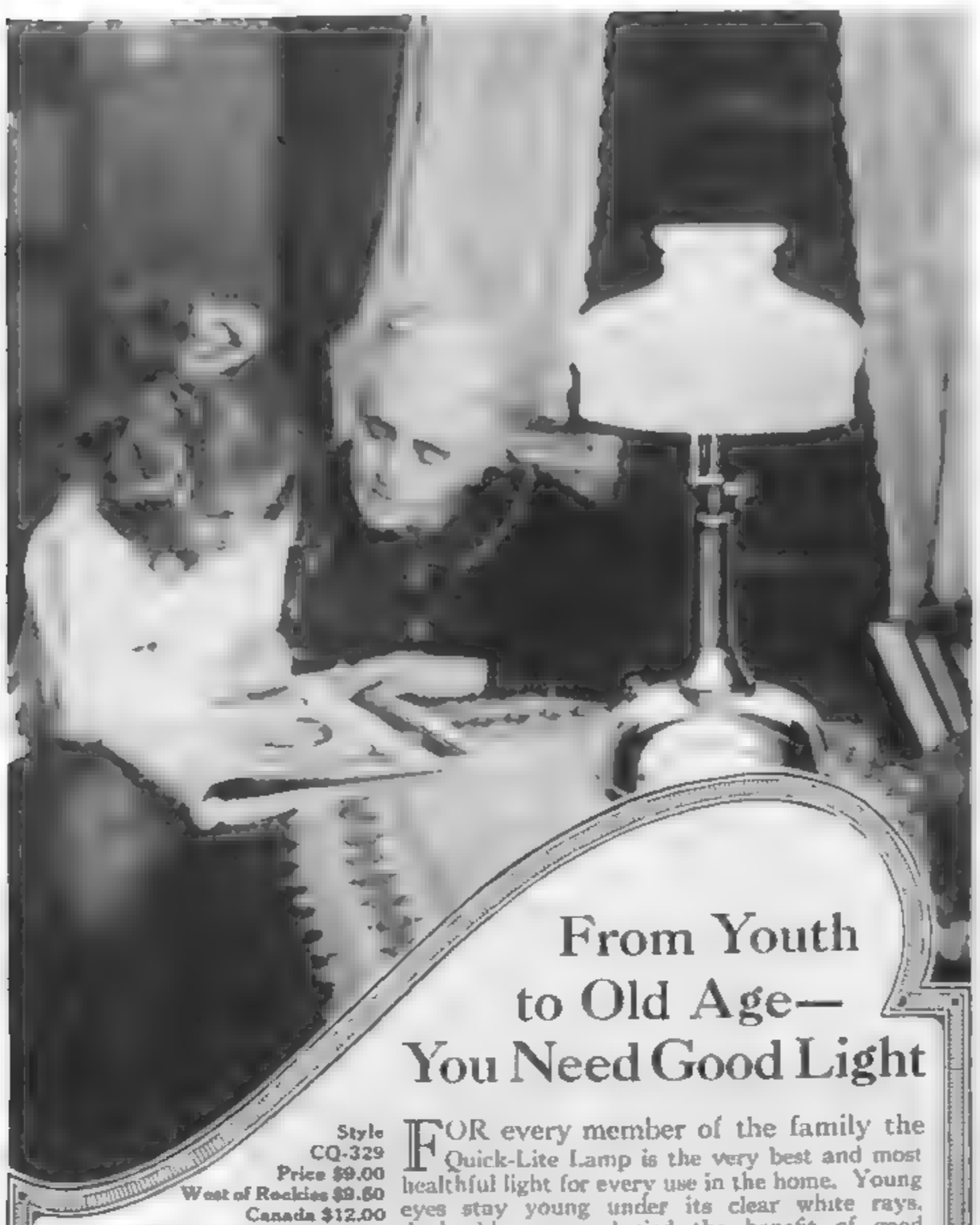
A Message for Owners of

Pierce-Arrow
Rolls-Royce
Packard
Marmon
Locomobile
Cadillac
Fiat
Winton
and
other heavy cars

The Mason Tire & Rubber Co.
Kent, Ohio
Branches in Principal Cities

MASON

FIVE INCH
HEAVY DUTY CORD



From Youth to Old Age— You Need Good Light

FOR every member of the family the Quick-Lite Lamp is the very best and most healthful light for every use in the home. Young eyes stay young under its clear white rays. And older eyes, denied the benefit of good light in youth, find restful comfort in the abundance of soft, mellow radiance it gives. No glare to this light—no flicker about it to hurt or strain the eyes.

Science claims, "80 Per Cent of What You Know Comes to You Through Your Eyes." Indeed, your most valued treasure in life is your eyesight. It is your one direct contact with the world about you—drinking in beauty, knowledge and understanding. Protect it—Guard it as you do life itself! Use good light and plenty of it. Always spend your evening hours under the smooth, steady-shining brilliance of the

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

In more than a million happy homes the Quick-Lite is the favorite light for reading, sewing, studying, at the piano or for "just visiting" around the family circle. The sight-saving light it gives is *natural* in quality nearest like the daylight intended for human eyes.

The Quick-Lite Lantern is built on the same principle as the Lamp. Nothing better! Always ready for any job, any night—in feed lots, barns, cellars, garages, store-rooms, work-shops, factories, etc. Finest light known for night hauling, plowing, harvesting, camping, hunting, fishing, touring, etc.

10,000 dealers sell Quick-Lites. If yours can't supply, write nearest factory branch, Dept P-5

Style CQ-329 Price $9.00 West of Rockies $9.50 Canada $12.00

Here's Why You'll Like Them

300 Candle Power of pure-white, brilliant light. Brighter than 20 old style oil lamps or lanterns.

Light With Matches. Make and burn their own gas from common motor gasoline.

No greasy wicks to trim; no dirty chimneys to wash; no smoke; no soot; no odor.

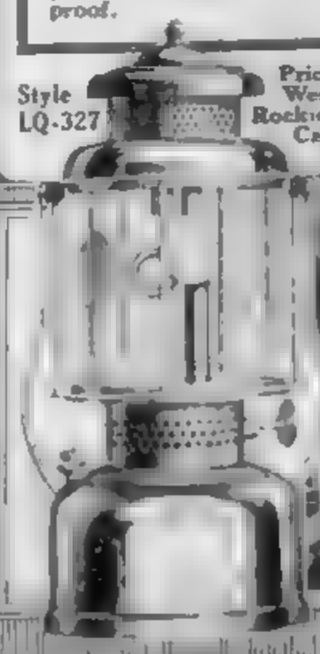
Can't spill fuel or explode—even if tipped over. Can't be filled while lighted.

Give more than 40 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel.

Built of brass, heavily nickeled. Inspected, tested, guaranteed.

Lamp has Universal Holder, fits many different shades.

Lantern has mica globe with metal reflector. Is windproof, rain-proof and bug-proof.



Style LQ-327 Price $7.50 West of Rockies $8.00 Canada $10.00

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Atlanta Chicago Canadian Factory: Toronto

(Concluded from Page 75)

growl until the public comes to its senses and is willing to work again. It is not the foreign immigrant that will help him in this situation; it is returning sanity to Americans generally. Farming is a job that requires the best brains of the best men, for no country has ever yet solved its agricultural problem.

Right now the country is full of the best young men and women anxious above all things for a home in the country; in fact, for a chance to do the hard work of the farm, if only they could find a way whereby they could possess the farm. They are not inclined to become renters on their own inheritance, and so they have gone in great numbers to the city, and for no other reason than that we possess no system of credit whereby one heir can safely undertake to buy out his brothers and sisters, certainly if there should chance to be more than one to buy out.

Fix that situation and we shall have hundreds, yes, thousands and thousands of our best Americans deserting the towns for the lands they now secretly hope one day to buy back—a hope not at all likely to be realized unless financial conditions are changed.

For the reasons stated, the farmer cannot use the hoe men of Southern Europe. Neither can he use the cast-off product of unionized industry when the eight-hour day, the five-day week and time and a half for overtime, on duty and off duty, have come to dominate the spirit and purpose of the man. The farmer is always on duty, and though it is rarely necessary to work more than ten hours, even in the busiest season, we have no clock punchers upon the land.

The farmer is an enterpriser, and he cannot stand the drag of these modern refinements as to ways of getting out of the responsibility of the job. In plain terms, all attempts to standardize agriculture according to the system of shops and factories will deplorably fail, and if the attempts are long persisted in, the country in general, rather than the individual farmer, will reap the consequences.

While conditions such as these persist the farmer will do his own work so far as he can, and let the rest go, but he will not, because he cannot, standardize his farm according to the methods of what are known as "advanced" developments in manufacturing.

A corollary of the shop influence will be found with his own son and daughter, who have been spoiled by the abnormal conditions of the past five years. These four-to-eight-dollar-day eight-hour youngsters are spoiled for the farm, and a new generation will have to take their places, for there is no substitute for this which has been lost and no method of reclaiming it.

Finally, and in general, the farmer to succeed either as a proprietor or as a laborer must acquire a fair degree of manual and managerial skill in the operation and repair of many different machines, each for a few days of the year. He must know how to feed at least horses, cattle and swine to secure labor, growth, milk and meat with safety to the animal and economy of food. And besides all this he must know the psychology of these different animals at least well enough not to neutralize his feed and care by his awkward methods of handling.

Many fairly good men never succeed in all these exactions, and these are generally relegated to the poorer lands or find their way naturally to town, where they can learn some single phase of standardized labor and work under that supervision which is needed in order to utilize that class of labor.

By all of which we see the folly of advocating the importation of unskilled labor to help out the farmer. He is already producing individuals by the hundreds that for one reason or another are unfitted for the farm, and when perfectly good prospective farmers are enticed away by artificial conditions, the remedy is to mend the conditions and not to expect to fill the vacancy by inferior help that everybody ought to know in advance is in every way unsuitable for the purpose.

WE, U. S. & CO.

(Continued from Page 8)

So you see the price of wars is going up. They cost more than they used to. And no matter how much money we spend in advance by way of preparation, we never have been prepared when war came, and we never have prevented a conflict.

It seems worth thinking about in the Christmas week of 1920, as I write, when we are still paying out about ninety-three per cent of our total income for war expenses. No wonder the government clerk and the government scientist raise their voices and say, "Don't pick on us! We aren't spending the big money!"

If any private person spent ninety-three per cent of his income in some form of economic waste and destruction, his affairs would be taken out of his hands. His family would see to that, unless he beat them to it by going to the poorhouse first. I am not criticizing the Army or Navy or arguing against war. I am by way of being a remnant of the A. E. F. myself. I am just scrutinizing for you your business of government and telling you as simply and as accurately as I can how it functions and why it costs so much, in the hope that you may be interested enough to improve it and save some money. If you approve paying ninety-three per cent of the national income for war expenditures, you have only to manifest it in the usual way by sitting still and saying nothing. If you don't like it, let out a yell! Perhaps you would care for more detail before making up your mind. Let us examine, then, carefully, the expenses of the Government for 1920. E. B. Rosa, chief physicist of the Bureau of Standards, has made such an examination possible. He is one of the very best types of civil servant. He has been in the government service nearly twenty-five years. He has studied its workings. He knows its good qualities and its defects. He is naturally interested in the scientific work of the Government and jealous that it be not starved. This has led him to make an analysis of government expenditures and the need of a reorganized civil service. I let him make his own presentation in his own words:

"For many years the revenues of the Federal Government were ample and easily obtained. Taxation was indirect and not felt, and many of the developmental functions of the Government were exercised with little question or objection. The Great War involved enormous expenditures and

(Continued on Page 80)

	NET AMOUNT	PER CAPITA
INTERNAL REVENUE		
INCOME and EXCESS PROFIT	$3,957,639,871	$37.20
CIGARS and TOBACCO	294,813,073	2.77
TRANSPORTATION and OTHER UTILITIES	289,366,302	2.72
AUTOS, CANDY, FURS, JEWELRY, Etc.	268,480,355	2.52
BEVERAGES	107,353,439	1.01
SPECIAL TAXES on CAPITAL STOCK, Etc.	105,508,052	.99
ESTATE INHERITANCE	101,628,195	.95
STAMPS on LEGAL PAPERS Etc.	84,349,027	.79
ADMISSIONS to AMUSEMENTS Etc.	81,931,791	.77
INSURANCE and MISCELLANEOUS	24,925,466	.23
CUSTOMS	314,000,000	2.95
TOTAL	$5,722,075,473	$53.80

Analysis of Total of U. S. Taxes, Fiscal Year 1920

It's Prince Albert's quality
that rings so true to your taste!

SAY—it's certainly going to make a peach of a picture—the way you'll cheer for pipe-smoke-sport when you get into partnership with Prince Albert Tobacco! P. A. slips you such real and true happiness; it's so generously delightful in flavor and fragrance and coolness—well, how in the name of jakejones can you sit there without some awful hankerings to go and get what's coming to you—*quick!*

Take it for a fact—a pipe's a pal when it's packed with Prince Albert! And, we're going to say it right here—if you don't know the "feel" and the friendship of a joy'us jimmy, go get one and get some P. A. and bang a howdy-do on the big smoke-gong!

For you can read it in all languages that Prince Albert's quality is in a class by itself—any way you judge it! Why—just figure it out what it alone means *to your tongue and your temper* when we say *Prince Albert can't bite, can't parch!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that!

Now—this is pipe smoke testimony that'll stand the top test—yes sir, facts that have steered thousands and thousands of men all over the nation—*and world*—to the sunshine-route-to-jimmy-pipe-joy!

WILL YOU LISTEN?

WHEREVER you go you will find Prince Albert awaiting your friendly nod—in toppy red bags—tidy red tins—handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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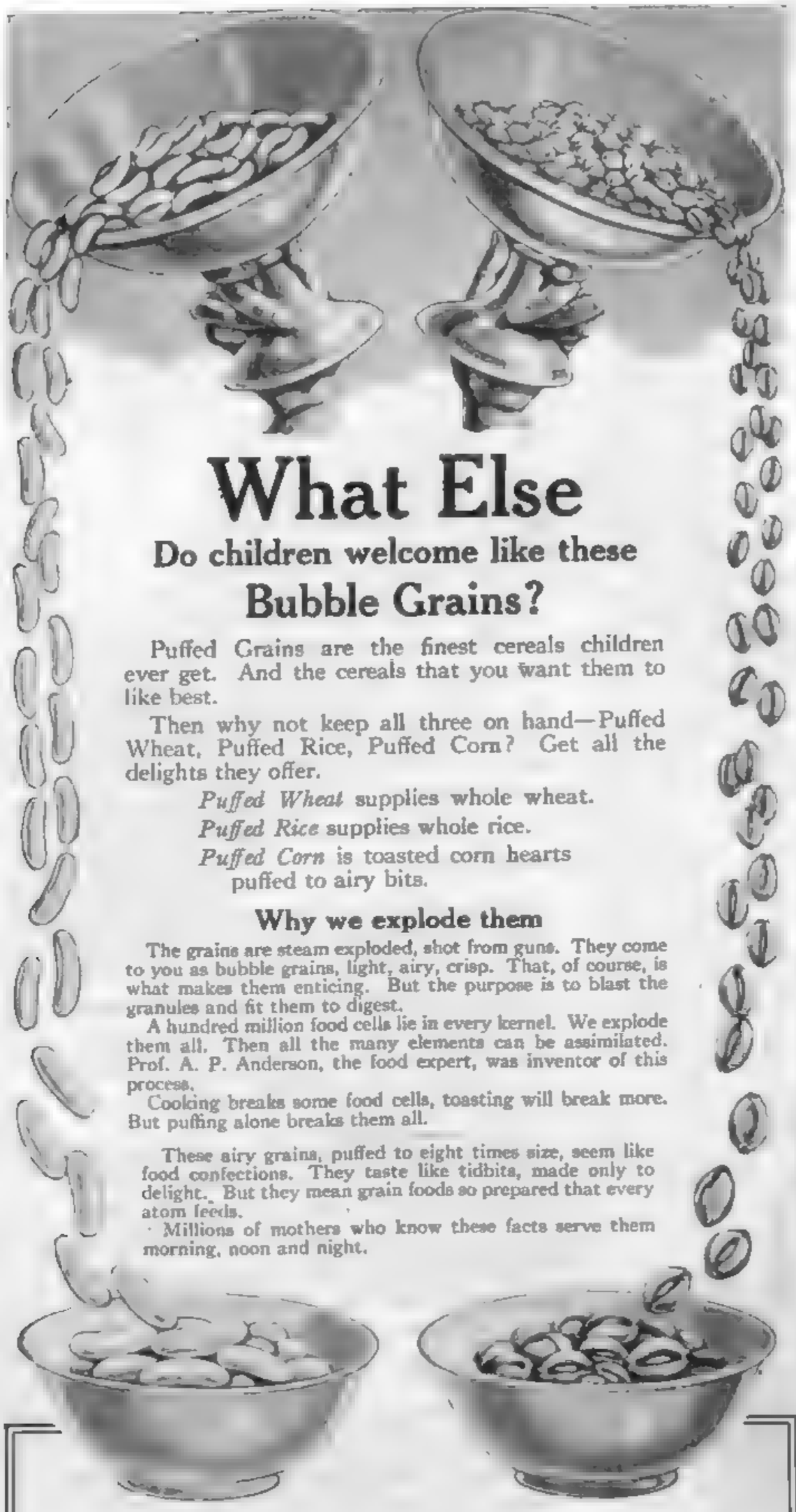


What Else

Do children welcome like these Bubble Grains?

Puffed Grains are the finest cereals children ever get. And the cereals that you want them to like best.

Then why not keep all three on hand—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice, Puffed Corn? Get all the delights they offer.

Puffed Wheat supplies whole wheat.
Puffed Rice supplies whole rice.
Puffed Corn is toasted corn hearts puffed to airy bits.

Why we explode them

The grains are steam exploded, shot from guns. They come to you as bubble grains, light, airy, crisp. That, of course, is what makes them enticing. But the purpose is to blast the granules and fit them to digest.

A hundred million food cells lie in every kernel. We explode them all. Then all the many elements can be assimilated. Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert, was inventor of this process.

Cooking breaks some food cells, toasting will break more. But puffing alone breaks them all.

These airy grains, puffed to eight times size, seem like food confections. They taste like tidbits, made only to delight. But they mean grain foods so prepared that every atom feeds.

Millions of mothers who know these facts serve them morning, noon and night.

For breakfast

The supreme dainties are Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn. Serve with cream and sugar, with melted butter, or mix them in your fruit.

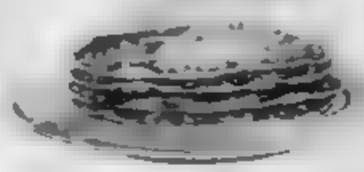
For supper

Puffed Wheat in milk supplies a practically complete food. It is easy to digest. And you never serve a milk dish more inviting.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Nut-like pancakes now



Now we blend ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice flour gives a nut-like taste and makes the pancakes fluffy. Never were griddle cakes made so delicious. Ask your grocer for it Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It will bring you a surprise.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(Continued from Page 78)

increased the fixed charges due to the public debt and other war obligations to several times the former budget. The result is that expenditures for education, scientific research and development work are severely scrutinized, and the question is raised as to whether we can afford to carry on such work on a generous scale. It is, of course, proper that every item in the national budget be closely scrutinized and that nothing be passed which cannot justify itself.

"It is desirable, therefore, to inquire whether scientific research as carried on by the Federal Government is a luxury or a necessity; whether it is something to be enjoyed when taxes are light and curtailed when taxes are heavy; or whether it is creative and wealth-producing, and therefore to be increased and developed when expenses are abnormally large and a heavy debt must be liquidated. The question is, in short, whether scientific and industrial research and education are like good seed and fertilizer to a farmer, which are essential to the best success; or whether they are as luxuries to the rich, which consume but do not produce, and which should be curtailed when necessary expenses increase."

Where the Taxes Go

"In order to discuss the question concretely and with reference to actual conditions, let us examine the national budget as it stands for the current fiscal year, with appropriations amounting to a total of $5,686,005,706, as given in the regular supply bills and three deficiency bills prior to May 1, 1920. For convenience we may divide it into six parts as follows:

GROUP I. Obligations arising from recent and previous wars, including interest on the public debt, pensions, war-risk insurance, rehabilitation and care of soldiers, deficit in the operation of railways, expenditures of the Shipping Board, European food relief and the bonus to government employees to cover partially the increased cost of living due to the war, a total of $3,855,482,586

GROUP II. War and Navy departments—expenses somewhat above a permanent peacetime basis . . . $1,424,138,677

GROUP III. Primary governmental functions, including Congress, President and White House staff, courts and penal establishments, Departments of Justice, State, Treasury, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Interstate Commerce and other commissions, one-half the District of Columbia, including all the necessary functions of government other than defense, except the commercial activities of Group V and the research, educational and developmental work of Group VI . . $181,067,225

GROUP IV. Public works, including rivers and harbors, public buildings, reclamation service, post roads, national parks and railway in Alaska $168,203,557

GROUP V. Commercial or self-supporting activities, including the Post Office, Land Office, Panama Canal and Housing Corporation, which, taken together, earn their expenses.

GROUP VI. Research, educational and developmental, including the wide range of work of the Agricultural Department, Geological Survey, Bureau of Mines, Coast and Geodetic Survey, Bureau of Standards, Bureau of Fisheries, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Women's and Children's Bureaus, Vocational Education, colleges for agriculture and mechanic arts, Library of Congress, Smithsonian Institution and the Public Health Service $57,093,661

TOTAL Groups I to VI $5,686,005,706

SUMMARY

		PER CENT
GROUP I. Expenditures arising from recent and previous wars	$3,855,482,585.60	67.81
GROUP II. War and Navy departments	1,424,138,676.57	25.02
GROUP III. Primary governmental functions	181,067,225.41	3.19
GROUP IV. Public works	168,203,557.46	2.97
GROUP VI. Research, educational and developmental	57,093,660.93	1.01
TOTAL	$5,686,005,705.97	

"The first two groups together amount to 92.8 per cent of the total; public works amounts to three per cent, primary governmental functions 3.2 per cent, and research, educational and developmental work one per cent. The population of the country being about 110,000,000, the total budget is about fifty dollars a year per capita, of which fifty cents a year per capita is expended for the wide range of research, educational and developmental work included in Group VI.

"That is, of the fifty dollars a year per capita collected for all purposes, a dollar and a half a year per capita is spent for what is here called primary functions of government; nearly as much more is put into public works, and fifty cents a year is put back into research, educational and developmental work, to promote scientific research, to increase production and efficiency, to develop wealth, to promote the public health and to conserve our natural resources. This is a very small part of the total—hardly enough to be regarded as a burden on the nation.

"Indeed, one is led to wonder whether the total burden of taxation would not be lighter if the expenditure for scientific and developmental work were increased; if, for example, it were one dollar a year per capita instead of fifty cents. In other words, if $110,000,000 were expended annually for this creative and productive work, would it not be easier to collect the five and a half billions for other purposes?

"The Government should be constructive and helpful to the people and to business wherever possible. It should carry on scientific research, promote education, develop the industries, assist in improving commercial and industrial methods and furnish technical information to manufacturers and others as well as develop agriculture and the public domain. Such service by the Government tends to establish good relations with business, to elevate business methods, to increase efficiency and to educate the public. The many services thus rendered cost very little in the aggregate as compared with the total expense of the Government, but they are of great practical value and are appreciated by the people. One per cent of the total expenses of the Government spent in this constructive way seems a very small proportion in view of the wide range and the economic value of such work.

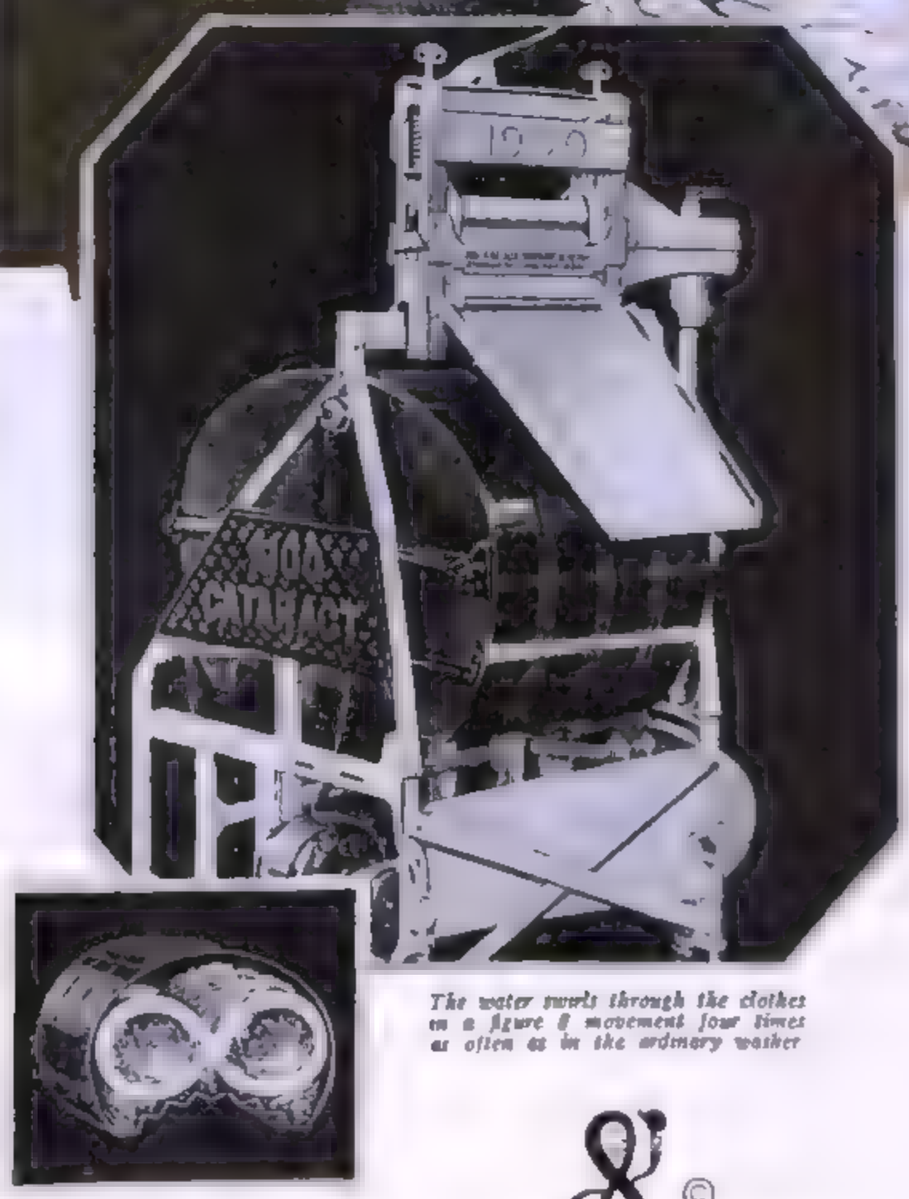
"But a part of this one per cent is incurred in behalf of the Government itself, to enable the Government to purchase its supplies intelligently and to do business in a businesslike way. Without this research and testing work, the Government would waste more in buying than it would save by eliminating the research and testing. Making purchases without full technical information is embarrassing to public officials and unsatisfactory to business; whereas by always using intelligently drawn specifications and making adequate tests, the Government can save money, elevate its own service and improve business methods. Much but not enough of this work is now done. It is the duty of the Government to set a good example of efficient and intelligent methods and fair dealing, neither accepting goods below the specified quality nor demanding more than is specified. The Government would spend less for its purchases if it spent more in standardizing the products purchased and in testing deliveries systematically."

Work That Pays

"But apart from the service the Government can render its citizens and the benefit to the state resulting from scientific, educational and developmental work, and apart from the benefit to the Government of having the results of such work in constructing buildings and other public works and carrying on its business, this kind of work develops wealth, and the increased wealth can be taxed, and hence there is a third reason for increasing such work. The war has made it necessary to raise many times the revenue formerly required, and the taxation is now an important issue. Economizing in the use of raw materials, using cheaper materials, reducing waste, developing the public domain, increasing manufacturing efficiency, reducing distribution costs—all tend to create wealth and to make it easier for the Government to raise the needed revenue. Therefore, if there were no other reason, this consideration should appeal to legislators and business men alike—namely, that research and development work by the Government develops wealth, and the burden of taxation is thereby lightened.

"But there is another powerful economic reason for increasing the productive developmental work of the Government. The rising cost of living not only leads to hardship and distress but to industrial unrest, strikes, disorders and great economic losses to the nation. In order to check rising prices, and if possible bring down prices, it will be

(Concluded on Page 83)



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer

TAKE YOUR HUSBAND WITH YOU when you go to purchase your 1900 Washer! Husbands usually seem to know so much about machinery and the like! And one feels ever so much better satisfied when one's husband gives his approval in such an important purchase.

OF course he's sure to give his unqualified approval of the 1900. It has so many superior features!

Why the very principle on which it operates is remarkable. No waste motion—the soapy cleansing water rushes back and forth through the clothes with *every movement of the tub.* The water is agitated in a figure 8 motion and swirls through the clothes *four times oftener* than in the ordinary washer! This figure 8 is an exclusive feature.

Have him examine the smooth copper tub absolutely devoid of any parts to cause wear and tear on the clothes. Nothing heavy to drag out of the tub and clean after the wash is finished.

Be sure to examine the swinging wringer that also works electrically. It can be shifted all around—from washer to rinse water, to blue water to clothes basket.

The 1900 washes everything equally well from dainty sheer blouses to heavy bed and table linen—and at a cost of only a few cents an hour. Away go all the worry and fuss of the old-fashioned washday!

If you want to know more about the 1900, send for the interesting book, George Brinton's Wife, a book of fiction with some surprising facts included.

I'm the figure 8!

1900 CATARACT WASHER

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Investigation Has Proved:

1 That many bankers, especially those in the great farm belt, will lend money only on property where houses and buildings are kept in good condition

2 That the loan and sale value of property is increased from 20% to 50% if buildings are well kept and well painted

BOTH city and country bankers know that well kept property indicates thrift, progressiveness and longer life. Surface protection through paint and varnish prevents deterioration from weather and wear; it preserves wood, metal and other materials against decay and corrosion. Save the surface and you save all. It pays.

ADDRESS SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, Room 632 The Bourse, Philadelphia, for interesting and useful illustrated booklet on surface protection.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied interests whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries and their divisions.

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(Concluded from Page 80)

necessary to increase production. To do this it is necessary to reduce waste and increase efficiency. This requires greater intelligence and fuller knowledge and calls for education, the results of scientific investigation and of intelligent and extensive industrial research. The Government could not and should not do it all. But neither should it refuse to do its part, and its part often is to take the lead in a constructive and statesmanlike way. It is stupid and blind to think that because taxes are heavy we cannot afford to do things intelligently.

"If a farmer's barn burns down, he would not sell half his supply of seed and fertilizer to buy lumber and then plant only half a crop. He would, if necessary, borrow money to buy more seed and plant a larger crop than usual in order to increase his income and pay for the new barn more easily. Intelligent research by the Government, in cooperation with the industries, is like seed and fertilizer to a farmer—it stimulates production and increases wealth, and pays for itself many fold. It is as productive and profitable in peace as in war."

Legal Handicaps

Mr. Rosa is one of those who strongly believe that the civil expenses of the Government cannot be greatly reduced. He believes, too, that the defects of the service have not been discussed always with full knowledge and discrimination. He says this while favoring a reorganized civil service. I quote him:

"For the ten years, 1909–1919, the total net expense of all the civil branches of the Government, legislative, executive and judicial, scientific, engineering and educational, and the construction of new public works—Panama Canal, rivers and harbors, good roads, public buildings, and the like—was $211,000,000 a year. It would be an optimist who would expect to save more than a few per cent by merely rearranging bureaus and departments and cutting off duplications, for the cost of overhead management is small and cases of serious duplication are relatively few. The Appropriation Committee goes into these questions every year, and if a fraction of what was asserted is true, it would be a scorching indictment of that committee and Congress.

"There is plenty of reason for urging a budget bureau and better organization and greater efficiency and more competent administration, and a lot of things. What I am objecting to is discrediting the Government where it does not deserve it, and misinformation when true information would do so much better.

"This indiscriminate criticism and condemnation is one of the most serious handicaps to efficiency in the government service. If criticism could be more discriminating, the good commended and the bad condemned; if exaggeration for the sake of making out a strong case were always regarded as bad form; if responsibility for one's published statements concerning the government service were as keenly felt as for statements concerning personal character; if writers would be more human and more sympathetic and would revolt from misrepresenting the government service as an unpatriotic act, but would criticize wrongdoing where the facts are clear as a patriotic act; in short, if a greater appreciation of the difficulties of carrying on government work efficiently and a desire to help constructively, and not to hinder and discourage, those who are working intelligently and unselfishly to build up the service could be realized, the critics could be of enormously greater assistance in securing the ends desired.

"I believe you can safely go on the assumption that very much in the Federal Government is good and deserves all praise, and some things cannot be too strongly condemned; that there are many men of the highest character and ability serving the Government effectively and even brilliantly; that there are many handicaps due to legislation that ought to be repealed; that one of the greatest causes of inefficiency is too low a salary scale and an unstandardized service, and these ought to be remedied; that another serious difficulty is due to political influence in the executive departments which would be greatly reduced if the Civil Service Commission could be strengthened.

"Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are serious defects in the civil service. Charges are sometimes made of favoritism in appointments and promotions and of too little consideration of the employee's point of view. In many cases insufficient means are provided for learning whether the employees are satisfied and of answering complaints. On the other hand, the standard of the personnel throughout the government service is not what it should be, the quantity and quality of work done in many cases are unsatisfactory. Experienced and competent men and women are leaving the service in large numbers, and their places are being taken by others, on the average less experienced and competent.

"Owing to an inadequate and irrational salary scale, many branches of the government service are so unremunerative and unattractive that their administrative officers have much difficulty in keeping the positions filled. Under such circumstances it is impossible to maintain proper discipline or a high standard of efficiency, and the consequences of a lowered morale are plainly evident. The situation is far more serious than it was eighteen months ago, when Congress appointed a special commission to study and report upon it.

"The merit system presupposes an honest, unbiased and competent administration of the personnel—appointments without favor, promotions when earned, security of tenure, opportunity to make good, recognition of work well done. The Government should be a just and reasonable employer, if not indeed a model employer, and the administrative officers of the Government should not only be authorized and required to deal justly and equitably by the employees under their supervision but they should be empowered to do so.

"In general, this is far from being realized, and the greatest handicap to good administration is not in the faults and frailties of administrative officers—serious as they may be in some cases—but in the laws and limitations imposed upon the administrators, which tie their hands and make good administration exceedingly difficult; and in the lack of adequate personnel in the Civil Service Commission, which makes it impossible for it to coöperate with administrators as effectively as it should or to exercise the supervision over appointments and promotions which the law contemplates and which administrators would welcome."

A Discouraged Personnel

"The most serious of these legal difficulties are the following:

"The system of statutory positions with inflexible and generally inadequate salaries, which often make appointments and promotions difficult or impossible.

"Unequal salaries in different services for a given kind of work and degree of responsibility.

"The legal prohibition of transfer and promotion from a position in one department to a lump-fund position in another at a higher salary, no matter how much such promotion is merited or how strongly it is recommended by the administrative officers concerned.

"The legal restriction requiring three years' service before transfer from one department to another in Washington.

"The apportionment system which often makes it impossible to appoint the most competent eligibles and sometimes rules out all the applicants from several states.

"The entire lack, until very recently, of a retirement system for aged or disabled employees, which made it necessary to retain thousands who under other conditions would have been retired to the advantage of the service."

This is the end of my story. I have told you all I know. You know everything about your business of government that has been told me by the men who are working for us. You know how much it costs and how much you pay of that cost. On the whole, the men in the plant say it could be run more cheaply and more efficiently if it was reorganized and put on a modern basis. Some parts of the machine run well. Other parts are worn out. Some of the workers are competent; others are incompetent. All of them that I have seen are more or less discouraged and show a low morale and lack of pep.

What are you going to do about it? I'll tell you one thing flatly—it never will be put right until you take an active interest in it.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of four articles by Mr. Lowry.

Friendly Light

Out through the wide-flung door, the hall light streams a hospitable welcome. Within, the home is aglow with soft, restful radiance, poured out bountifully from a brimming bowl, swung in a rich brass fixture.

This is the new-fashioned GAS LIGHT, distributed in the modern SEMI-INDIRECT way, from

Welsbach GAS BOWLS

It is yours to command wherever there is gas. And there's no over-estimating the importance of good light, properly distributed, in the decoration and the physical comfort of the home. Why put up with the commonplace, the disagreeable?

The new fixtures designed by the Welsbach Company satisfy the best modern lighting ideals. There are semi-indirect bowls, "candle" fixtures, wall sconces—many other attractive types. Shades are varied, appropriate, and in perfect taste. "By-passes" give instant lighting and extinguishing without matches. WELSBACH MANTLES, the very foundation of good lighting, insure utmost service and the inimitable *quality* of Modern Gas Light.

Your Gas Company has these new Welsbach Lights and will help you to select them

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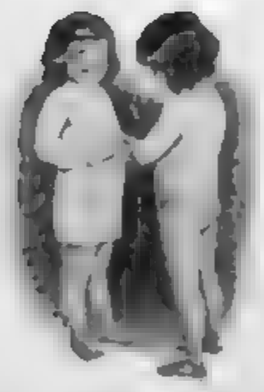
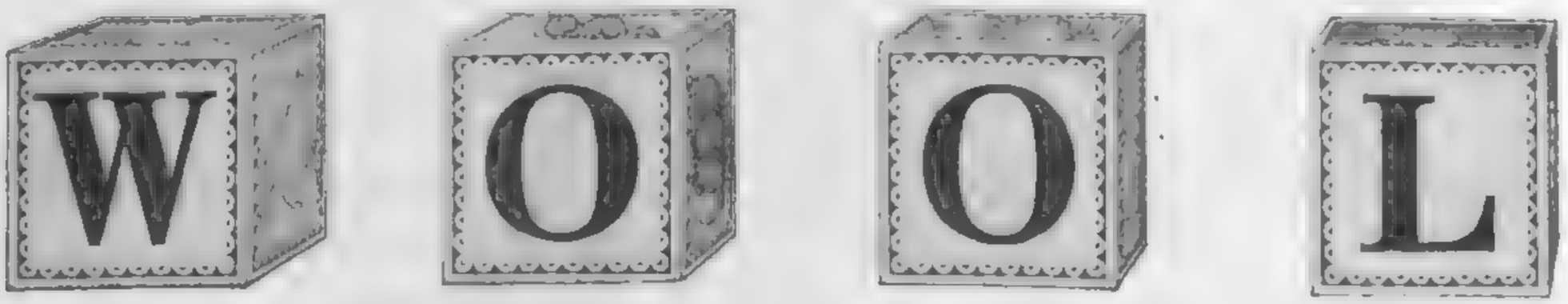


For Toilet and Bath

Interest and educate the child in ways of personal cleanliness; make it as easy and pleasant to practise as possible—and the habit will soon take root

One way of making it an attractive thing is to supply each child with his own little washing equipment of towel, wash cloth, nailbrush, and his own private cake of soap



A Fleecy Lather

Training the child in healthful habits of cleanliness

Such habits are practically fixed in childhood, says prominent educator

ANY physician will tell the mother of a healthy baby that the time to begin its training is the moment it is born.

As one experienced old Doctor brusquely told a young mother who was boasting of her promptness in starting her child's training at the age of six weeks:

"You began just six weeks late, Madam!"

Psychologists say we are all creatures of habit. Whether of good or bad habit is largely determined during the first few years of our lives.

The habit of cleanliness is acquired in childhood

"Many bodily habits, as habits of personal cleanliness, are substantially fixed during childhood"—is the way Prof. J. R. Angell, the eminent psychologist, expresses it.

Every mother knows the struggle it requires to get her children to the table with hands that are really clean.

She also realizes the necessity of implanting the habit of cleanliness during those years when the need for it is greatest. Not only is it important for appearance's sake, but for its actual influence on character.

Make cleanliness a pleasure and the child will form its habit

There should be nothing in the use of soap and water to incur children's dislike.

Interest and educate them in ways of personal cleanliness; make it as easy and pleasant to practise as possible—and the habit will soon take root.

One way of making it an attractive thing is to supply each child with his own little washing equipment of towel, wash cloth, nailbrush and his own private cake of soap.

The soap given children to use of great importance

The soap given them to use is more of a factor in encouraging cleanliness than is always realized. Children's tender skin is highly sensitive to external irritants such as hard rubbing or very strong soap.

For children's use, soap should be pure in quality and mild in effect. It should lather freely, cleanse easily and make the skin feel smooth, soft and supple.

Wool Soap, because of its purity, mildness and free lathering, meets the particular requirements for children's use. Every ingredient is the best that can be obtained; the fats are refined and sweet enough to use in cooking.

The purity of materials and their method of combination make Wool Soap easy for children to use and quick to cleanse. It never leaves the skin feeling harsh and drawn; it never stings or irritates. They find its use a pleasure; its effect a benefit.

Children like the *feel* of being clean—with Wool Soap.

A cake for the children to try

We have a little trial cake of Wool Soap for the children's bath. Let them try it; they will like to wash with it. Send 2c in stamps with the coupon.

(floats)

(6)

Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago:
Enclosed find 2c in stamps for which please send me a trial cake of Wool Soap.

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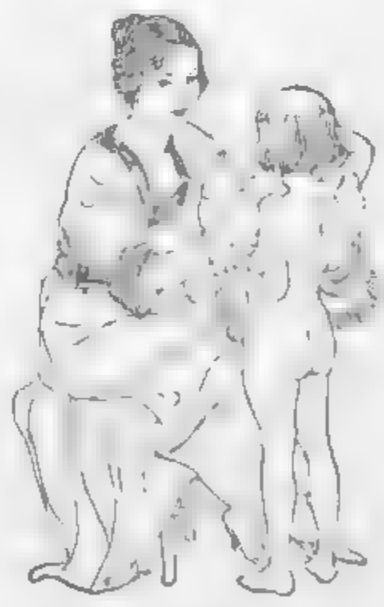
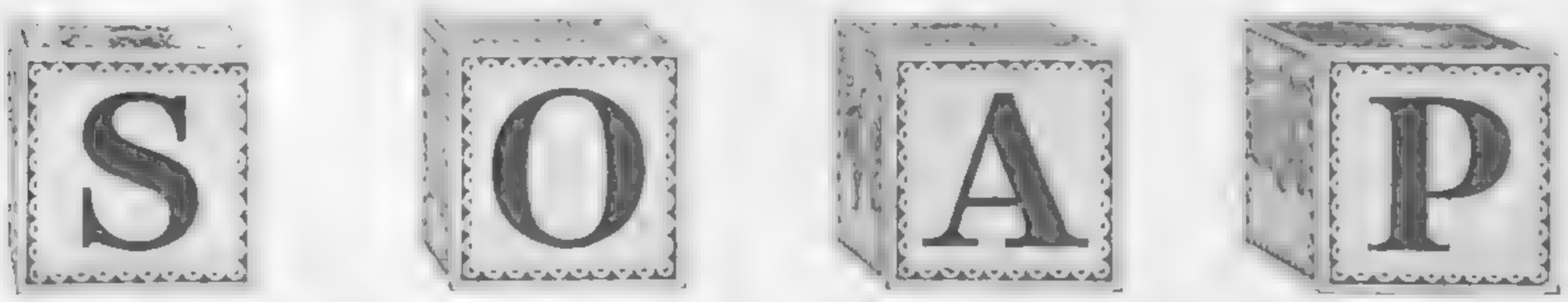


Make cleanliness a pleasure and the child will form its habit. A mild, pure soap that lathers freely will add much to a child's enjoyment of being clean



For Children's Skins

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STIK-TITE (1) means the celluloid window you can apply by sticking, just like you do a tube patch. No tools needed, no service charges, no loss of car's use, and it lasts longer—no stitching perforations weaken celluloid.

Window frame is finished with auto rubber, mohair, or imitation leather to match your curtain.

(2) Stik-tite roof patches are also finished in goods to match your top material. Box contains eleven assorted sizes for 35c. Large strips 50c. Mends holes and rents instantly.

"Stik-tite Protectors" form inexpensive coverings for cushions and protect your clothes. (3) "Warner Seat Covers" protect all upholstery. (4) "Stik-tite Tire Covers" retard tire depreciation.

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THE HOOCH OWL

(Continued from Page 13)

"So I believe!" said Ann.

But deah old Joe seemed unable evah to become quite resigned to this viewpoint. The poor deah chap had not wholly assimilated Ann's set and their ideals, and occasionally manifested some crudity, especially about his food.

"Say, Annie, let's have some pigs' feet and sauerkraut for lunch sometime!" he said one day at Saturday luncheon. "You're always howling about the size of the butcher and grocer bill, and yet I'd be glad to have a lot plainer things than we do. I'm fond of lamb stew, and confess to a real liking for corned beef and cabbage. As for Frankfurters! Yum! And I'll bet a dollar those things are a great deal cheaper than these à la whatsis that we are always having!"

"My dear!" expostulated poor deah Ann—reahally that husband of hers is just too brutal at times. "My dear, I wouldn't dare ask Thorpe for any such things! I'd be ashamed to!"

"Then fire him and get a servant you can boss!" Joe went on, simply ruthlessly.

"There isn't any such creature!" mourned Ann. "Why, Joe, you have no conception of what the servant problem is nowadays. We are in the greatest possible luck to have any! Even my best friends go behind my back and try to bribe them away from me!"

"Rotters!" said I.

"Oh, quite so, Cyril!" said deah old Joe. His little joke, pretendin' he cawn't evah remember my name.

And so you see—there you are! Fawncy any more perfectly normal American home—struggling to keep up the schedule of their social obligations and in deadly terror lest the servants leave. Nothing in the least peculiar or indicative of the—er—unusual. Ha! I told you so before.

Aside from the deafness which developed when something troublesome to cook was asked for, Thorpe had one other minor fault. He was always about. My word! I nevah saw such a man for handin' coats and takin' away ashes and bringin' in newspapers and what not! One could nevah get a word in private with anyone, he was so confoundedly helpful. I several times attempted to hold a little er private talk with Ann on one thing or another, but reahally, I never got beyond a beginnin', don't you know—and, as the house was rather smallish, I swear I don't think deah old Joe ever got much ahead of me either. Two servants were positively enough to fill the place they were all over it But, as Ann said, she really couldn't have lived without them.

Of course the Parringtons' place is one of the least pretentious in Rosemere. Ann had moved out here with an eye to the future—ah—socially speakin', and it was quite a bit of a job, holding up their end and all that. But credit me! Ann enjoyed the struggle. There is a sort of fascination about getting into the hypothetical society which I believe to be peculiar to you Americans. Quite so! Now in England society has more definite lines. It's more or less easy for one to know if one is reahaly in society or not. But here in America you people all claim to be in it, but are none of you sure that you are. The struggle for—er place is the only concrete thing about your society, don't you know, and even that has rawther a vague quality. But this much is certain. To be in society one must entertain continuously, or else one cawn't very well accept invitations, now can one? And one cawn't very well entertain without good servants. Hardly! And your country seems to be experiencing quite a dearth of the troublesome creatures. So Ann, having elected to live on Long Island in an awfully swunk town, had rawther let herself in, don't you think? I mean one cawn't do that sort of thing halfway, can one? Not and make away with it, as you Americans say.

Eh, what? My devotion to her? Oh, indeed—reahaly now, you must not get any such impression! My intention was simply and solely to—er be useful to Mrs Parrington, y'know, and all that sort of thing! My word, no! And besides, I was seriously occupied with my hobby whenever there was nothing else to do. What is it? Why, my deah chap, I've already told you ornithology. Oh, I say! That's a bit thick—it means nothing of the sort! It means birds—an interest in birds. What's that? Oh, yes, surely, chickens are included, but they are mere barnyard fowl. I mean wild birds—owls and robins and jays, and so forth. I take them very seriously, I assure you. 'Pon my word, every chap ought to have a serious interest, don't you think? Provided he don't make a beastly bore of himself with it or allow it to interfere with his social obligations. And so I took up birds. Sort of impersonal and consequently perfectly good form, birds, don't you see? And then, they can be taken up and dropped at will, as it were. But I do take them seriously, reahally! I've even written a bally book about the bally things—Our Wild Neighbors and How to Cook Them. Cost me a pretty penny to print it too! Of course I didn't reahally know about the cooking part—I rawther made it up as I went along. But as I was saying, I put in all my spare time studying your American birds, especially when deah old Joe was at home, and that is how I came to take notice of the owl.

You see it attracted my attention at first because of having only one eye, poor creature, and because its song was so unusual. And not unnaturally the first time it called itself to my attention was after I had retired.

I had a most chawming room at the Parrington's, situated upon the main floor and looking into a little dell a wooded dell, you know—quite an English-looking dell with briar growing in it, and pine trees with the lower branches sweeping upon the undergrowth a real jungle, and maintained in this wild state in order to screen the room from the alley leading to the neighbors' garage.

I had gone to bed early because deah old Joe had come home quite unexpectedly, and somehow I had got the ideah that he wanted to talk to Ann in private. Indeed, after dinner, once Thorpe had retired and they had made sure he had gone out, deah old Joe said something to the effect that he'd tell Ann something or other if he evah got the chawnce. And as it was rawther dull with just the three of us and I loathe playing with a dummy and no more whisky and sodas seemed to be forthcoming that night, why, I took myself off to bed.

But somehow or other I couldn't sleep, and then it was that I first heard the owl. Now reahally, it was a most interesting bird—a tenor! As soon as I heard it I sat up directly. You see, my deah chap, I recognized it at once as a species of hoot owl, but one with which I was unfamiliar. It had the characteristic tremolo, or gargle, of its kind, but higher pitched than any I had previously heard—there was much the same sort of difference between it and the English owl that there is between English and American speaking voices, if you comprehend me.

Struck with this interesting and important comparison and being, as I have said, not in the smallest degree inclined for sleep, I arose and, delaying only to put on a dressing gown and slippers, I crept softly to the window and peered out to see if I could spy the little fellow.

At first I simply couldn't see a thing. The blackness was intense. And then all at once I saw his eye—only one eye, poor thing—and an unusually large and bright one it was—about the height of a man's shoulder in the pine brawnches

Of course I was enormously interested, although the creature moved after an instant and the eye vanished. But that was not the end of my adventure. Ha! I'd contend that it wasn't! For after a little bit the mate answered! I was enchanted. So there was a pair of them with tenor voices! Most extrawdinary, reahaly! Of course I at once determined to procure at least one—possibly both—for my stuffed collection. Did I tell you that at home I have a collection of stuffed birds which I have netted myself? Indeed I have—a rippin' collection! Butterflies too. I'm a very devil for butterflies! And I've bought scarcely any of them—not evah three-quarters What is more, my deah chap, I nevah shoot them. What? No, neither birds nor butterflies positively! Shooting is one of the deah old English customs that I don't hold with in the least. I am opposed to it—excepting in war times, when the wretched business can scarcely be avoided, can it? Ha!

But for pleasure and all that—no. I reahally don't care for it, and at autumn parties I greatly prefer to come out to luncheon with the women.

So I generally net my birds and send them to the taxidermist alive. Then the next time I see them they are, as it were, petrified. Much less laceratin' to one's feelin's, what? You see my point?

So after listenin' at my window for quite some time without hearing anything further, I returned to bed in a high state of excitement, bent on the capture of a new prize. If those birds inhabited the garage woods, as seemed highly likely, I would stop on at the Parringtons' until I had obtained one or both.

So you see, my deah fellow, that was the prime motive in continuing my stay—to net an owl or so.

I remarked upon my discovery next morning, but without arousing any particular excitement in my host and hostess. Curious thing, but unless you are interested in ornithology it leaves you chilly, as you people say. And Joe and Ann were not enthusiastic, although they were polite. They were far more deeply concerned about a house party which was expected for the following week-end than they were about my bird. Which only goes to prove how often stress is laid upon the wrong thing, eh, what? And as a matter of fact that owl in time would have saved nine. What do I mean by that? Well, I know what I mean, but it's rawther conflicting to explain.

You see the point under discussion between my host and hostess was who had been asked for the coming week-end, and why. Joe and Ann simply couldn't agree about it and, quite between ourselves, Joe was drivin' poor deah Ann further and further away from him by his objections to her friends. As I have already told you, he seemed wholly unable to acquire any social sense—he couldn't see why certain people simply must be asked. He had a quaint but troublesome notion that the only reason for asking people to stop with you was because you liked them—which absurd conviction was further complicated by the ideah that since he was paying for the house he ought occasionally to be consulted about who was invited to it. I had seen a storm, of which this was the nucleus, brewing for some time. The cloud bank, composed of a long string of house parties such as we were about to have, had slowly gathered force. And a discussion, at the very least, was due. I could feel it. And, as usual, I was correct.

It came after breakfast a meal which, although excellent in itself, was not to Joe's taste. He was a bit peevish about it and stood before the flower-filled fireplace chewing a cigar moodily when Ann broached the coming week-end.

"Be sure to remember it, dear," she said; "and don't be dated solid for golf!"

"Who's coming?" demanded Joe.

His wife hesitated a bit, looking at him out of the corner of her eye to gauge his mood; but after all there was nothin' for it but for her to chance it—d'you see?

"The Lawtons are coming," she said cautiously. "And the Stanley-Browns, and Gertrude Parrish for Wilfred."

"What?" exclaimed Joe, throwing away his cigar in his excitement. "The Lawtons? Why, Stanley Lawton is a a stuffed pig, and his wife was insufferably rude to you at that garden party! And now they are coming here!"

"Joe," cried Ann with, I thought, infinite patience, "don't you see that her acceptance of my invitation covers everything? My dear, nobody that is anybody can afford not to know the Lawtons! Why their coming here will simply make us! I know Stanley Lawton is rather a boor, and of course she's awfully apt to be nasty; but we've simply got to have them! You don't understand what it means in a colony like Rosemere!"

"Stanley Lawton is a boor and a bore!" said Joe shortly. "At the club he lives on an island. As for that wife of his, I should think you'd have more pride than to ask her! However—let's get on with the list. The Stanley-Browns are a couple of cheap skates—pretentious fools, living off their week-end invitations. Surely they don't amuse you!"

"Of course they don't really amuse me!" exclaimed Ann indignantly. "But everyone asks them, and Mrs. Lawton is very fond of them!"

"Because they lick her boots!" said Joe. "And why Gertrude?"

(Continued on Page 89)

PUMPS

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Workin' on the Railroad

RAILROADS rely on pumps quite as much as on man power for successful operation. It takes water to make steam and it takes pumps to supply water.

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Realizing the importance of safeguarding this water supply, the railroad recently installed a second engine to drive the pump, in case the original engine should fail. *A reserve pump has not been thought necessary.*

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It's a thing of muscle and brawn—quick, responsive, strong and unrestrained.

The Jordan Playboy leaps lightly and nimbly to the throttle on its way.

Step on it, and this masculine car springs quickly from the traffic crowd, sails roaring up the hill, and makes for the land of somewhere we have longed to go.

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It's a practical car as well—equipped, for those who prefer it, with all-weather top, making it exactly suitable to the individual who prefers an enclosed but friendly roadster.

The Playboy is finished in striking colors for those who know the joy of being distinctive.

The production is limited. There are only a few on the Avenue. Even blasé people stop and stare as this striking car of personality and charm goes by. The day of the personal car has come.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 86)

"Well, we had to have some odd female," replied Ann plaintively, "and it's so difficult to find one whom none of the other women mind, yet who isn't utterly impossible!"

"That's the first real thing you've said!" exclaimed Joe. "She's a hard-riding, bridge-playing, cocktail-drinking ——"

"Pardon me, sir!" said a voice in the doorway. And there was Thorpe, the cat-footed. "Pardon me, may I speak to you a minute, sir?"

"Well, what is it?" said Joe impatiently, without moving.

"I only wanted to mention, sir," said Thorpe, "that the gin is rather low. If we are having a house party next week-end, I think perhaps, sir, you had better ——"

"Oh, all right, all right!" cried Joe, waving him away. "I'll see to it—get along now, can't you see that I'm busy?" And then as soon as the servant had disappeared Joe turned again on Ann.

"There!" he cried. "Do you hear that? Here I'm to go out and break the law—most expensively—to provide liquor for that crew! I'm to sneak round back alleys and spend enormous sums in order that a bunch of stiff-necks for whom neither of us really gives a damn can swill a lot of liquor that's bad for 'em! What kind of entertaining do you call that? Entertaining forsooth! It's a farce—that's what it is—and an expensive one too!"

"Well, but Joe!" wailed poor Ann, almost in tears, "what else can we do? We owe something to our position, don't we? We've got this house, and it would be ridiculous not to entertain in it—and it would be equally absurd not to know the proper people. After all they are my friends. Who in heaven's name would you suggest asking?"

"Well, you might ask a few of my friends for a change!" retorted her husband. "There's Tom Wells and his wife, whom I practically haven't seen since I got married, although I roomed with him at college—and there's Baker, whom I've been wanting to have out for months!"

Ann gave a little shriek and got to her feet.

"Baker!" she cried. "Your bookkeeper! Why, he wouldn't know how to act! He'd be embarrassed. Oh, Joe! And those awful Wells people! They are too jay for words!"

"Well, they may be jay, but they're real, and I wouldn't have to buy them any liquor!" said Joe. "And as for Baker, he plays as good a game of golf as any man I know! And he's a real friend to me too!"

"Well, well, have them sometime, dear!" said Ann soothingly, as if speaking to a child. "Sometime!"

"When?" said Joe suspiciously.

"Well, sometime soon!" purred Ann. Reahally, I think she was a bit alarmed—the outbreak was so unlike deah old Joe—and felt she must conciliate him. I quite agreed, yet her next words were a distinct surprise.

"I know how you feel, old thing!" she said. "I get moments when I have the same reactions. But a habit of life is a strange thing—it gets hold of one so. We've got into the way of living like this and it's really impossible to get out. Why, we don't eat or wear what we honestly prefer—we don't see the people we'd like best to—that's a fact. But we can't help it. We've become entangled in the scheme of modern living and don't dare to break away—indeed I doubt that we'd know how to if we dared, or what to turn to as a substitute for our set ways. Probably we are happier in our rut—it's easier at any rate. And we'll never know if anything else would be better, because it would take a social earthquake to shake us out of it! Besides, at a test, these people would probably stand by us, you know."

"Mine would be more likely to!" said Joe. "And it's so absurd to go on being tied up in a lot of false obligations! Why do we do it—why? That's what I'd like to know? We go round in a treadmill of giving invitations because we have accepted them and accepting because we have given—bah!"

"I know, dear," said Ann. "But people would think it queer if we didn't—and after all, where's the harm? It's good for your business standing, incidentally!"

"Nonsense!" replied Joe rudely. "It's cutting into my income pretty heavily. And as for this liquor situation—it's got my Angora!"

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do!" cooed Ann, going over and putting her hand on his shoulder in a way which made me writhe. Not for myself, of course. But merely to see a lovely girl like that conciliating such a brute. "I'll tell you what, Joey!" she went on. "We'll cut out the hooch! After all, it's perfectly proper nowadays not to have any in the house, and nobody'll really hold it against us. I'll simply tell the crowd that I'm sorry but we're out of luck—we haven't a drop. It really is a shame to feed them liquor when it comes so high."

For a moment deah old Joe looked as if he could scarcely credit his ears. Then he smiled—an awfully silly smile, I thought.

"Good girl!" he chuckled, highly pleased and quite his old self once more. "Good girl! We'll say we're out, but you and Reggie here and I can sneak our little life-saver quietly before dinner—eh? How'll that be? Great idea! Why should we divvy up with the gang? It's nonsense—perfect nonsense! And—er—by the way, I suppose I'd better run on over to the club and see if I can raise a little gin. No harm to have it in the house, you know, and it isn't going to get any cheaper."

"It might be just as well, dearest, if you think so!" said Ann, and she gave him a little peck on the cheek—one of those angry-wifely kisses, you know.

"Come along, Percy!" said Joe, turning to me. "Put on your bootlegs—we're off to the club!"

And as I wished to retrieve a butterfly net which I had left there, I assented.

Well, we went along ovah and I got my net—a splendid great strong one with an iron loop and heavy netting on a long handle. I always have my nets made to order—much smarter, don't you think? In point of fact, I more or less invent them. I'm quite an inventor. Didn't I tell you? Ha! Well, I am. One of my inventions is the uniform spat. What? Yes, spats with regulation buttons—uniform spats. Jolly ideah, eh? I'd rawther a row with my officer first time I wore them, though.

Well, at any rate I retrieved my net from the locker room while deah old Joe was in conference with the steward, and then we went back home, Joe's good nature fully restored once more.

"Any luck?" said I.

"You said it!" replied Joe, rubbing his hands briskly. "Gordon! My own brand! By Jove, I don't see how the fellow manages it. He's letting me have a case."

"Better not become too curious about where it comes from, old thing!" said I. I'm quite sagacious, you see. "Not too curious about where it comes from or the perishin' supply may stop."

"Quite so, Algernon!" said deah old Joe—his little joke, you know—ha! "Quite so. Ah, me! Prohibition doth make rum hounds of us all!"

When we returned I at once retired to my room and parked my bird net near the window, in a handy spot. Then I stole out and had a look about, hoping that I might discover the owl's habitation. But if it was reahally thereabouts, as I sincerely hoped, it was most cleverly concealed, as I've a sharp eye for that sort of thing, don't you know, and I could find no trace of it.

That night, however, I almost caught the creature. But a bird in the bush has an enormous advantage ovah two in the net, as someone or other has so truly remarked. In point of fact, I feel that the person who said it said it with his mouth full, as you Americans say! Because d'you see, I was almost asleep when I heard the creature and had to spring up as I was. I mean to say I was clad only in my nightshirt. There was no time to be lost, I quite appreciated that; and, it being quite dark, I lost none. I seized my net and stole out of the window just as I was, and made a stealthy progress toward the hoot. In another moment I should have been upon the bally bird except for the bally butler, who appeared very suddenly out of the darkness and collided with me in the most annoying manner, and of course the owl got away at once. I could hear him making off through the bushes.

"What the ——" began Thorpe in a very cross tone as he bumped into me.

"Confound it!" said I. "What are you doing here?"

"Beg pardon, sir!" gasped Thorpe. "I might almost ask the same of you, sir. That is, I wasn't aware you walked in your sleep, sir! Allow me to fetch your trousers, sir!"

"No, thanks!" said I in a dignified manner and, turning on my bare heel, I left him flat. Reahally, it was none of his affair if

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I sleepwalked or not! And, anyway, there was no use going into the matter further—the owl was quite gone by then. But I was annoyed at his helpfulness—the servants certainly did fill that house. We got no privacy—absolutely none.

Well, my deah chap, d'you know I watched and waited each night after that for nearly a week, but the owl seemed to have been thoroughly frightened, for it did not return, much to my disappointment. That is to say it was almost a full week before I heard it again, and then under what circumstances!

Quite right, my deah fellow—just so! It was then that the calamity occurred. But I cannot discuss it—reahally! I will agree with you, however, that it was a tremendous pity, and that Ann's own actions were greatly to blame. She needn't have gone so far—now had she? Extremes are such wretched bad form.

Of course at the beginning of that dreadful week-end everything looked all right, excepting that of course there were no drinks. That is to say no outward and visible drinks, don't you know? Of course just before the five-fifteen deah old Joe called us into the dining room and gave us each a cocktail and a bit of clove.

"Well, here's on the quiet!" said he. "And may none of our guests insist upon kissing us!"

Very good, eh, what? Ha! And when the people came along—the Stanley-Browns and Gertie Parrish on the train and the Lawtons shortly afterward by motor—we grouped about in the hall and Ann rang for tea, which was shortly brought in by Thorpe. Up to that point Mrs. Lawton had been strolling about admiring everything through a lorgnette, and the Stanley-Browns were loud and lavish about how fearfully sweet it was of dear Ann to have them down. And then, as I say, in came Thorpe with a tea tray.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Gertie. "I'm dying for a drink!"

"It's only tea!" said Ann with a laugh. "You people know how it is nowadays. We haven't a thing in the house—not a thing! I'm terribly sorry, but what can one do?"

The Stanley-Browns exchanged a swift look. I shouldn't dare to interpret it.

"Why of course it's all right, dear," said Mrs. B. "I'm sure we're better off without it."

"Why we scarcely touch it any more!" agreed her husband. "Prohibition's a fine thing for the people—especially for the common people; at least so I think!"

"Tea?" said Mrs. Lawton, peering at it through her lorgnette. "My dear! How original!"

"Sorry, but it's all we have!" replied Ann, smiling into her face—yet not too closely into it, if you apprehend me. "We can't get anything stronger round here."

"Well, I suppose tea is less fattening," said Mrs. Lawton rather dubiously, accepting her cup. "But we never have any trouble getting something stronger—it's only a question of enough money, my dear, and of knowing where, I assure you. But as far as I'm concerned it's quite all right—I don't touch it any more. I don't believe it's right to break the law, do you?"

This last was addressed to deah old Joe, who gulped hastily and agreed. Mr. Lawton said nothing at all, but stood a little apart from the merry throng, in a gloomy, depressed silence. As for Gertie, she was frankly outraged. She is a mannish sort of girl—affects sports clothes and all that sort of thing.

"It's a crying shame!" said she indignantly. "Ann, old scout, you've got me out here under false pretenses! Come on, now—'fess up to one bottle of cocktails and produce!"

"Sorry!" said Ann. "I would for you, but there ain't no such animal—we actually haven't a thing except a little cider, and that won't be ready for several days yet."

"Positive fact!" said I. "We are just hardenin' it now."

Well, after that we settled down to a sort of false enjoyment of the tea—everybody pretending to be quite gay, but no one in the least particle deceived by the rest, don't you know?

No—'pon my word I'd rawther not say anything further about it. Except one thing. I must tell you, reahally, because it was too amusin'—it was a—a shriek, as you Americans say. But don't quote me about it—eh, what?

You see when we had swilled that tea—I venture to assert that I was the only person who enjoyed it, because after all it is an English custom, isn't it—well, as I was saying, after we'd finished that farcical refreshment we separated to dress for dinner. Nothing remarkable in that, of course. But look! Here's where the remarkable part comes in.

I'd left my cigarette case in the dining room when deah old Joe had slipped Ann and myself that little drink before the others came—do you see? And when I'd got to my room I remembered it and went back to fetch it while I thought of it. And there, by Jove, in the twilight, was old Lawton in the very act of takin' a little bowl of cracked ice from Thorpe!

"Ah—er—thanks!" said he to the butler. And then, having seen that I saw, he turned to me.

"Say, Lord Wilfred," he said, "come on quietly into our room a moment!" And of course I came along quietly, and as soon as we were shut in, why by Jove if there wasn't the old lady with a cocktail shaker full of the real thing! 'Pon my word, yes! Even a bally lemon, she'd taken out of her dressin' case!

"I don't want to be stingy, Lord Wilfred," said she, "but we've only got enough to last us over the week-end. However, we are delighted to share with you."

Can you thrash that—eh, what? And under the circumstances, of course, I scarcely liked to set her right about the title—at least not until we had had the drink—an excellent one, as I had anticipated.

We all felt quite friendly afterward, and they asked me to come and stop with them sometime soon.

"Now keep our little secret, mind!" said Mrs. Lawton in her huge playful manner as we parted. And I promised—by Jove, yes! And then I started for my cigarette case again, which I had quite forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

And a lucky thing I did, too. Because look here, old thing, who do you suppose was in the dining room now, eh? Why Stanley-Brown, my deah chap! And he was exchanging a dollar bill for a couple of small glasses with the butler. Ha! When he saw me he gave a grin—rawther a sickly grin, and turned to the stony-faced Thorpe.

"Say, let me have a third one, will you?" he said. Then to me, "Come on up a minute," said he. "I've a little something for you."

Ha! Well, one could scarcely refuse, could one? So I went along, and Mrs. Brown and Stan, as I quickly came to call him, sat on the bed and I sat on the edge of the dresser while we had what Stan described as a little shot. Shot seemed an apt term for the sort of whisky that it was, I may add.

"It seems sort of mean not to let the rest of the crowd in on this," commented Mrs. B. "But we only brought a quart, and what with Ann's not having anything—you see how it is!"

"Quite—oh, quite!" I agreed heartily.

"Funny thing," said deah old Stan, "but I believe we've drunk more liquor since prohibition than we ever did before! There seems to be a sort of what's-the-use-saving-it-'twill-soon-be-gone-anyhow feeling that sort of gets me. And I know other people with whom it's been the same way."

"However that may be," said I, "I scarcely think this would be a very amusin' party if it were reahally dry."

"True!" said Mrs. Brown. "We shall all be forced to become genuinely entertaining as soon as we run out of booze. What a task!"

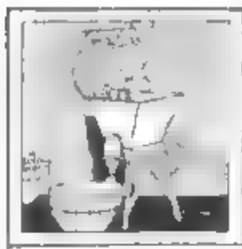
"Quite so!" said I. "But fortunately that day is not as yet! Meanwhile we must dress or we'll be late!" Then I finished off my portion. "Thanks awfully, old deahs! Toodle-oo!"

And I toddled off to my room.

Curious thing about a drink, but with me one sort of leads to the desire for another, if you perceive my meaning. Now 'pon my word, I'd intended to leave the quart of Scotch in my second bureau drawer strictly alone, expectin' to have it as a reserve for medicinal purposes. But that what-is-the-use-of-saving-it notion of Brown's stayed in my mind and, feeling that there was reahally a great deal of truth in what he said, I decided I would have just a nip of it.

Scarcely had I done so, feeling fearfully guilty and stealthy and all that, than there came a gentle tap at my door. My word, I nearly jumped out of my perishin' skin, it startled me so! But I had sense enough to

(Concluded on Page 93)



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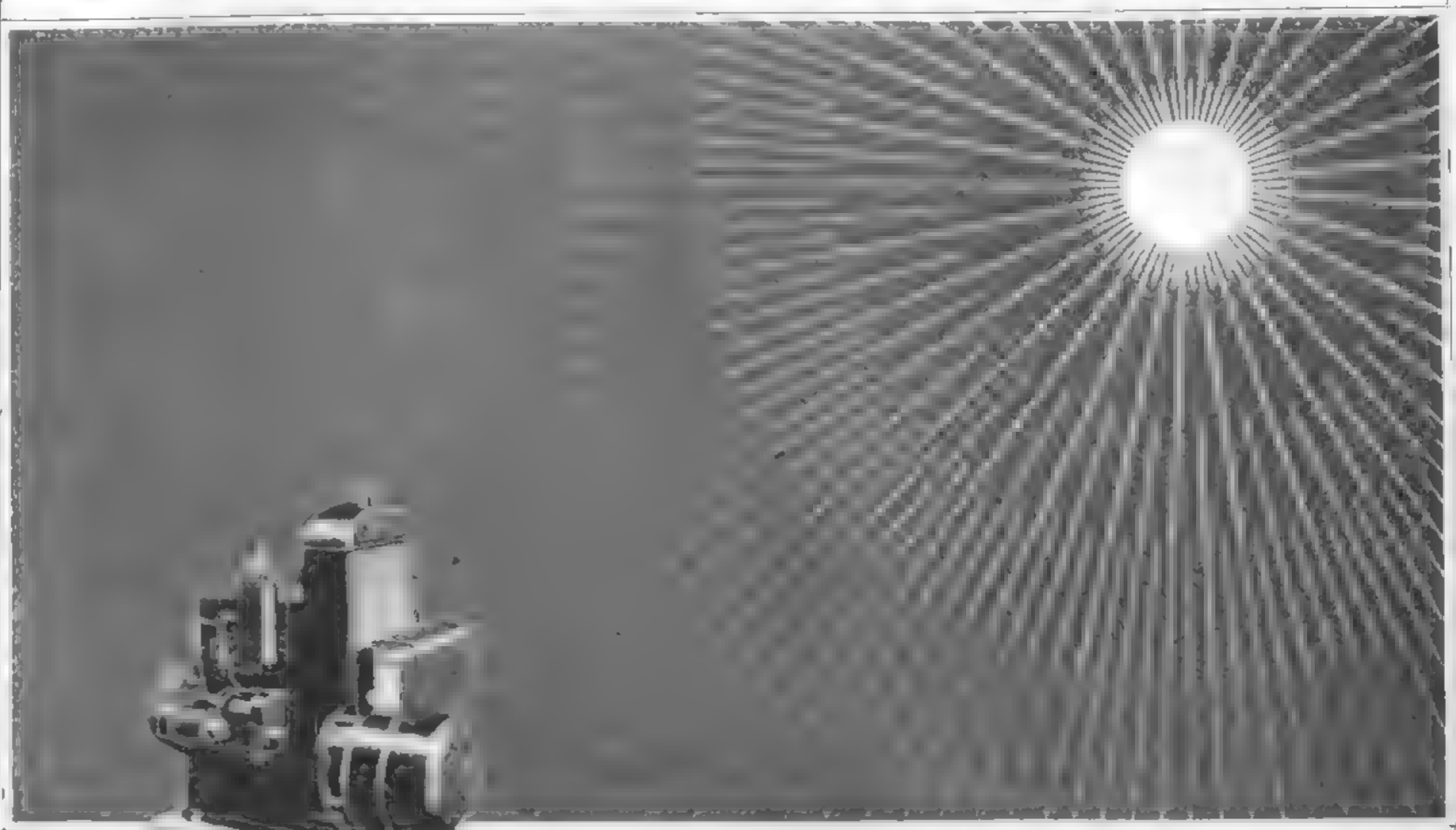

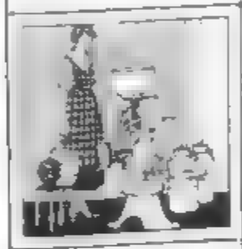

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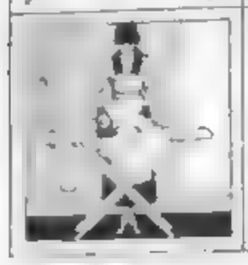

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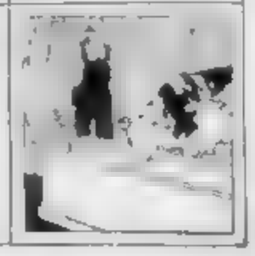

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The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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(Concluded from Page 90)

put my bottle back where it belonged before answerin'. Then I crept to the door and spoke.

"Who's there?" said I.

"It's me—Gertie!" came a fierce whisper. "Don't make such a row. Have you got a corkscrew?"

You may be sure I opened up at that; and there was Gertie with a pint flask in her hand, the cork of which had been jolly well pushed down with a bally hairpin.

"I can't stir the damn thing!" said she in a vexed whisper. "And if you'll get it out for me I'll give you a drink. Great Scott, a woman of forty is entitled to a little drink if she wants it; but you needn't arouse the household on my account!"

Nevahtheless I couldn't refrain from giggling a bit as I helped her, and as she, by Jove, helped me, as she had promised!

My word, we were a happy crew when we forgathered in the hall before dinner! From being quite dull and peevish we were frightfully friendly, and ragging each other, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Personally I felt immensely fit—oh, quite! And, feeling as I did, I realized that I might feel even better if I had just one more nip—just a little one—do you see? And so, seizing an opportune moment, I hopped it by my lone, which was comparatively easy because of my room being on the ground floor. And, by Jove, old thing, just as I was through taking this little bracer, what d'you suppose I heard but that bally owl again!

Now I've mentioned that I'm awfully fond of birds and was frightfully keen on getting this one. And, somehow or another, this evening my fondness and my keenness seemed to have increased to a remarkable degree, and I instantly decided to procure the deah creature at any cost.

Without more ado I seized my net and, shedding my pumps for greater quiet, rushed out into the fast-thickening gloom of the pine grove. For one instant I saw the creature's single eye gleam just ahead of me, and then it vanished. I stood breathless, waiting for some further sign, trembling with excitement and perspiring most frightfully. Then after what began to appear as an interminable wait something dark rustled swiftly through the undergrowth. Instantly I was after it, my net held high, my feet twinkling in stealthy pursuit. All at once it turned the corner of the house and made a dive in the direction of the cellar window, and on the instant I plunged forward and made my capture.

There was a howl of surprise, followed by a crash of glass, and at once I realized that my captive was not the bally owl at all, but the bally butler, who was struggling wildly in the strong meshes of my net the while he cursed in the—er—reahally most accomplished fashion. From the broken glass about our feet as we struggled with the net arose the pungent unmistakable odor of gin, and I give you my word, my deah fellow, the ground was absolutely soaked with it—absolutely! Rotten shame, eh, what? I thought so, even at the time. Meanwhile a second chap, whom I recognized by his voice to be the steward of the club, kept howling that the cellar window was shut upon his bloomin' stomach.

And then, by Jove, if the whole crew of the house party, together with Ann and deah old Joe, didn't come tumbling round the corner, attracted by the bally row, just at the moment when I had managed to get the net off the head of the owl—or rawther, I should say, of Thorpe.

With a hoot he twisted out of my hands and fled, and before you knew it he was gone—he and the steward after him, leaving us to collect ourselves as best we might, which wasn't so awfully well at that.

Ann simply stood there, poor silly, wringing her hands and calling the fellows names. "Our gin!" she cried over and over again. "Our gin! They are stealing our gin! Oh, the wretches!"

"I thought you said you hadn't any," remarked Mrs. Lawton coldly, turning from Ann to Joe. But he quite ignored her.

"By gosh, it's no wonder that steward could sell me Gordon, when he was getting it out of my own cellar. I wonder how near the margin those two devils dared come!" he growled.

And it was quite near to the—er—margin—oh, quite! We went down directly and looked. It was the first time Joe had been in his own wine cellar in two years, and it was picked clean. It was perfectly evident what had happened—the butler chap had sold it to the steward chap and the steward chap had sold it back again to deah old Joe, d'y' see? And that gin I caught was the last of the lot.

My word, but we were annoyed! We all came up out of that cellar in a most unfriendly silence, with some talk of the police. Yet Joe could hardly summon them, could he, now? But, as it turned out, he wasn't obliged to. Ha!

You see, we waited about a bit then, while poor deah Ann went in to see if dinner was ready—and then, by Jove, dashed if she didn't come back to say there was none and that Isabella, the cook, had disappeared completely. Only fawncy!

Oh, no, indeed, that was by no means all. Because just as we were deciding that perhaps we'd better motor ovah to the club and try to get a bite there a motor cycle stopped at the door and a bally officer got off it—a cop, as you Americans say.

"Sorry, Mr. Parrington," said he, "but I'll have to see your butler; I'm afraid he's mixed up with a gang of bootleggers, sir!"

"Well, you can have him if you can find him!" said Joe cheerfully. "It's more than I can do!"

And d'y' know he was right. They nevah did find him—he didn't show up at all. No, I am quite aware of the fact that they couldn't find either him or the wife for weeks.

What's that? Oh, poor deah Ann doesn't miss them at all since her amazing performance. Of course everyone about here has dropped her on account of it. The Lawtons and the Stanley-Browns went home that same night, taking Gertie with them, and I cleared out in the morning myself. Of course without any servants one couldn't very well stop on, could one? And I didn't go near Ann for almost a month. Rawther as if there had been a death in the family, don't you know? And when I did go there I saw the horrible truth of which I had only heard vague rumors before.

I rang the bell and Ann herself came to the door. And, can you believe it, she had on a sort of gingham Mother Hubbard thing and a big apron. Very clean and becoming, but a servant's costume—reahally! However, Ann didn't seem a bit embarrassed. "Why hello, Wilfred!" she said. "Come on in! It's nice to see you."

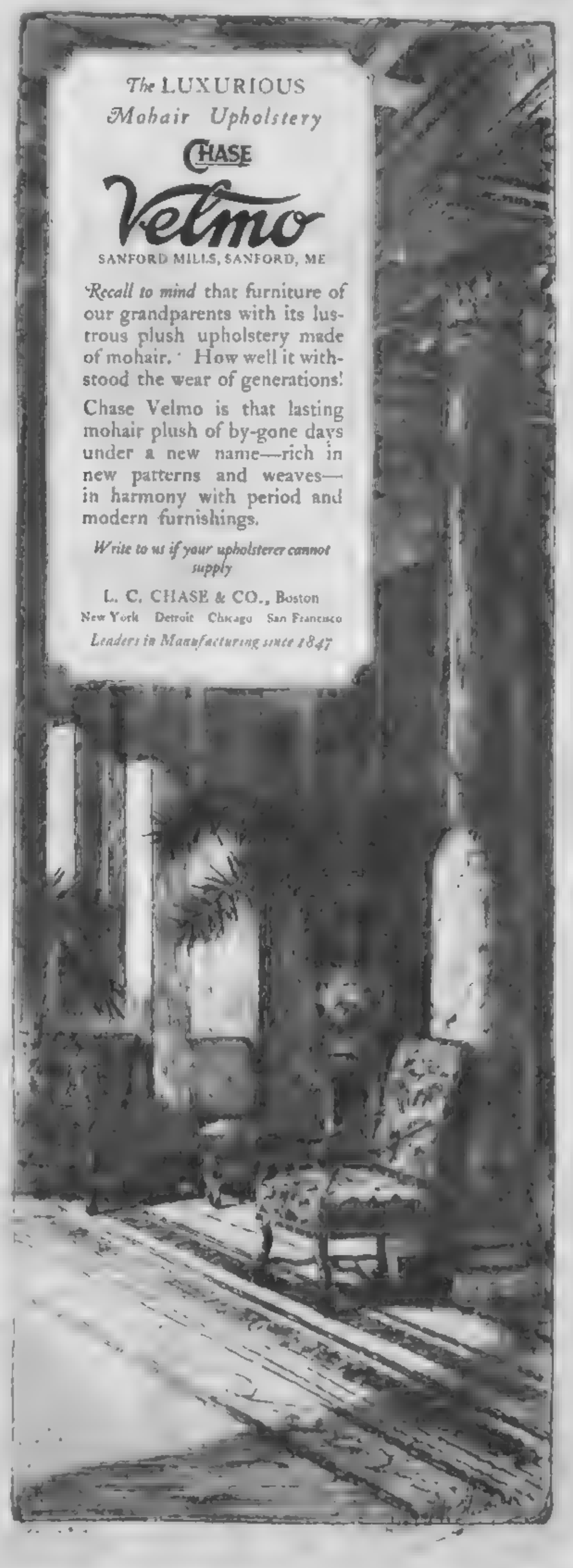
"Ann!" said I, shocked inexpressibly. "Poor deah Ann! What does this mean?"

"It means I've come to my senses!" said she, smiling. "Oh, Wilfred, I'm happier than I've been in years, and so is Joe! Do you know I haven't even tried to get any other servants, and I never will again! We are free, Joe and I—free for the first time in our lives. We can talk about anything we want to in any part of the house at any time; we go about in negligée if we wish; we're late for dinner whenever we want to be. And oh, Wilfred, we've had such bully things to eat—and so cheaply! Corned beef and cabbage last night, pancakes for breakfast to-day, and I was just getting some sauerkraut and weenies ready when you rang. Joe is bringing Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wells out to dinner, and Mr. Baker too. Mrs. Tom has a recipe for cake I'm going to learn. Oh, it's heavenly, Wilfred. Much, much cheaper—and so much more real. What's more, it's very little trouble for me to do the work, because we have every modern appliance in the world. Honestly, Wilfred, I don't see what those lazy servants found to do all day long. And, Wilfred, the best part of it all is that I don't have to entertain a thousand and one people whom we care nothing about. Why, I can't, don't you see! No servants—no servants! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

I didn't stop long—no, by Jove, I didn't! It was too disturbin'. Reahally, one doesn't do that sort of thing, does one? I'll remark one doesn't, as you Americans say. And, besides, I didn't reahally fawncy Ann in that shocking calico affair.

And that's all I care to say about the Parrington affair, reahally. No, I don't care to speak of Thorpe and Isabella further, either. Oh, well, yes, then, they are with me! They went straight ovah here that very night. I'd just taken this place, d'you see, and one must have servants of some sort. I trust you won't mention the fact, however, as I wouldn't care to have it get about—particularly about the police station. Besides, we are not going to be heah long in any event, and when I go I want to take them home with me.

What's that? England? Oh, no! Thanks awfully, but I'm not a bally Englishman—no indeed. My home is just outside of Boston—but thanks awfully just the same.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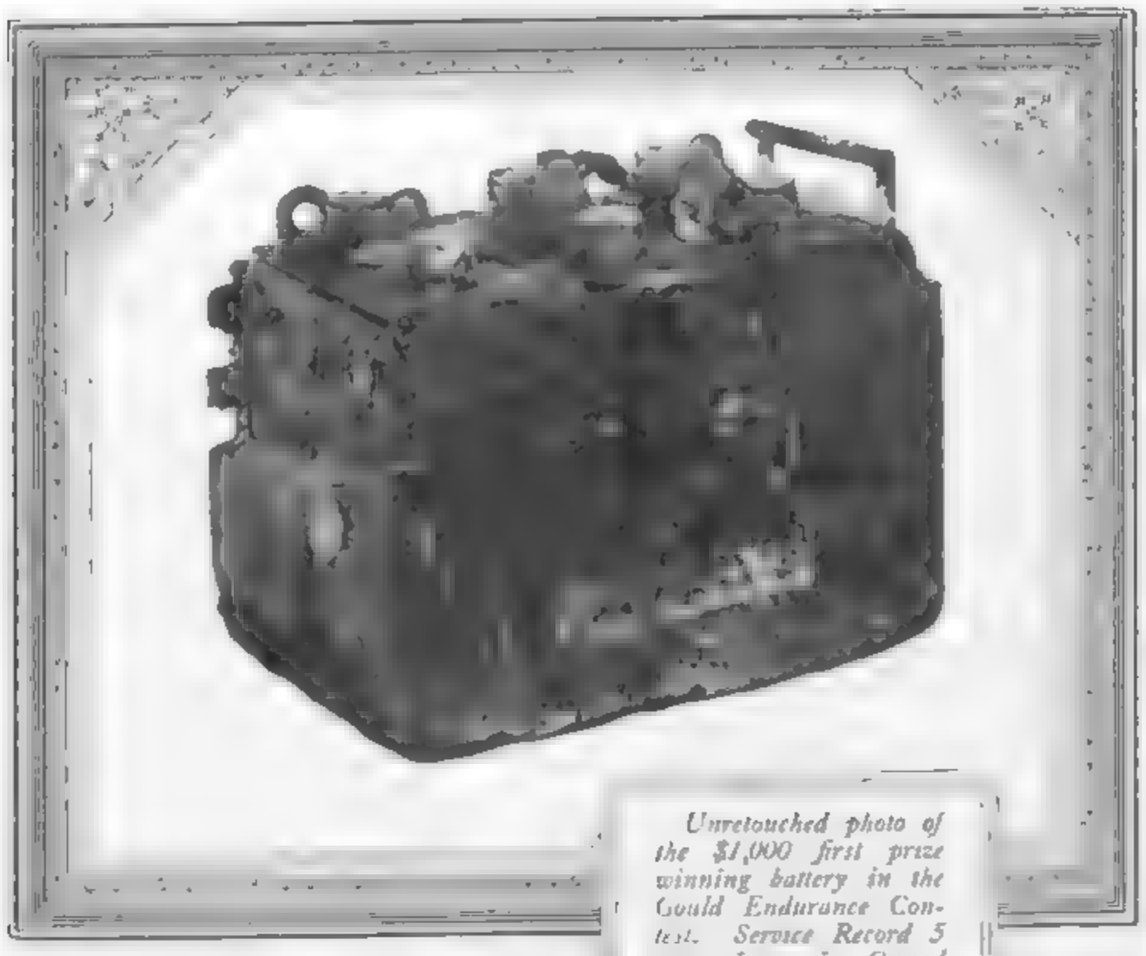

Unretouched photo of the $1,000 first prize winning battery in the Gould Endurance Contest. Service Record 5 years 1 month. Owned by Mrs. J. M. Tole, Dallas, Texas

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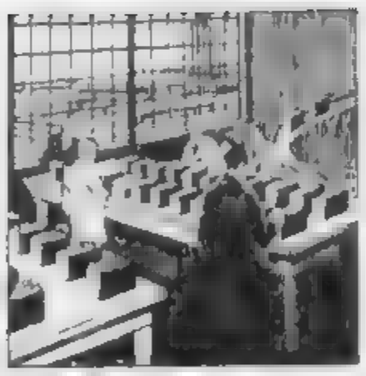

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GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

Longest Life by Owners' Records

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 19)

A vague rule had permitted the killing of game to answer the necessities of campers and acted as an unrestricted license to slaughter everything that moved. Recently it had been superseded by a law prohibiting all hunting within the limits of the reservation, but that law was not enforced. Men engaged in killing for the market stood on their rights as free men. Was not the game the property of all, and from which each one could draw as he chose? Meat hunters sold their game at good prices to the permanent camps along tourist routes; trappers worked the country for fur, and gold seekers prospected the park at will. The beaver had disappeared from Falls River and their fresh cuttings were few on the Lewis, the Bechler and the Snake. The slaughter went on unchecked.

The new commandant clamped down on various offenders and forbade them the freedom of the park. The cry was raised that the rights of free-born men were being arbitrarily curtailed, and, as always, this gained a following. Hostility toward the new régime smoldered throughout the hills, but the commandant calmly pursued his way. Buildings for quartering a few troopers were erected at several strategic points within the reservation and the men stationed therein set about their long patrols to detect and crush out the abuses that had reigned supreme for so long a time. The troopers were unfamiliar with the ways of the hills. It was a wild, rough country they had to guard, and the poachers were a hard lot with a thorough knowledge of the country. A corps of civilian scouts was organized to supplement the work of the troopers, men recruited from among those who had roamed the country for long years before the soldiers came. It was then that the driver of the lead coach crawled down from his seat at the end of a trip and presented himself before the new commandant.

"What's the lookout for a job as scout?" he asked. "I'd like to get put on. I've been driving the loop for two years and traveled this country on and off before there was a road."

The officer knew something of the history of the man before him. It was said that he had left his tracks from Clarke's Fork to the Gallatin, from the Teton Basin to Bridger Lake; that he knew every square mile in between and well beyond. If only he lined up on the right side this knowledge would be invaluable. But almost without exception the men who had been long in the country were hostile to the least suggestion of restriction. The officer touched upon this fact.

"How does it happen that you take the opposite end," he asked, "when the others sincerely feel that this park belongs to them?"

"Because I feel that it belongs to me," Woodson surprisingly announced.

"I see," the officer observed. "Your rights against theirs. Is that it?"

Woodson leaned forward and tapped the desk.

"Listen! This park is mine. It's also a fact that it belongs to them. They claim the right of free men to turn everything in here to profit for themselves. I want to see it all left here for me. Whenever a few men take anything out of here they're taking a part of something that belongs to me—and to every other man who calls himself an American. That's how it is."

The officer grasped something of what the park meant to Woodson. He viewed it as some great estate set aside for him—the way every American should view it. He was willing, even anxious, to share it, but unalterably opposed to the removal of one stick or stone. He felt the actuality of possession, of part ownership in every hill and valley. As he had followed lonely trails he had reasoned it out so many times that he felt it a tangible reality. The officer had found the man for whom he sought. The blue-eyed driver of the lead coach was thereafter missing from the box and a new chief of park scouts was prowling the hills in search of those who would profit at the public's expense.

Woodson went straight from headquarters to the meadow, twenty miles away, where he had left his horses. He located them, but before entering upon his new duties he scaled the summit of a lofty peak for a sweeping survey of his domain. From the bald crest of Mt. Washburne the whole reservation unrolled before him. Those features, renamed since first he saw them, he could now pick out and give the more or less applicable titles which had in late years been bestowed on them.

He had seen the New West while both the country and himself were young. Now, though still a young man himself, men spoke of that day in the past tense. Already it was known to the world as the Old West of yesterday. His journey to the plains had weighed him down. Future generations could never see the old days as he had seen them. But now his depression lifted. Here, spread for miles all round him, was the one best spot of all the great outdoors, remaining the same as Nature had fashioned it. And it had been decreed that so it should always stand. This was to remain intact, one spot where men who had never known the old days themselves might come to look upon things as they had been. And to him this meant—even more than the preservation of freak phenomena set down in this far spot with lavish hand—the retention of naturalness as it had always been; the green of forested slopes unscarred by the lumberman's ax, crystal streams unpolluted by the cities' drainage, lakes never to be exploited as resorts for individual gain; the sounds of the hills only those sounds of Nature's own in her varying moods of calm and storm; areas of silence and of sound, the hush of prairies unruffled by the wind, the boom and throb of waterfalls pouring from the lip of overhanging ledges to pound the floor of the gorge below—all this without the roar of miners' blasts that jarred the foundations of the hills; animal life as it had been in the long ago. Truly the originators of the reservation had chosen well.

Here the bighorn of the peaks gazed down upon the specks that were antelope of the prairies grazing the broad bottoms of the Lamar. Future generations, who would reconstruct the old times by looking upon the shaggy beasts that had roamed in millions and furnished food for the westward march of the pioneers across the plains, could come to this spot and view the largest herds of wild buffalo left alive, ranging in the Hayden Valley and on the Madison and Pitchstone Plateaus. Those who would gaze still farther into the past, returning to the great day of the fur trade, might still come and hear the whack of the beaver's tail upon the water and view his fresh cuttings in the aspen groves, might find mink and otter following the streams as the roving bands of half-wild trappers had found them a century before. Here bobcat snarled at the badger in the foothills. The howl of yellow prairie wolves lifted to the ears of red, cross and silver foxes that traveled the bald ridges above timber line. Bears, black, brown and grizzly, padded the pockets of the hills where lynx and marten made their tracks on the timbered slopes. The wolverine, cache and trap-line robber of the north, found easy meat in the victims left behind by the cougar, the tawny killer of the hills. Mule deer met the whitetail on the winter feed ground and there were giant moose in the beaver swamps of the Bechler and the Upper Yellowstone. The clawed and furred of north and south, the horned and hoofed of mountain and plain, met here and mingled; and from end to end of the reservation the whole hills swarmed with a lordly tribe, a summer paradise for two hundred thousand elk.

Woodson had always known that some day he would set out to find his niche in life, and often he had wondered what mark he would leave upon the passing time. The mark of his prospector's pick upon a thousand hills, the ashes of his camp fires in the valleys, and the ax blazes of his trap lines in the timber—all these were as perishable in the face of time as the tracks of his webs in the melting drifts.

The open breeds men of strength and humility; the strength of self-reliance drawn from the proved ability to meet new and untried conditions with resourcefulness; humility from the realization of man's pitiful insignificance in the whole of Nature's scheme of things. Woodson knew himself a pygmy, of little more importance than an ant; knew that whatever mark he might leave, no matter how deep-grooved in his day, it would swiftly fade and eventually be erased by that leveling

(Continued on Page 97)

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1—Apply two or more hot towels to open

(Continued from Page 94)

process of the ages which defies the most egotistical endeavors of man to rear some edifice through which his individuality shall linger long after his mortal hulk has passed. Therefore the making of his own personal mark must for the present be relegated to second place while he helped perpetuate this heritage of future generations in all its naturalness. Whatever tithe he had to give then must consist of that.

He dropped to the meadow and caught a bay mare, the third descended in a straight line from Tom North's old favorite, the last gift of his friend, and with a led horse packed with bedroll and supplies he entered upon his round of duty. For a month after his appointment the commandant heard no word of the whereabouts of his new chief scout.

Woodson's course lay up the East Fork of the Yellowstone, recently renamed Lamar, round its sweeping curve under the shadow of the Absaroka Peaks, across the divide to the head of the Pelican and down that stream to the Yellowstone. It seemed that Nature—not quite content with thus gathering together in one spot the most magnificent peaks and cañons, the most beautiful lakes and rivers in the world and adding an unrivaled assortment of freaks and oddities—had been intent upon bringing in a touch of the wide plains by way of contrast. Woodson sat his horse on the shoulder of a hill and gazed off across the rolling sweep of Hayden Valley. Except for the timbered hills in the distance he could imagine himself once more on the limitless prairies of the Arkansas and the Platte. And as he looked there came toward him a herd of buffalo to lend a touch of reality to the illusion.

Some were scattered and grazed as they came. Others stood in closely packed bunches or bedded down in groups. His mind flashed back to a day not many years past when he had sat with old Tom North and viewed a similar scene on a grander scale while the vast horde streamed past for hours without a break. As he rode down through the bottoms he found scores of bull wallows such as had pit-marked the plains of Dodge. He held to no road or trail, but moved west across the reservations, seeking the broad open stretches. Three days he spent on the Madison Plateau, worked south to the Pitchstone and visited the Falls River Meadows and the Bechler. Then, after perhaps a month, he appeared before the commandant.

"I've made a count of the buffalo," he said. "I know where every little bunch is holding out. There's some thirty-eight hundred head in the park. The number won't vary fifty either way. It's likely these are the only buffalo left running wild in the world."

The officer nodded, and together they planned the future of this last remnant of a vanishing race.

"We've thousands of the other varieties of game," the commandant said. "The others will take care of themselves. We'll have to build this buffalo herd up to twenty thousand head. I'm going to make that your special charge."

Woodson knew this would be no easy task; for even now, only five years after the last big hide-hunting campaign, men spoke of the buffalo in the past tense as a relic of other days; and, as relics have value, the hides of the once despised beasts, instead of going at a dollar apiece, had risen in price till a hundred dollars or more was the quotation on every robe. Poachers would take any chance for such a fancy price.

The new chief of scouts avoided even the game trails as he headed for the Madison Plateau and made his secret camp in a bunch of jack pines. The first snowfall of the season caught him there. For a week he scouted the country for fresh horse tracks, his ears alert for the sound of a distant rifle shot, any sign that would indicate that men worked on the Madison herd. When the soft snow had melted from the open stretches he moved his camp south to the Bechler.

The second day of his scouting he crossed the trail of a dozen horses. This sign was some ten days old, made before the snow. The storm had blotted it in spots and in the bottoms it had been tramped out by elk. It led across Falls River Basin toward the west line of the park, and the scout knew that poachers had made their kill and departed with the spoils. He took the back track of the horses, frequently losing it and patiently circling to pick it up. Twice the trail of a single shod horse, made since the snow, crossed the faint sign he followed.

Just at dusk his perseverance was rewarded by the find of a carcass, that of an old buffalo bull, and beyond it, strung out through the bottoms for three hundred yards, lay twenty more. The hunters had downed five old cows, two bulls and fourteen head of young stuff—yearlings and two-year-olds—stripped off the hides and made good their escape. The dim footprints round the scene of the skinning indicated that only two men had been concerned in it.

The scout moved on, and again the tracks of a single horse cut the poachers' trail. Lee Page, a park scout, had been instructed to pitch his camp two miles above the mouth of Proposition and guard the Bechler and Falls River country. Woodson headed his horse up Falls River and crossed over to Proposition, stayed on that stream for the night, and the following day moved down its course to come upon Page's camp from the south.

The trail of that single horse which showed so frequently was in the background of Woodson's thoughts as he rode up. Page had been long without human society and was glad to have the company of his chief.

"Which way did you come in?" he asked after urging that Woodson stay overnight.

"There's a soldier camp over on the Lewis," Woodson said. "Sergeant and six men. I've been there for ten days, helping them get the country located so they could patrol it alone. Just dropped over to see how things were with you. Any report you want to send when I go in?"

Page shook his head.

"Not a syllable," he said. "Everything dead quiet."

"Have you watched the bottoms close?"

"Raked 'em from end to end," said Page. His eyes met Woodson's without a flicker. "Covered every square mile between here and both lines."

"Then I won't bother to ride that country myself," Woodson decided. "If you're sure you covered it thorough."

"Dead sure," stated Page. "But I'll ride it with you if you say the word. I'd like right well to have you stay over a few days for company. What say?"

"About all I can do is to make every scout camp and take in the reports," Woodson informed him. "I have to make the whole rounds and it will likely be a month before I see Mammoth again. I'll have to ramble on to-morrow."

He stayed overnight with Page and in the morning packed for his departure.

"Where to from here?" Page asked.

"East to the Snake," said Woodson. "Then up the Yellowstone to the Thorofare; back and out round above the lake, up the Pelican and down Lamar. I'll be back this way again in a month."

He swung to the saddle and headed the brown mare upstream.

Two days later, in the gray of early morning, irregular spurts of shooting drifted from the Falls River Meadows. Three miles below Page's camp two men set about skinning out seventeen head of buffalo that were scattered through the bottom. Their work was unhurried but they kept their guns always close at hand. They peeled the hides from two that had dropped well out in the open, then chose for the third an old bull that lay within a few yards of one of the numerous tongues of willows that intersected the swampy bottoms.

Both men straightened swiftly as a voice spoke from behind them.

"Hello," it greeted.

They turned and looked into the muzzle of a rifle protruding from the willow point.

"Luft 'em," Woodson said. "The game's up, boys. Move away from your guns."

They moved, and the scout possessed himself of the rifles that leaned against a bush.

"Where's your outfit?" he demanded.

"Half a mile down country in that patch of timber," one man volunteered. "Two saddle horses and six packs."

"You can ride the two and we'll throw the pack stuff loose," Woodson said. "They'll drift out of the park and head for home. We'll go past that way as soon as I get my own pair."

An hour later they rode up to Page's camp.

"You made a real rapid trip," Page greeted, "if you covered all that country you was mentioning. How come?"

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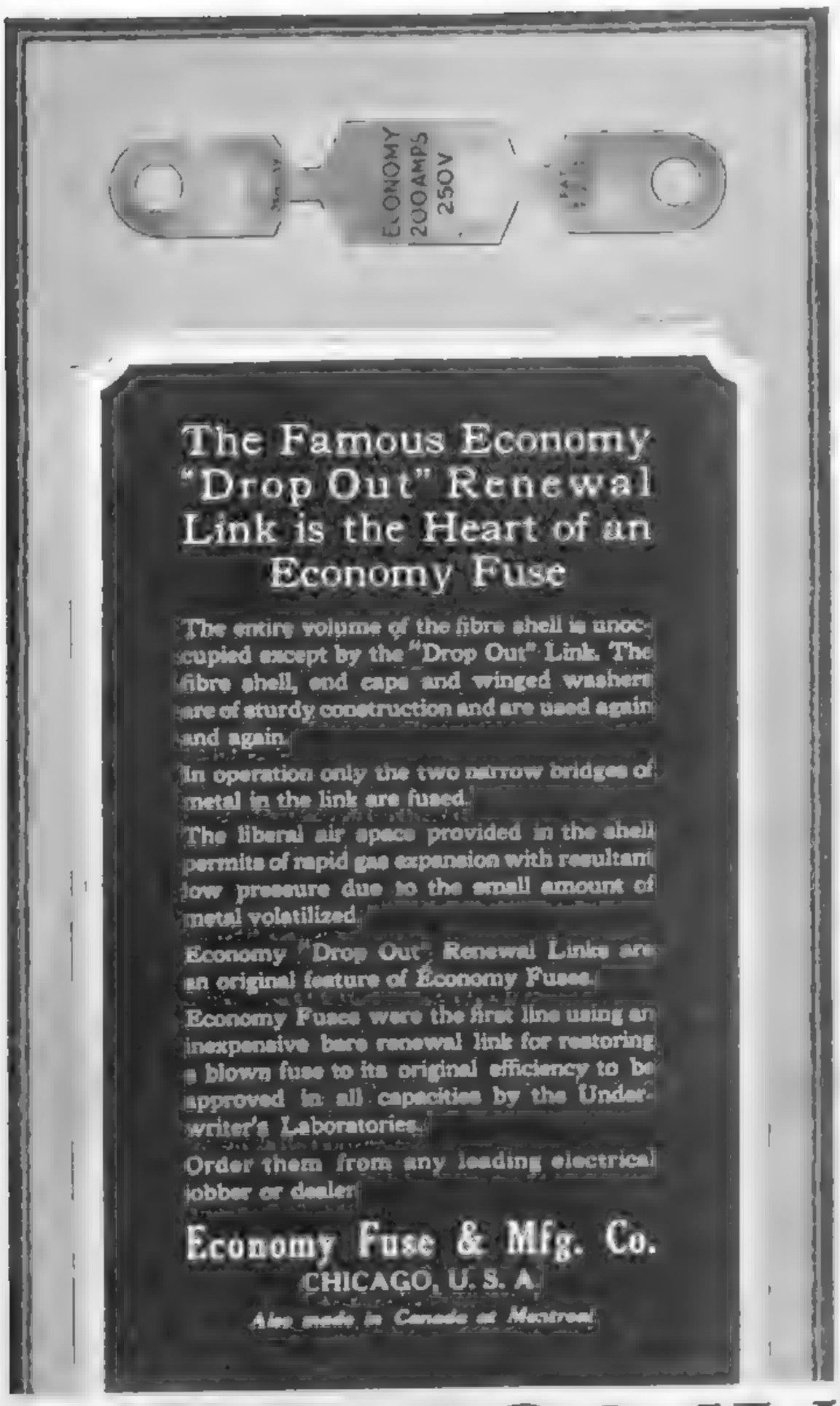
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"I turned back from the Lewis to bring you a message from the soldier camp. You're to report in at Mammoth. They're going to transfer you to Lamar."

"How'd you happen to come in from the west—if you're coming back from the Lewis?" Page inquired.

"I dropped down Mountain Ash Creek by mistake. I don't know this southwest corner very well," the chief scout confessed. "So I swung back up from the mouth. You'd better start packing and come along in with us. These boys are going that way themselves."

Then, apparently for the first time, Page let his eyes rest on the two extra rifles thrust under the lash ropes of the pack, on the empty saddle scabbards slung beneath the knees of the two other men.

"What's up?" he asked.

"They downed seventeen head a couple of miles below," Woodson said. "You can help me take them in."

"I'll help you, fast enough," Page agreed. "And help hang 'em when we reach the other end." His face darkened with a frown as he regarded the two culprits caught red-handed in his territory. "Funny, though," he commented, "that I didn't hear the shooting—not one single shot."

"Yes," Woodson agreed. "Likely the wind was wrong."

Woodson dismounted and kept an eye on the two men while Page struck camp and lashed his outfit on a pack horse. The four men filed back the way they had come, the two poachers riding first, Page following, while Woodson brought up the rear. When something over a hundred yards from the deserted camp Woodson pulled up his horse.

"I left my knife," he said. "It's sticking in that log that laid alongside your tepee—the one I was sitting on. If you'd get it for me I'd be right obliged. I'd go myself only the responsibility is mostly mine and I don't want this pair out from under my eye." He reached for the reins as Page turned his horses.

"I'll hold them," he offered. "You can just step back on foot."

Page did not question this queer order of his chief, but dropped from the saddle and disappeared over the little rise toward the missing knife.

"You two ride on ahead into that open park," Woodson instructed the prisoners, "and stop right in its middle. I'll be keeping square at you all the time. I'll just wait here."

Apparently he changed his mind, for after a moment he followed them and stopped in the park, where Page found him when he returned with the knife. The timber played out and they rode down the open, grassy bottom and angled northwest across Falls River Basin to the Bechler. They crossed that stream and held on through its expansive meadows till they came to the first roll of the hills that mounted toward the Madison Plateau and commenced the climb. The poachers seemed but little concerned over their capture. Woodson seldom spoke, but Page, at intervals, addressed the two and predicted a speedy hanging, once their destination had been reached. They crossed out over the broad flat top of the Continental Divide and pitched their night camp at Summit Lake. From this point a well-beaten trail led across and intersected the wagon road on the Firehole.

Woodson stood first guard, sitting with his back against a tree and occasionally replenishing the fire while the others slept. He did not rouse Page when it was time for him to go on guard. Twice Page raised his head and encountered the casual stare of his chief, but on both occasions Woodson assured him that the time had not come for him to stand his turn. Eventually Page rose and stretched.

"You're giving me the best of it," he insisted. "Turn in and gather a few winks. I'll take balance of the night."

"We'll have easy trails to-morrow and make a long pack," Woodson prophesied as he settled down to his blankets. "You'll have to wake me if you need a hand. I most generally sleep sound."

An hour passed. The fire flickered low and only the dying coals shed a dim glow over the sleeping figures. Page sagged against the trunk of a spruce, his head sunk on his chest, apparently asleep. One of the poachers rose on his elbow and inspected Woodson, then sat up and touched his companion, who was instantly alert. He rose to his knees without a sound. Both men whirled as Woodson spoke.

"Hello," he said. "What's going on?" His rifle lay in plain view of them, within easy reach of his hand, but he did not reach out for it. He sat with his knees drawn up before him, and in the dip formed between knees and body the nose of a pistol menaced the two men. "Restless, boys? Page isn't much of a hand to keep up a fire."

"Not much," Page confessed. He had roused suddenly from his feigned slumber and his rifle was trained steadily on Woodson's chest. "Sit tight," he admonished, his eye on Woodson's rifle. "It's all up any time you reach for that gun. I guess you knew, likely, that I was cutting in with the boys. It struck me that way when you turned up so sudden, bringing them in from the west when you'd headed due east two days back."

"I doubled and camped right over the ridge from you," Woodson admitted. "I was wondering about you—a little."

"Well, now you know for sure," Page returned. "I was counting on the boys to make a run for it while I was supposed to be asleep. Then I could have kept on working from the inside. But it don't matter any to speak of. One of you get Mart's gun," he instructed the prisoners. "Get your stuff together and we'll be off."

The shadow of Woodson's knees shrouded the pistol in his lap. Page couldn't see it.

"He's got a gun in his lap, Lee," one of the two men warned.

Page's eyes hardened with purpose.

"Lift 'em; quick!" he ordered.

Woodson shook his head.

"I'll have to put you under arrest and take you in," he stated mildly. He slowly raised the gun into Page's field of view. Page's hand tightened on the grip of his rifle, and the hammer clicked hollowly on an empty chamber.

"No use, Lee," Woodson said. "I emptied her while you went back after my knife, and I've noticed particular all day to see that you didn't observe the fact and reload."

Page laughed shortly and leaned his useless rifle against a tree.

"All right. But what's the use of taking us in?" he demanded. "They can't do a thing to us, and they know it. We're within our rights. The game is free for any that'll take it, and there's no law that can deprive a free man of his belongings."

"But you're taking something that belongs to me," Woodson argued. "A share of everything in this reservation is mine."

"Then declare yourself," Page offered. "Name your share and we'll settle and be on our way."

"But I'm representing a good many million folks," the scout pointed out. "Every one of 'em has an interest in those buffalo hides. Did you ever figure it that way?"

"Never did," Page confessed. "Nor yet! You'll find out, and that right soon, that you're on the wrong end of the game if you keep at this sort of thing."

"Maybe so," said Woodson. "You get back into your blankets and I'll sit up. It's near morning now, so I'll try and stay awake."

Lee Page and the two Watsons were found guilty of illegally killing buffalo in the Yellowstone. The commandant formally ordered that they be conducted to the line and forbidden the privileges of the park.

The chief scout was puzzled, filled with a sense of justice gone astray.

"What's to hinder them from coming back inside?" he demanded.

The officer frowned and shook his head.

"Not one thing!" he stated. "Not one thing in the world. There's no penalty cited in the law forbidding the killing of buffalo in the park; only the provision that violators shall be sent outside the limits of the reservation."

Woodson faced his chief.

"That's a poor law," he stated bluntly. "Mighty poor."

"Rotten," the officer agreed. "We've got to get that changed; get a real law passed. In the meantime we'll do the best we can. At least you can worry them and cut their operations down till after we get a penalty provided for such as the three you just brought in. Then we can do some constructive work. It's so clear that they can't help but see the necessity for an effective law, and pass it. It won't be long."

VIII

RAILROADS had tapped the near-by country and made the reservation of the Yellowstone more accessible. Thousands of sightseers toured the road loop

(Continued on Page 101)

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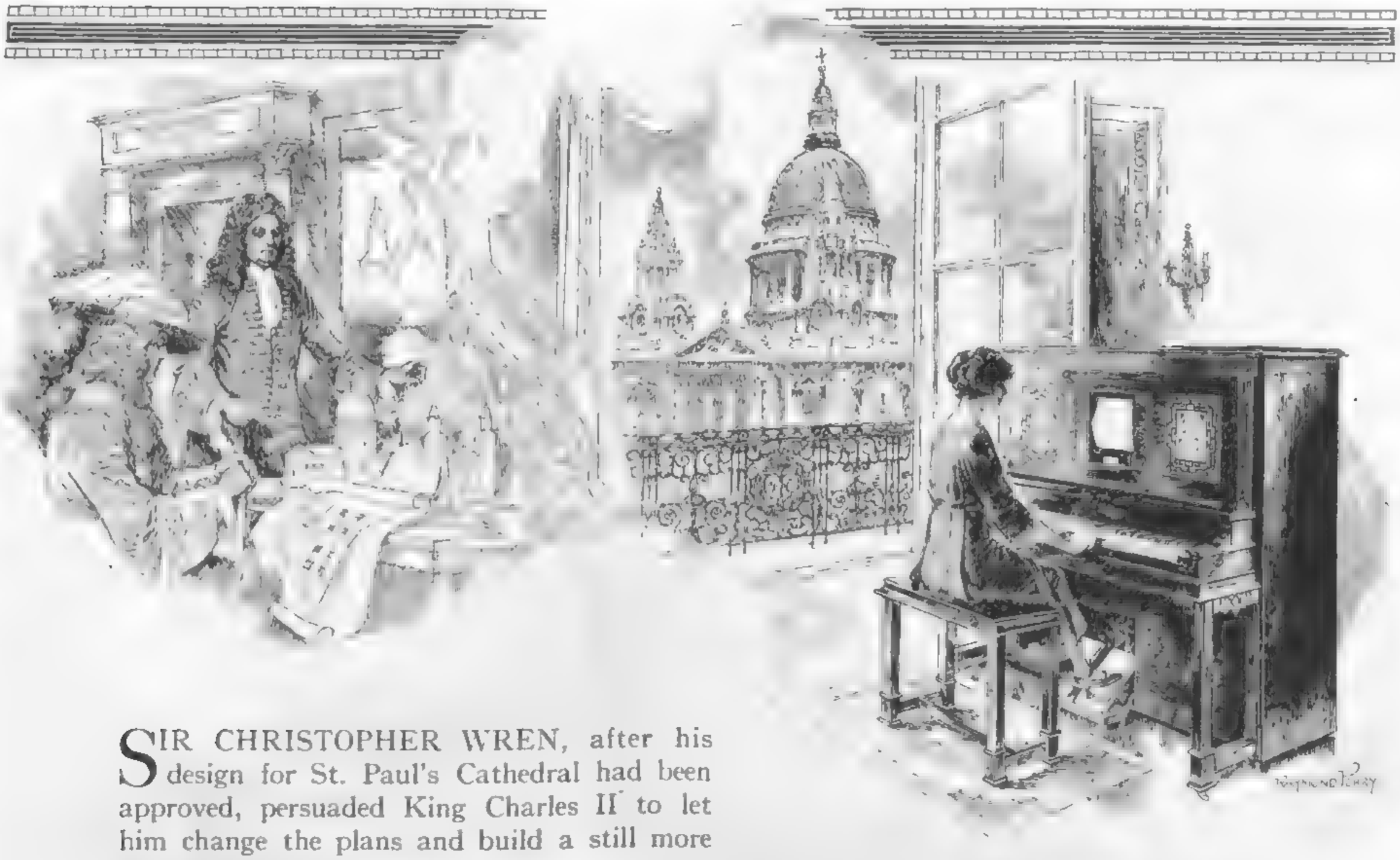

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(Continued from Page 98)

annually to look upon the spouting geysers, simmering paint pots and vats of stewing mud.

Between these main points of interest the passengers drank in the naturalness of their surroundings. Except for the road, the one slender tentacle of civilization stretching through the wilderness, there were no works of man. Here all was Nature's own, standing as she had fashioned it. The sightseers scanned the meadows and open sidehills along their route for a sign of game, for the game of other parts was going fast, and here the last big herds were making their final stand.

There was never a coach that made the loop that didn't contain at least one passenger who persistently inquired about the range of the buffalo, eager for a sight of the last few of the animals that had played such historic part in the early day of the plains Some drivers pointed toward the far heights of the Madison Plateau and informed their charges that buffalo ranged in thousands on those broad table-lands. Others swept a comprehensive arm up the reaches of the Hayden Valley and surmised that the great droves that quartered there had just moved out of sight behind some intervening wave of ground. A few chose the Pelican or the Lamar as the designated stamping grounds of vast bands, always, unfortunately, drifted beyond view just prior to the passing of the coaches. And so, though many regretted not actually sighting them, the majority were more or less content to carry to their friends the tidings that the Yellowstone bands were on the increase and faring well.

But Mart Woodson knew that the herds did not increase. Superintendents had come and gone, but Woodson, park scout, remained. The first commandant had gripped his hand in parting.

"Stay with it, Mart," he had urged. "You have a big job here; bigger than you know."

The departing officer had dwelt upon the importance of the work in hand. The perpetuation of the wild buffalo herd rested with one man. What more could a man ask than to have his name go down to posterity as the preserver of a vanishing race, he had pointed out; and Woodson had promised to stay till the herd should be built up to ten thousand head and the necessary protective laws were passed.

As the park scout rode slowly along the Turkeypen trail he reflected that the coming of the law was slow indeed. For more than a decade the flimsy ruling had stood unchanged. His first high hope of associating his name with the preservation of his special charges had waned from constant discouragements. He could not do it without help, and the apparent lethargy of the people weighed upon his mind. His was a thankless task.

"This park belongs to them but they don't concern themselves over what's happening to it, Teton," he told the horse he rode.

Teton, the young gelding, was descended straight from old Tom North's favorite mare. He was the last of his line, as truly a mountain horse as his owner was a mountain man. Teton tilted one ear sidewise and back toward the sound of the voice of his master. He had heard this same complaint rather frequently of late.

Woodson had endeavored to fathom the reason for this general indifference toward the looting of the park and had at last attributed it to the misinformation, to the popular fallacy that all was protected as long as two troops of cavalry patrolled the trails of the Yellowstone. But Woodson felt that the soldiers were of small avail. New troops were frequently brought in to replace those who had spent one or more rigorous winters in the high country. Details were continually transferred from one post to the next, shifted again before they were able to do more than learn the beaten trails over part of their territory. What patrols they made were along well-defined lines of travel. The poachers were men well versed in the ways of the hills, and avoided these highways.

Woodson himself scoured every isolated corner of his domain. He penetrated the wild heights of the Absarokas in the dead of winter, the swamps of the Bechler and the head of the Yellowstone when the whole country was a quivering morass from the melting drifts of spring. He had come to play a lone hand and had grown secretive in his habits, making frequent doubles and detours to drop in unexpectedly upon some outlying soldier station or camp of park scouts: for there had been other defections similar to that of Page. He had found that he could rely for able assistance only upon the handful of civilian scouts, for the soldiers were never left in one spot for a sufficient period thoroughly to learn the country. The records proved that conclusively, he reflected, as he checked them off in his mind.

"This is the wrong system we've got here, Teton," Woodson said; "in spite of opinions to the contrary. Almost every superintendent forgets the importance of preserving naturalness, but instead settles right down in earnest to build more military establishments. In the end they'll have one big fort covering all these hills if this goes on. The commandants aren't at fault themselves. Their hearts are in their calling. That's the reason why they're successful soldiers; because military matters come first with them. The same if a cowman run the reservation. It would look best to him with a bunch of cows feeding in every bottom. A lumberman, if he was in control, would dwell upon the advisability of logging crews and sawmills. Each man to his own ideas. The sincere conviction that what looks best to him—his own pet occupation is best for all; that's what puts him at the head of his line. This park would probably look best to a soldier if it was covered with parade grounds and barracks from end to end; but the question in my mind is whether it wouldn't be better suited to the tastes of the millions it was set aside for if it was covered with the things Nature put here at the start."

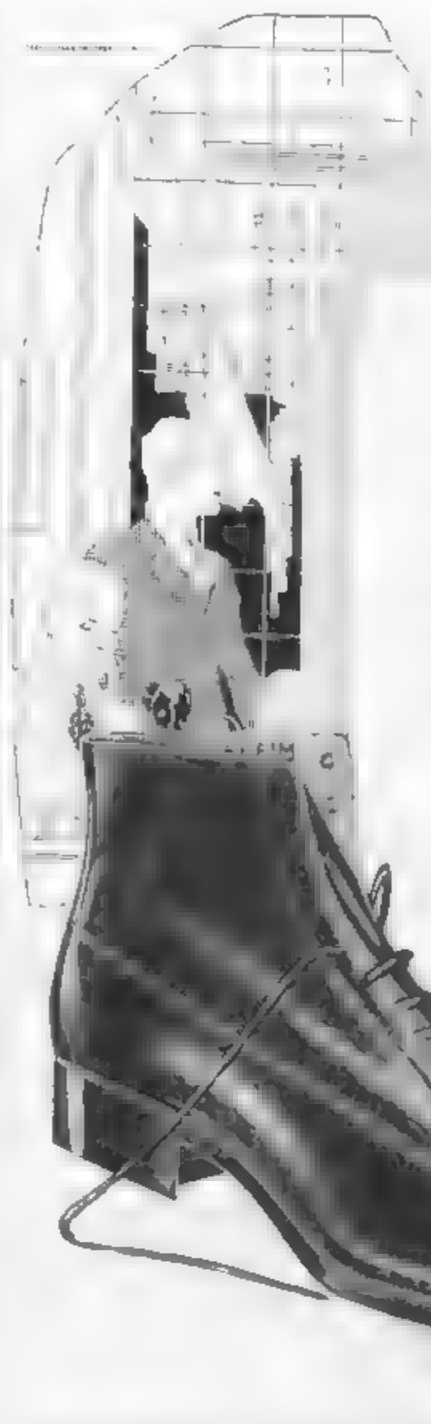
It had been impressed upon the scout's mind of late that he had failed in his allotted task. Instead of building up the herds he had seen them diminish in numbers year by year. When the two Watsons cleaned out the Bechler herd to the last hoof in one spectacular foray he had been confident that this loss would rouse to action those who made the laws. Surely the people would rise up and insist that this loss of their property must cease. He had waited eagerly for the news, but no news came. Then, within a year, the Radey boys and Mitchells killed seventy-six head of buffalo on the Madison Plateau in a single day. This caused not even a ripple of comment outside the limits of the park itself.

Woodson's discouragement mounted in the face of this general apathy. He was well past forty now, and had achieved absolutely nothing of lasting benefit. His was a losing game and he made a definite decision to start out for himself. During the coming winter he would gather his few personal effects, at present scattered throughout the reservation, and the following spring he would depart. In the background of his mind there had always been the purpose to return some day to the home of his youth. The past few years, during which the full realization of the hopelessness of his present task had come to him, had strengthened this purpose, and the desire to revisit early scenes grew upon him.

It is always those men who wander farthest and longest that treasure in their hearts the most cherished pictures of the home they have left behind. He would see the hardwood hills in autumn. Then he would return to the west coast and once more roam the great forest he had seen but once—the land of giant trees, their tops roofing the forest floor for a hundred miles without a break; the wood of deep silences, where even the voices of the wild things were subdued. In one of these favored lands he would find some calling upon which to bend his energies. So throughout the fall and early winter he planned for spring, and with the coming of heavy snows he set forth to gather his effects from various caches and secret camps throughout the park.

He made no effort to search for evidence of looters operating inside the line. It would be useless to take them in. Three times he had conducted Lee Page to headquarters, caught red-handed in the act of skinning buffalo or lifting trapped beaver from the streams. Twice he had brought in the two Watsons for the same offense; other men by the score. In each instance the various officers in charge, powerless to do more, had solemnly warned the offenders to remain outside the limits of the park.

Woodson's own interest in striving to build up the Yellowstone herds had waned His earliest reflections had centered on the unlimited plenty of his native land, a wealth of natural resources that had overwhelmed his youthful imagination; and as



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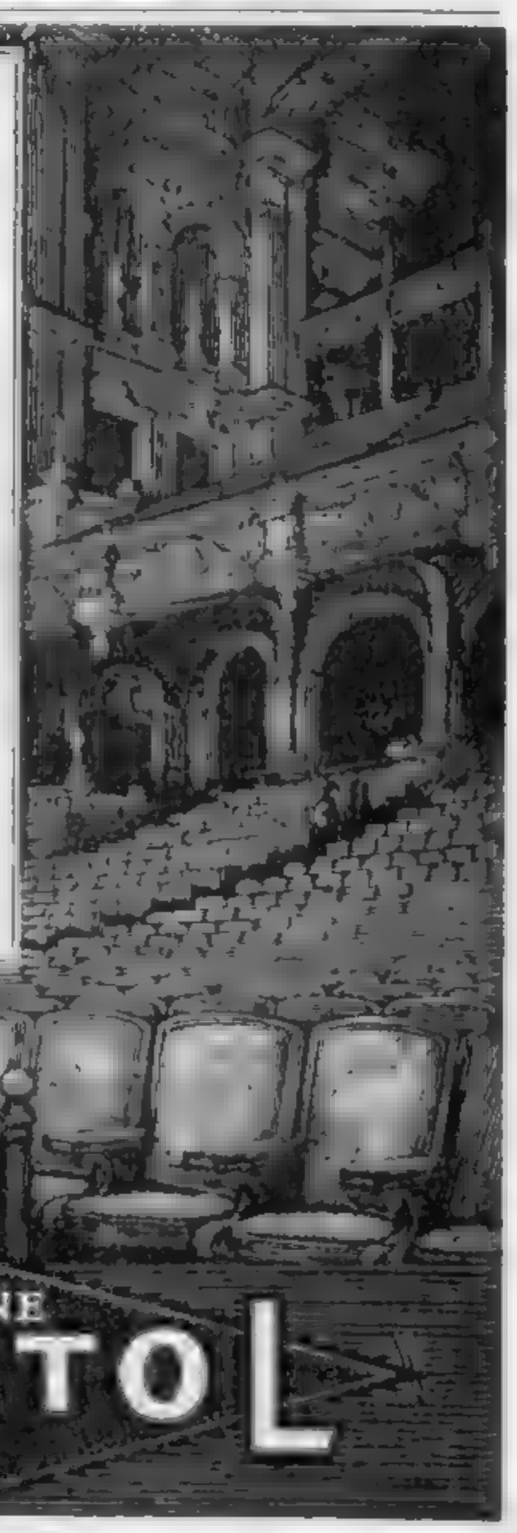

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a consequence his nature was not to be satisfied with a remnant of vanished abundance, but instead demanded lavish profusion of anything in which his interest centered. So now the sight of an old buffalo bull roused only his pity for the last few stragglers of a vanishing breed. It was but natural, in view of this fact, that for years his main interest had almost unconsciously been transferred to the elk. For these most noble monarchs of all antlered game still ranged the hills in bands of thousands, their numbers apparently undiminished. There would always be elk in the hills, he reflected, and with this knowledge he would be content.

By careful questioning of some of the thousands of sightseers who had toured the park the preceding summer he had learned that the general apathy as to what transpired in the park was in reality not so much indifference as lack of adequate information. No news of the big kills on the Bechler and the Madison, in the Hayden Valley or the Lamar, had reached the outside world. No man had heard of the organized raid—launched with intent to pick out tons of the delicate specimens of flowers and shrubs of a bygone age preserved in the petrified forest, the only specimens of this kind in the world—that would have succeeded but for Woodson's timely and single-handed intervention, which, incidentally, had netted him a bullet in the thigh, another through the shoulder, and the loss of the brown mare, Teton's mother, shot through the lungs. The authorities, with that delicate thoughtfulness for the people's welfare so characteristic of so many political minds, had decided not to harass the sensibilities of the voter with these distressing details of the looting of his property. All this Woodson knew; but his was a small unknown voice speaking from the wilderness, and he had no way of diffusing his knowledge where it would be of the least avail

The scout traveled less than formerly. He spent days on some favorite ridge or point affording a good view, and dreamed great dreams of the things he would do when he reached the outside world, where all was a mad rush of development. He built railroads through the hills and spanned sheer cañons with trestles of concrete and steel, erected giant warehouses and filled them with the treasures of the world; platted cities of his own on sites which he felt had been overlooked and waited only for his coming. Soon he would be part of it instead of apart from it. And while he planned, an early winter shut down over the hills

The first few heavy snows lay deep; then it chinooked for a week and the warm winds settled and packed the drifts. Then for three days it snowed without a break and cleared only with the tightening down of after-storm cold.

Two days after the cessation of the snowfall Woodson coasted down the south face of the Sulphur Hills with two companions, soldiers from the detachment at the cañon. The three men shot down a smooth open slope, coasting abreast and some twenty yards apart. Woodson's skis suddenly slid up and over some obstruction such as might be caused by a down log just beneath the surface of the snow. Off to the left he noted the same queer rise and dip of both his companions as they rode their skis over some similar ridge. His mind, occupied with dreams of the world outside, came back to the present, and instantly he became again the man-hunter. His ski pole checked his slide and he climbed back to the point, brushing the loose snow from the object with his mitts. Some man had left a ski trail round the sidehill after the previous storm while the chinook was thawing the drifts, the packed trail freezing into a ridge as the looser snow melted away from it, leaving it standing out above the rest as the cold clamped down in the chinook's wake, the whole scene once more covered by eight inches of fresh snow.

The soldiers waited below, but Woodson made no mention of his find. The temperature dropped steadily as they rounded a bend and traveled down the cañon road. When they reached the soldier station the thermometer registered fifty-two below. At daylight the scout prepared to leave.

"Where away?" asked the sergeant in charge of the station. "It's rough outside."

"Rough," Woodson agreed. "But I've a hike to make."

The sergeant fitted him out with an extra blanket and a few supplies. He shivered at the icy blast that bored past him with every opening of the door.

"A man can't live out there," he stated. "I wouldn't send a man of mine out in that unless I wanted to see him killed. You better hole up with us till she eases off."

"I can weather it, likely," Woodson said. "I'll stop in at the Lake Station if it clamps down a few more degrees."

"What you heading back that way for?" the sergeant asked. "Thought you'd started in."

"One more round," Woodson said. "Clear to the Snake Station, then round Norris way coming back. I can make the Snake in two days if it breaks."

"An' if it don't break we'll find your carcass along sometime in the spring," the sergeant prophesied. He watched the solitary figure out of sight.

The sergeant called the Lake Station at noon and the soldier in charge there reported no sign of the scout. He gave the same report that night.

"Either he's started out on one of them secret swings, after lying to me to beat all hell about his destination—like he most generally does—or else he's froze stiff by now," the sergeant mused.

Woodson's reason for failing to divulge his destination was based on former experiences. He did not distrust the sergeant; but telephones, recently installed, were handy implements with which to while away the time, and the isolated detachments made good use of them. Any detail furnished food for conversation, even the coming and departure of a scout. Soldiers in their loneliness sometimes made friends among those outside, and were not too prone to investigate the operations of those friends. With the news of a scout's destination perhaps traveling over the wire before him there was ever the chance that the man he sought might be warned in time by some soldier friend; and Woodson had followed many trails that led outside which might well have been ended before the line was reached.

At midnight the sergeant called the Lake again but Woodson had not appeared.

"He's got it this time," the sergeant said. "He's curled up somewheres, froze stiff by now. Well, I guess it won't raise much commotion one way or another. He's all right enough, Mart is, but I don't reckon he's ever done anything that amounts to a puff of smoke."

Mart Woodson, far up the Pelican, was brooding over that same thought. The one thing to which he had put his hand had crumbled to nothingness. The millions whose property he guarded from the inroads of the few were unaware of his very existence. He had gained only the enmity of those who lived in the hills. Men in the states bordering the park, men who had never seen him, bristled at the name of Woodson. These men stood on their rights as freeborn citizens, and hated the one figure that opposed their code of life. The very fact that game was no longer plentiful outside the park intensified their indignation over the fact that they were not allowed the right to hunt within it. This enmity was his sole reward for years of service.

The scout squatted before a fire, both blankets wrapped round him and with his arms locked around a tree. In case he dozed the relaxing of his arms and the consequent backward lurch would rouse him to replenish the fire. Otherwise he might well freeze as he slept. He had not intended to take up another trail; but he had been at the game too long to pass over a sign that challenged his interest. He revolved the thing in his mind and attempted to put himself in the place of the man he stalked. If he were poaching on the Pelican where would he camp? He decided that he would pick some isolated patch of timber in a pocket where no other would be apt to cross in passing up or down the Pelican; he would leave no trails in the open. First he would construct a wikiup of poles and bows to shut out the snow, a sheltered nest in which to unroll his blankets. He lurched suddenly backward, and realized that he had fallen asleep in this comfortable retreat he had pictured for the other. The fire was low. One ear was stiff with frost. He replenished the fire and treated the frozen member with a brisk application of snow.

The following day he reached a deserted poacher's cabin on a tributary of the Pelican, one he had unearthed years before, and whose owner he had taken. From this point he ransacked the hills for two days

(Continued on Page 105)

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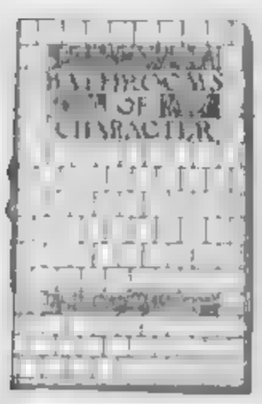

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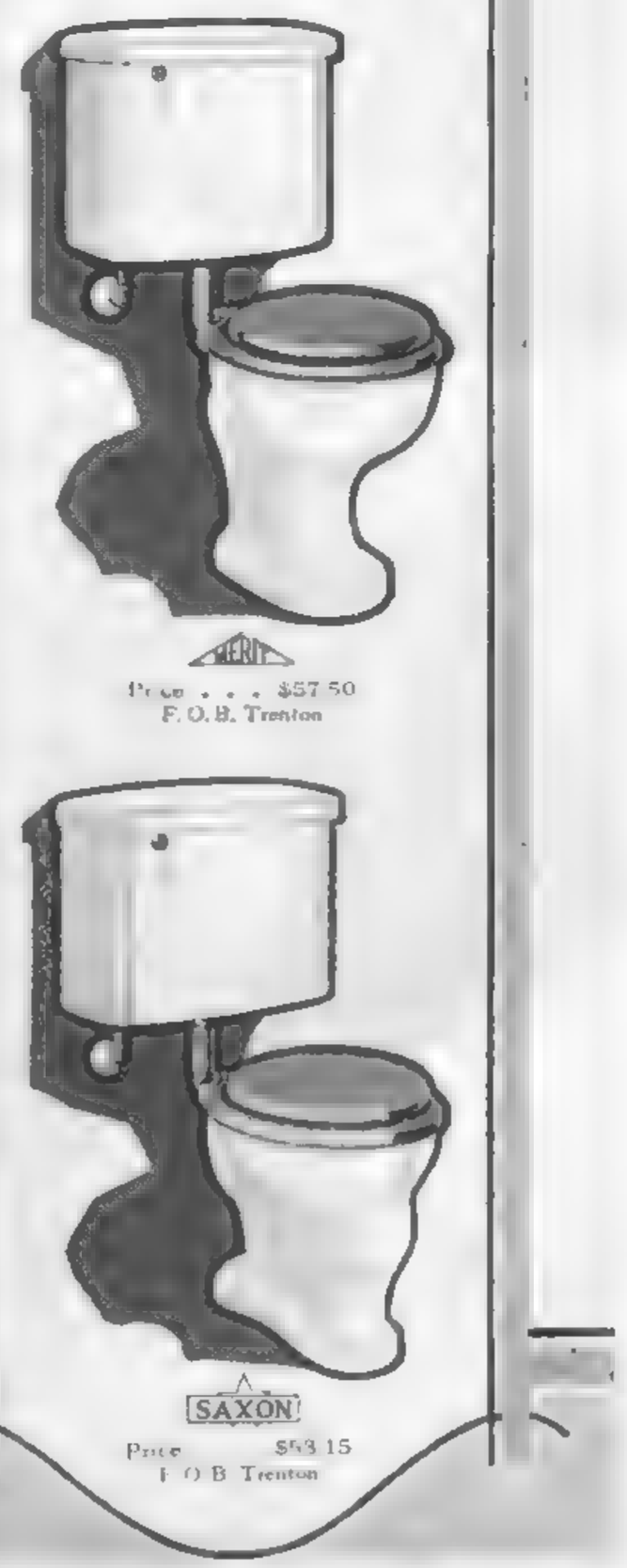

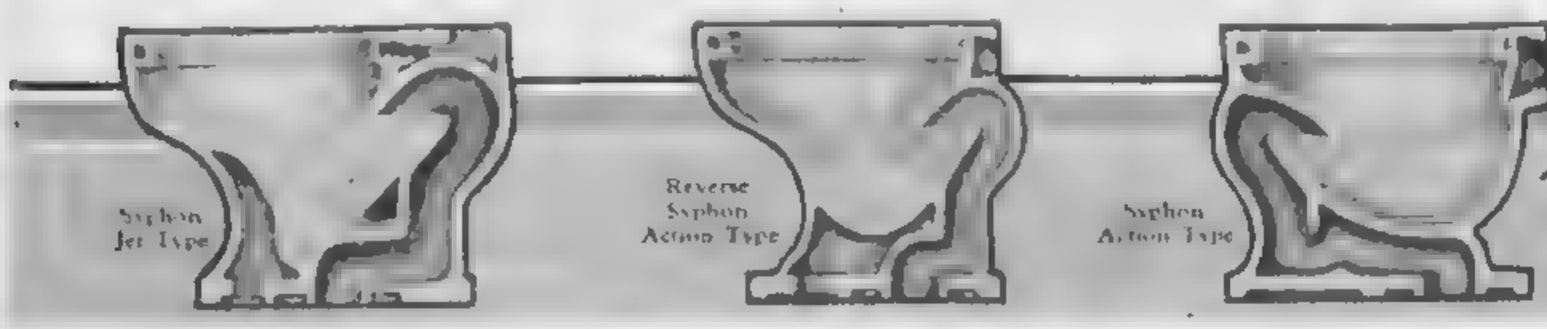

(Continued from Page 102)

but found no tracks. His man had left. Twice he had crossed frozen ski trails under the surface of the new layer of snow. Toward evening of the second day, in a patch of heavy timber on Astringent Creek, he found his way studded with these old signs. He circled through the patch and came upon the deserted wikiup of poles and boughs—but not quite deserted, for the man had left a few supplies, evidence that he expected to return.

For another six days the scout watched the long openings breaking down from the north. A rise in temperature had brought with it a light fall of snow to cover the tracks of his single visit to the poacher's retreat, and he neared it no more. His patience bore fruit and on the morning of the seventh day he made out a trail crossing an open park on a distant slope, a wide swath in the snow which told him that his man had towed a toboggan behind him. He would be at the wikiup by now. The scout circled to come in behind the spot, choosing a route by which he could approach unseen through the heavy timber. As he neared the man's hidden hangout he stopped to listen.

A shot had drifted faintly to his ears, coming from well up Astringent Creek. A dozen others followed, and the scout turned his steps that way.

"He's working fast," he said. "He's made his kill. He'll skin to-day and make his start for the outside to-night."

An hour later he looked down through an opening in the timber. A hundred yards below the tree line, well out in a sloping meadow, a man leaned over a dark shape in the snow. Other still forms were scattered near. The scout turned his skis downhill, boring down the steep declivity with the speed of a flying thing, the impetus of his rush carrying him out across the flat on silent skis. Not until within forty yards of his man did the faint hiss of wood on snow reach the poacher's ears. He turned for a quick glance behind him, then reached for the rifle that leaned against the carcass on which he worked; and as he whirled with it the butt plate of the scout's rifle, driven with a straight-arm jab, smashed between his eyes and the two men rolled together in the snow.

Two days thereafter a party of outdoor devotees, having braved the winter of the high country, pressed up the cañon road in search of the buffalo range. They had met with every courtesy and had been furnished with soldier guides, but they had failed to cross the tracks of a single one of the beasts they had come so far to see. But they were not to be deterred and they headed now for the Hayden Valley. Each new guide had promised to show them buffalo in great droves, but each in turn had failed and surmised that they had drifted to some other point before the recent storms. There were at least two of the party who, in a vague sort of way, felt that they had been neatly sidetracked at every turn.

Two men, one walking slightly in advance, turned a bend and came down the road. The man in the rear wore the uniform of a park scout and the party hailed him and made inquiry concerning the whereabouts of the animals they had come to see.

"The last twelve head in the reservation pulled out of Astringent Creek, heading north, two days ago," the scout informed them bluntly. "I counted the tracks. If they don't all winterkill there'll be that many left in the spring."

"Twelve head!" exclaimed the leader of the party. "Why, there's a total of some three thousand odd inside the park."

"If a man shows you over twelve head I'll give him all I've got," the scout retorted doggedly. "I know! There hasn't been a track on the Bechler or the Madison Plateau these two years back. Carnahan here"—jerking his thumb at the prisoner—"cleaned the Hayden Valley bunch to the last hoof a few months past; and two days ago he downed half of the Pelican herd, the last left in the park."

"But you must be wrong," the man demurred.

"It's facts I'm telling you," the scout insisted.

The soldier guide was a candid fellow. "Old Mart has been here since before this country was throwed into a park," he volunteered. "It's him that knows. I've only been stationed here six months—which is six months too long—so I don't know much local history myself, and don't want to learn, but whatever old Mart says is gospel. You can bet on that."

The appellation occasioned the scout a swift flash of apprehension. It was the first time anyone had referred to him as old Mart. He was old only in park annals, he assured himself. It was his length of residence, not his age, that had suggested the adjective. That was all. The leader of the party had turned a somber gaze upon Carnahan.

"And what will they do with him?" he demanded.

"Throw him loose," Woodson predicted. "That's what they've always done before. This is the third time I've had him up for the same offense."

The leader noted the scout's frosted ear, swollen to twice its normal thickness. There were frost buttons in both cheeks and the whole face was scarred with the marks of former exposure. He turned back with Woodson and his prisoner and sought to learn past and present conditions from the words of this first resident in the park. The scout answered his questions without reserve, briefly but to the point. He grasped something of Woodson's original hope of preserving the naturalness of the Yellowstone, a hope that waned from lack of support.

He demurred when the scout stated his intention of leaving in the spring.

"But your task is only started," he objected.

"It's finished," Woodson returned. "The thing I set out to do has failed. The buffalo are cleaned out of the park."

"One out of a dozen," the other urged. "The other game holds its own. The forests and streams are still untouched. The Petrified Forest and the Knotted Wood still stand, thanks to you.

"Don't desert because one interest out of a hundred has been destroyed. Stay and save the rest. It's a big work you are doing here."

The scout stubbornly shook his head.

"I have to play almost a lone hand," he said. "The people at large, the real owners of the park, don't give one continental what becomes of it; so why should I put in my time saving something they don't want? Can you tell me that?"

The man could—and did. He insisted that the public had never known the truth; that the news had never found its way into print; that the seeming lethargy was merely due to misinformation as to the true state of affairs. He was gifted with persuasive eloquence and he stressed the importance of the scout's part, painted a glowing picture of the future. Two hundred thousand elk still ranged the hills; the beaver held their own in sections of the park; more than three thousand square miles of virgin forests, a thousand lakes and streams as they had always been; five thousand antelope still roaming from the Yancey Meadows to the bottoms of the fair Lamar. Bit by bit he built a picture of the future as he wished to see it, and Woodson's hope revived, expanding under the sincere praise of his past performances, even though in the end they had resulted only in blank failure.

The young man promised that the public should learn the facts; that the chief scout would soon have ample support. And in the end Woodson gave his promise to remain for at least another year.

Carnahan was tried and found guilty as he had been found twice before, and warned to stay outside the park. Then the storm broke. The public press announced the facts of the case from coast to coast, stated that, instead of thousands, as generally supposed, there were but twelve buffalo remaining in the park; offered to prove the assertion, supplementing the news with details of raids long past. Popular wrath, instead of subsiding, increased to such an extent that it occasioned the hasty passage of needed legislation.

Tame buffalo were purchased from a few farsighted individuals who had captured and preserved a few of the vanishing race before it was too late. These were installed in the park, where tourists could view them and see for themselves that the buffalo still existed there. Corrals were erected for their handling and great areas partially fenced. Woodson saw the start of expenditures, eventually to run into large sums, for the purpose of building up a domesticated herd which the people would always believe to be descended from the thousands ranging wild in the reservation when it was first set aside for them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WHERE WAS WYCH STREET?

(Continued from Page 15)

It certainly was, but the brief passage at arms left an unpleasant tang of bitterness behind. It was observed that Mr. Lowes-Parlby never again quite got the prehensile grip upon his cross-examination that he had shown in his treatment of the earlier witnesses. The colored man, Harry Jones, had died in hospital; but Mr. Booth, the proprietor of The Wagtail, Baldwin Meadows, Mr. Dawes and the man who was stabbed in the wrist all gave evidence of a rather nugatory character. Lowes-Parlby could do nothing with it. The findings of this special inquiry do not concern us. It is sufficient to say that the witnesses already mentioned all returned to Wapping. The man who had received the thrust of a hatpin through his wrist did not think it advisable to take any action against Mrs. Dawes. He was relieved to find that he was only required as a witness of an abortive discussion.

In a few weeks' time the great Aztec Street siege remained only a romantic memory to the majority of Londoners. To Lowes-Parlby the little dispute with Chief Justice Pengammon rankled unreasonably. It is annoying to be publicly snubbed for making a statement which you know to be absolutely true and which you have even taken pains to verify; and Lowes-Parlby was a young man accustomed to score. He made a point of looking everything up, of being prepared for an adversary thoroughly. He liked to give the appearance of knowing everything. The brilliant career just ahead of him at times dazzled him. He was one of the darlings of the gods.

Everything came to Lowes-Parlby. His father had distinguished himself at the bar before him, and had amassed a modest fortune. He was an only son. At Oxford he had carried off every possible degree. He was already being spoken of for very high political honors. But the most sparkling jewel in the crown of his successes was Lady Adela Charters, the daughter of Lord Vermeer, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. She was his fiancée, and it was considered the most brilliant match of the season. She was young, and almost pretty, and Lord Vermeer was immensely wealthy and one of the most influential men in Great Britain. Such a combination was irresistible. There seemed to be nothing missing in the life of Francis Lowes-Parlby, K.C.

One of the most regular and absorbed spectators at the Aztec Street inquiry was old Stephen Garrit. Stephen Garrit held a unique but quite inconspicuous position in the legal world at that time. He was a friend of judges, a specialist at various abstruse legal rulings, a man of remarkable memory, and yet an amateur. He had never taken silk, never eaten the requisite dinners, never passed an examination in his life; but the law of evidence was meat and drink to him. He passed his life in the Temple, where he had chambers. Some of the most eminent counsel in the world would take his opinion or come to him for advice. His thin, passionless face, with the short gray beard, was familiar wherever men forgathered to talk law. He was a man without pride, passion or prejudice. He had no axes of his own to grind. So remote did he appear from the current emotions of humanity that he seemed less like a man than like a living epitome of judicial lore; less swayed by a love of justice than by an uncontrollable obsession of legal interpretation—a quite eccentric character. He was very old, very silent and very absorbed. He never expressed an opinion unless referred to; never interfered in the actions of his fellow men. He attended every meeting of the Aztec Street inquiry, but from beginning to end he never volunteered an opinion, never spoke at all; the expression of his face never changed.

After the inquiry was over he went and visited an old friend at the London survey office. He spent two mornings examining maps. After that he spent two mornings pottering about the Strand, Kingsway and Aldwych; then he worked out some careful calculations on a ruled chart. He entered the particulars in a little book which he kept for purposes of that kind, and then retired to his chambers to study other matters. But before doing so he entered a little apothegm in another book. It was apparently a book in which he intended to compile a summary of his legal experiences. The sentence ran:

"The basic trouble is that people make statements without sufficient data."

Old Stephen need not have appeared in this story at all, except for the fact that he was present at the dinner of Lord Vermeer's, where a rather deplorable incident occurred. And you must acknowledge that under the circumstances it is useful to have such a valuable and efficient witness.

Lord Vermeer was a competent, forceful man; a little quick-tempered and autocratic. He came from Lancashire, and before entering politics had made an enormous fortune out of borax, artificial manure and starch.

It was a small dinner party, with a motive behind it. His principal guest was Mr. Sandeman, the London agent of the Ameer of Bakkan. Lord Vermeer was very anxious to impress Mr. Sandeman and to be very friendly with him. The reasons will appear later. Mr. Sandeman was a self-confessed cosmopolitan. He spoke seven languages and professed to be equally at home in any capital in Europe. London had been his headquarters for more than twenty years. Lord Vermeer also invited Mr. Arthur Toombs, a colleague in the cabinet; his prospective son-in-law, Lowes-Parlby, K.C.; James Trolley, a very tame socialist M.P.; and Sir Henry and Lady Breyd, the two latter being invited, not because Sir Henry was of any use, but because Lady Breyd was a pretty and brilliant woman who might amuse his principal guest. The seventh guest was Stephen Garrit.

The dinner was a great success. Mr. Sandeman sat between Lady Vermeer and Adela. Facing him was Lady Breyd, who sat on the host's right. Lady Breyd's brilliant looks and gay repartee and Adela's ingenuous charm evoked glances of approval from the swarthy face of the Ameer of Bakkan's agent. Lord Vermeer engineered the conversation skilfully in order to let Mr. Sandeman have full play for his native gifts of rhetoric. Lowes-Parlby was in high spirits and said many clever things at the right moment. Old Stephen Garrit alone remained impressively attentive. His very silence had a quality of Old World courtesy. It is given to few to have the faculty of silence without causing embarrassment to others. Needless to say, the dinner itself was in the best traditions of Vermeer hospitality, a hospitality which had its foundations in Lancashire.

When the succession of courses eventually came to a stop and the ladies had retired, Lord Vermeer conducted his male guests into another room for a ten-minute smoke before rejoining them. It was then that the unfortunate incident occurred. There was no love lost between Lowes-Parlby and Mr. Sandeman. It is difficult to ascribe the real reason for their mutual animosity, but on the several occasions when they had met there had invariably passed a certain sardonic byplay. They were both clever, both comparatively young, each a little suspicious and jealous of the other. Moreover it was said in some quarters that Mr. Sandeman had had intentions himself with regard to Lord Vermeer's daughter; that he had been on the point of a proposal when Lowes-Parlby had butted in and forestalled him.

Mr. Sandeman had dined well, and he was in the mood to dazzle with a display of his varied knowledge and experiences. The conversation drifted from a discussion of the rival claims of great cities to the slow, inevitable removal of old landmarks. There had been a slightly acrimonious disagreement between Lowes-Parlby and Mr. Sandeman as to the claims of Budapest and Lisbon, and Mr. Sandeman had scored, because he extracted from his rival a confession that, though he had spent two months in Budapest, he had spent only two days in Lisbon. Mr. Sandeman had lived for four years in each city. Lowes-Parlby changed the subject abruptly.

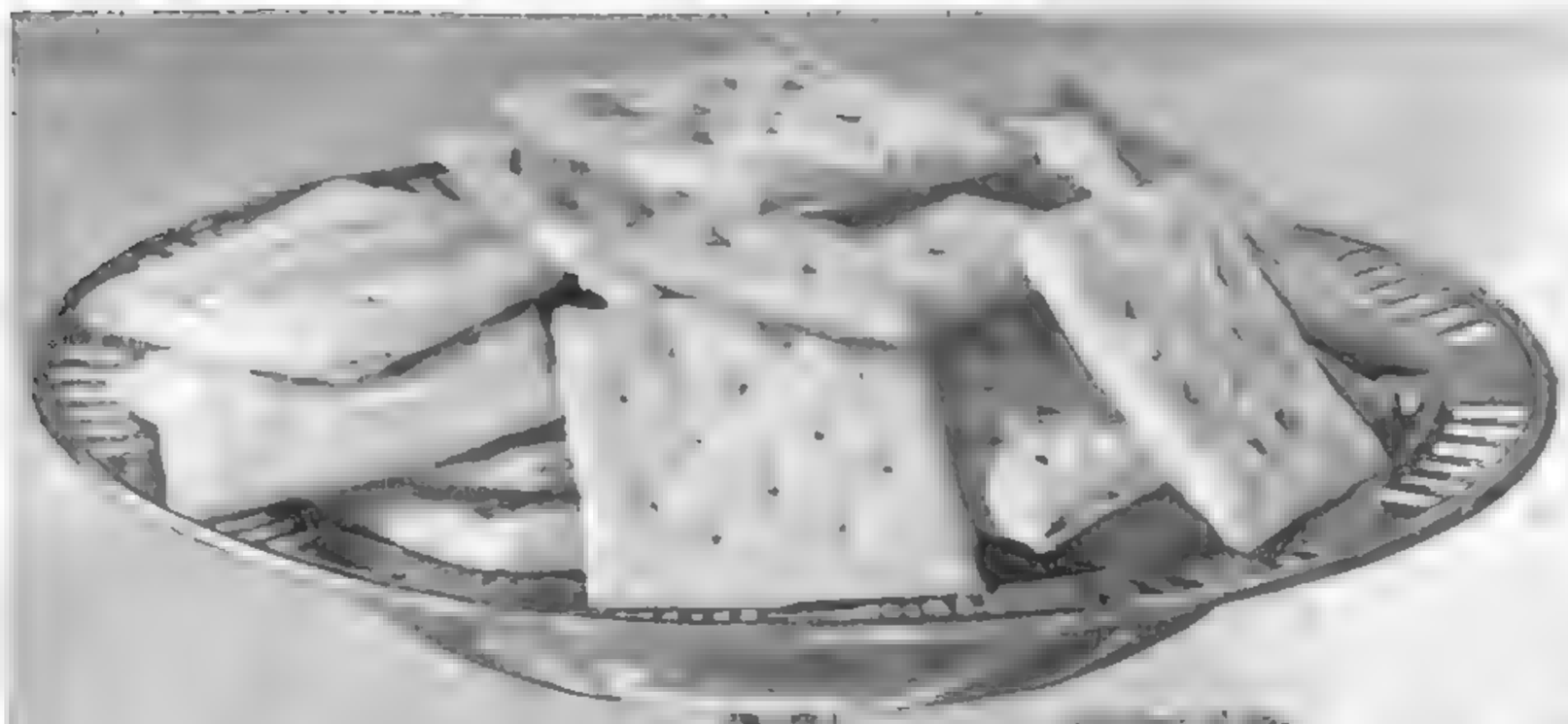
"Talking of landmarks," he said, "we had a queer point arise in that Aztec Street inquiry. The original dispute arose owing to a discussion among a crowd of people in a pub as to where Wych Street was."

"I remember," said Lord Vermeer. "A perfectly absurd discussion. Why, I should have thought that any man over forty would remember exactly where it was!"

"Where would you say it was, sir?" asked Lowes-Parlby.

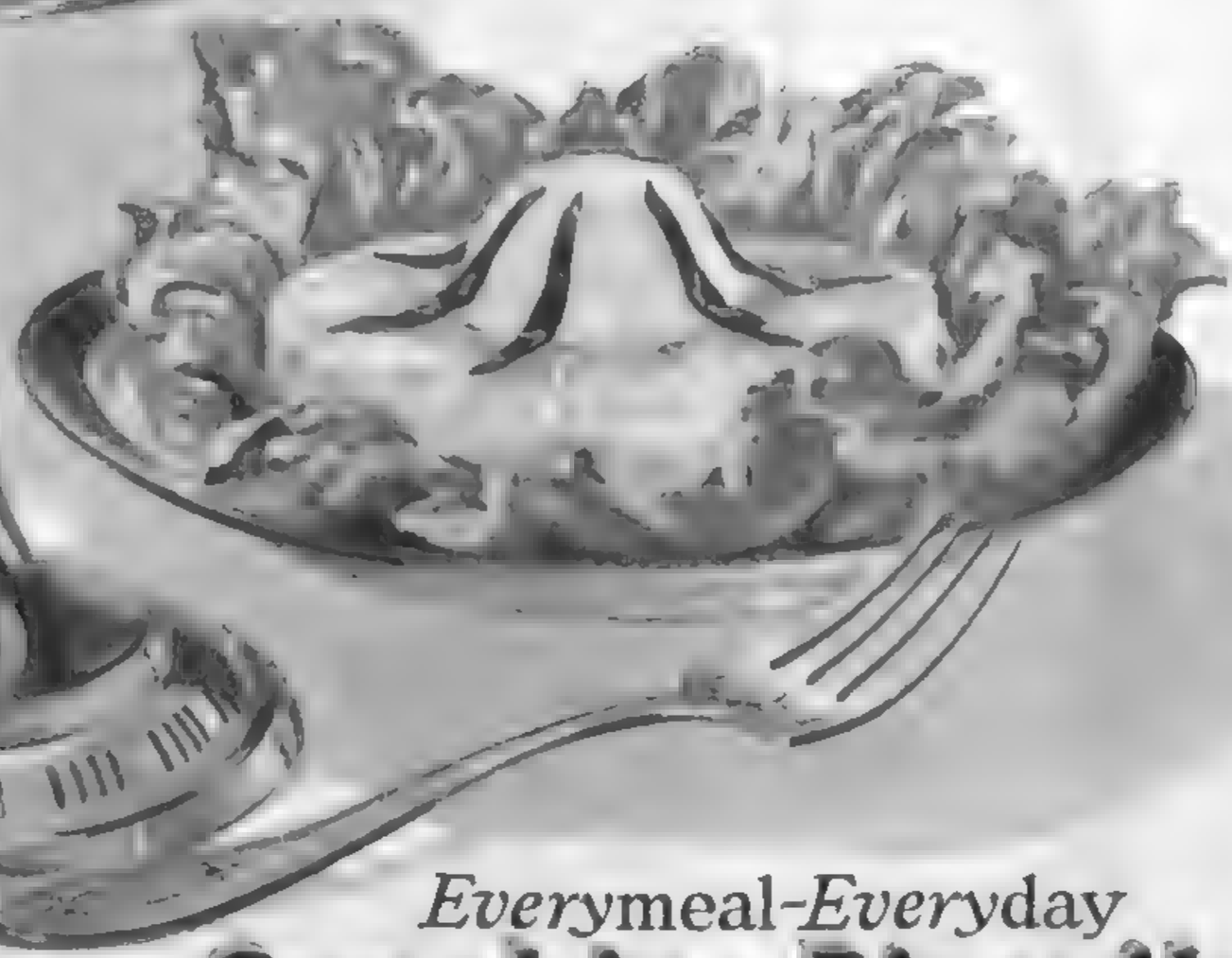
"Why, to be sure, it ran from the corner of Chancery Lane and ended at the second turning after the Law Courts, going west."

(Continued on Page 109)



Sunshine Krispy-Saltines with Pineapple-Cheese Salad

Put a slice of pineapple on a lettuce leaf for each serving. Place a ball of cream cheese on pineapple. Garnish with pimento. Cover with French dressing. Serve with Sunshine Krispy-Saltines



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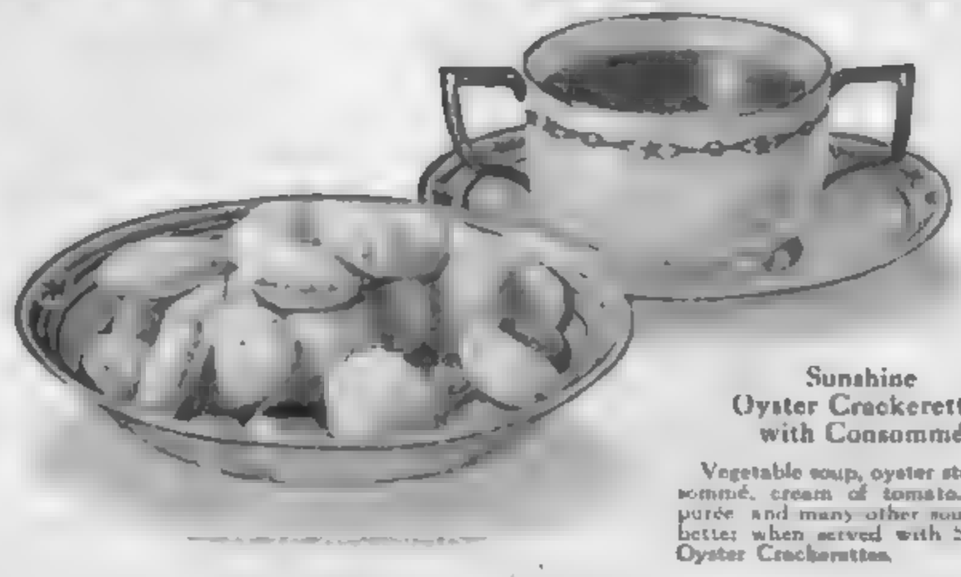

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(Continued from Page 106)

Lowes-Parlby was about to reply, when Mr. Sandeman cleared his throat and said in his supercilious, oily voice:

"Excuse me, My Lord. I know my Paris and Vienna and Lisbon, every brick and stone; but I look upon London as my home. I know my London even better. I have a perfectly clear recollection of Wych Street. When I was a student I used to visit there to buy books. It ran parallel to New Oxford Street on the south side, just between it and Lincoln's Inn Fields."

There was something about this assertion that infuriated Lowes-Parlby. In the first place it was so hopelessly wrong and so insufferably asserted. In the second place he was already smarting under the indignity of being shown up about Lisbon. And then there suddenly flashed through his mind the wretched incident when he had been publicly snubbed by Justice Pengammon about the very same point; and he knew he was right. Damn Wych Street! He turned on Mr. Sandeman.

"Oh, nonsense! You may know something about these Eastern cities; you certainly know nothing about London if you make a statement like that. Wych Street was a little farther east of what is now the Gaiety Theater. It ran by the side of the old Globe Theater, parallel to the Strand."

The dark mustache of Mr. Sandeman shot upward, revealing a narrow line of yellow teeth. He uttered a sound that was a mingling of contempt and derision; then he drawled out: "Really? How wonderful—to have such comprehensive knowledge!"

Lowes-Parlby flushed a deep red. He gulped down half a glass of port and muttered just above a whisper, "Damned impudence!" Then in the rudest manner he could display he turned his back deliberately on Sandeman and left the room.

In the company of Adela he tried to forget the little *contretemps*. The whole thing was so absurd, so utterly undignified. As though he didn't know! It was the little accumulation of pin pricks all rising out of that one argument. The result had suddenly goaded him to—well, being rude, to say the least of it. It wasn't that Sandeman mattered. To the devil with Sandeman! But what would his future father-in-law think? He had never before given way to any show of ill temper before him. He forced himself into a mood of rather fatuous jocularity. Adela was at her best in these moods. They would have lots of fun together in the days to come. Her almost pretty, not too clever face was dimpled with kittenish glee. Life was a tremendous rag to her. They were expecting Toccata, the famous opera singer. She had been engaged at a very high fee to come on from Covent Garden. Mr. Sandeman was very fond of music.

Adela was laughing and discussing which was the most honorable position for the great Sandeman to occupy. There came to Lowes-Parlby a sudden abrupt misgiving. What sort of wife would this be to him when they were not just fooling? He immediately dismissed the curious, furtive little stab of doubt. The splendid proportions of the room calmed his senses. A huge bowl of dark-red roses quickened his perceptions. His career ——

The door opened. But it was not La Toccata. It was one of the household flunkies. Lowes-Parlby turned again to Adela.

"Excuse me, sir. His Lordship says will you kindly go and see him in the library?"

Lowes-Parlby regarded the messenger, and his heart beat quickly. An uncontrollable presage of evil racked his nerve centers. Something had gone wrong; and yet the whole thing was so absurd, trivial. In a crisis—well, he could always apologize. He smiled confidently at Adela and said: "Why, of course—with pleasure! Please excuse me, dear."

He followed the impressive servant out of the room. His foot had barely touched the carpet of the library when he realized that his worst apprehensions were to be plumbed to the depths. For a moment he thought Lord Vermeer was alone. He appeared to monopolize the room. He was standing with his back to the fireplace. His face was very red and his eyes very bright. He was thrusting out his lips agitatedly, thus causing his white mustache to twitch like some process of flashing code messages. Lowes-Parlby's eyes were alert for the presence of his unpleasant rival, but he observed that the only other occupant of the room was old Stephen Garrit, lying in an easy-chair in the corner like a piece of crumpled parchment.

Lord Vermeer did not beat about the bush. When the door was closed he bawled out savagely, "What the devil have you done?"

"Excuse me, sir, I'm afraid I don't understand. Is it Sandeman?"

"Sandeman has gone."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Sorry! I should think you might be sorry! You insulted him. My prospective son-in-law insulted him in my own house!"

"I'm awfully sorry. I didn't realize ——"

"Realize! Sit down, and don't assume for one moment that you continue to be my prospective son-in-law. Your insult was a most intolerable piece of effrontery, not only to him but to me."

"But I ——"

"Listen to me! Do you know that the government were on the verge of concluding a most far-reaching treaty with that man? Do you know that the position was just touch and go? The concessions we were prepared to make would have cost the state thirty million pounds, and it would have been cheap. Do you hear that? It would have been cheap! Bakkan is one of the most vulnerable outposts of the empire. It is a terrible danger zone. If certain powers can usurp our authority—and, mark you, the whole blamed place is already riddled with this new pernicious doctrine—you know what I mean—before we know where we are the whole East will be in a blaze. India! This contract we were negotiating would have countered this outward thrust. And you, you blockhead, you come here and insult the man upon whose word the whole thing depends!"

"I really can't see, sir, how I should know all this."

"You can't see it! But, you fool, you seemed to go out of your way. You insulted him about the merest quibble—in my house!"

"He said he knew where Wych Street was. He was quite wrong. I corrected him."

"Wych Street! Wych Street be damned! If he said Wych Street was in the moon you should have agreed with him. There was no call to act the way you did. And you—you think of going into politics!"

The somewhat cynical inference of this remark went unnoticed. Lowes-Parlby was too unnerved. He mumbled, "I'm very sorry."

"I don't want your sorrow. I want something more practical."

"What's that, sir?"

"You will drive straight to Mr. Sandeman's, find him and apologize. Tell him you find that he was right about Wych Street, after all. If you can't find him to-night, you must find him to-morrow morning. I give you till midday to-morrow. If by that time you have not offered a handsome apology to Mr. Sandeman you do not enter this house again; you do not see my daughter again. Moreover, all the power I possess will be devoted to hounding you out of that profession you have dishonored. Now you can go!"

Dazed and shaken, Lowes-Parlby drove back to his flat at Knightsbridge. Before acting he must have time to think. Lord Vermeer had given him till to-morrow midday. Any apologizing that was done should be done after a night's reflection. The fundamental purposes of his being were to be tested. He knew that. He was at a great crossing. Some deep instinct within him was grossly outraged. Is it that a point comes when success demands that a man shall sell his soul? It was all so absurdly trivial—a mere argument about the position of a street that had ceased to exist. As Lord Vermeer said, what did it matter about Wych Street? Wych Street might have been in the moon for all anyone really cared now. The lives and happiness of millions of people were on the other side of the argument. His own life and happiness? Was ever a man so fortunate as he? Brains and health, good looks, *réclame* and wealth; and then—the pretty daughter of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, himself a millionaire.

Of course he should apologize. It would hurt horribly to do so; but would a man sacrifice everything on account of some footling argument about a street?

In his own rooms Lowes-Parlby put on a dressing gown, and lighting a pipe he sat before the fire. He would have given anything for companionship at such a moment—the right companionship. How lovely it would be to have a woman, just the right woman, to talk this all over with; someone who understood and sympathized.

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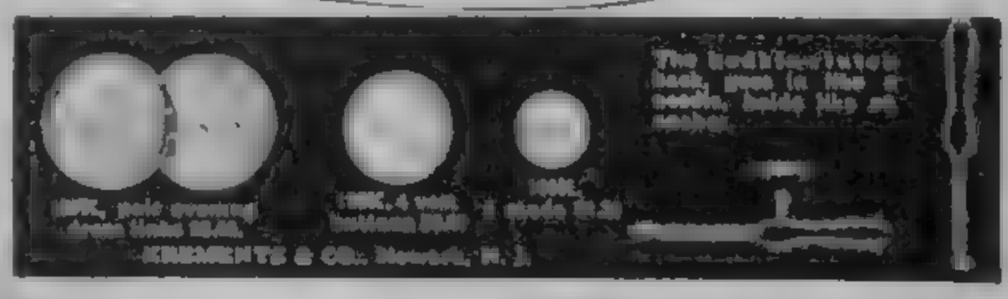

Mr. Banks is Paying for a House

With extra money that he easily earns in his spare-time, Mr. Will K. Banks is paying for a dwelling house with six acres of land in a pleasant Tennessee town. Mr. Brackett, in the same way, has bought a home in Ohio; Mr. Heath of Massachusetts has bought both a farm and a summer resort bungalow. Many another might be listed. *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are popular the country over—it's easy to make money with them wherever you work.

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A sudden vision came to him of Adela's face grinning about the prospective visit of La Toccata, and again the low voice of misgiving whispered in his ears. Would Adela be—just the right woman? In very truth, did he really love Adela? Or was it all a rag? Was life a rag—a game played by lawyers, politicians and people?

The fire burned low, but still he continued to sit, thinking, his mind principally occupied with the dazzling visions of the future. It was past midnight when he suddenly muttered a low damn and walked to the bureau. He took up a pen and wrote:

"*Dear Mr. Sandeman:* I must apologize for acting so rudely to you last night. It was quite unpardonable of me, especially as I since find, on going into the matter, that you were quite right about the position of Wych Street. I can't think how I made the mistake. Please forgive me.

"Yours cordially,

"FRANCIS LOWES-PARLBY."

Having written this, he sighed and went to bed. One might have imagined at that point that the matter was finished. But there are certain little greedy demons of conscience that require a lot of stilling, and they kept Lowes-Parlby awake more than half the night. He kept on repeating to himself, "It's all positively absurd!" But the little greedy demons pranced round the bed, and they began to group things into two definite issues.

On the one side, the great appearances; on the other, something at the back of it all, something deep, fundamental, something that could be expressed by only one word—truth.

If he had really loved Adela! If he weren't so absolutely certain that Sandeman was wrong and he was right! Why should he have to say that Wych Street was where it wasn't?

"Isn't there, after all," said one of the little demons, "something which makes for greater happiness than success? Confess this, and we'll let you sleep."

Perhaps that is one of the most potent weapons the little demons possess. However full our lives may be, we ever long for moments of tranquillity; and conscience holds before our eyes some mirror of an ultimate tranquillity. Lowes-Parlby was certainly not himself. The gay, debonair and brilliant egoist was tortured, and tortured almost beyond control; and it had all apparently risen through the ridiculous discussion about a street. At a quarter past three in the morning he rose from his bed with a groan, and going into the other room he tore the letter to Mr. Sandeman to pieces.

Three weeks later old Stephen Garrit was lunching with the Lord Chief Justice. They were old friends, and they never found it incumbent to be very conversational. The lunch was an excellent but frugal meal. They both ate slowly and thoughtfully, and their drink was water. It was not till they reached the dessert stage that His Lordship indulged in any very informative comment, and then he recounted to Stephen the details of a recent case in which he considered that the presiding judge had by an unprecedented paralogy misinterpreted the law of evidence. Stephen listened with absorbed attention. He took two cobnuts from the silver dish and turned them over meditatively, without cracking them. When His Lordship had completely stated his opinion and peeled a pear, Stephen mumbled:

"I have been impressed—very impressed, indeed. Even in my own field of limited observation—the opinion of an outsider, you may say—so often it happens—the trouble caused by an affirmation without sufficiently established data. I have seen lives lost, ruin brought about, endless suffering. Only last week a young man—a brilliant career—almost shattered. People make statements without ——"

He put the nuts back on the dish, and then in an apparently irrelevant manner he said abruptly, "Do you remember Wych Street, My Lord?"

The Lord Chief Justice grunted.

"Wych Street? Of course I do!"

"Where would you say it was, My Lord?"

"Why, here, of course!"

His Lordship took a pencil from his pocket and sketched a plan on the tablecloth.

"It used to run from there to here."

Stephen adjusted his glasses and carefully examined the plan. He took a long time to do this, and when he had finished his hand instinctively went toward a breast pocket where he kept a notebook with little squared pages. Then he stopped and sighed. After all, why argue with the law? The law was like that—an excellent thing, not infallible; of course, even the plan of the Lord Chief Justice was a quarter of a mile out, but still an excellent, a wonderful thing. He examined the bony knuckles of his hands and yawned slightly.

"Do you remember it?" said the Lord Chief Justice.

Stephen nodded sagely, and his voice seemed to come from a long way off:

"Yes, I remember it, My Lord. It was a melancholy little street."

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Table of Contents

February 26, 1921

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Hard to Beat—*George Pattullo*	6
Winnie and the Broken Heart—*Bertram Atkey*	10
The Hooch Owl—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	12
Where Was Wych Street?—*Stacy Aumonier*	14

ARTICLES

Punching the White House Time Clock—*Frank Ward O'Malley*	3
European Hoe Men and American Farmers—*E. Davenport*	5
We, U. S. & Co.—*Edward G. Lowry*	8
Vanished Millions—*Albert W. Atwood*	9
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen*	21
The Old Visiters—*E. W. Howe*	24

SERIALS

Two and Two—*Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry*	16
Old-Timer—*Hal G. Evarts*	18

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	20

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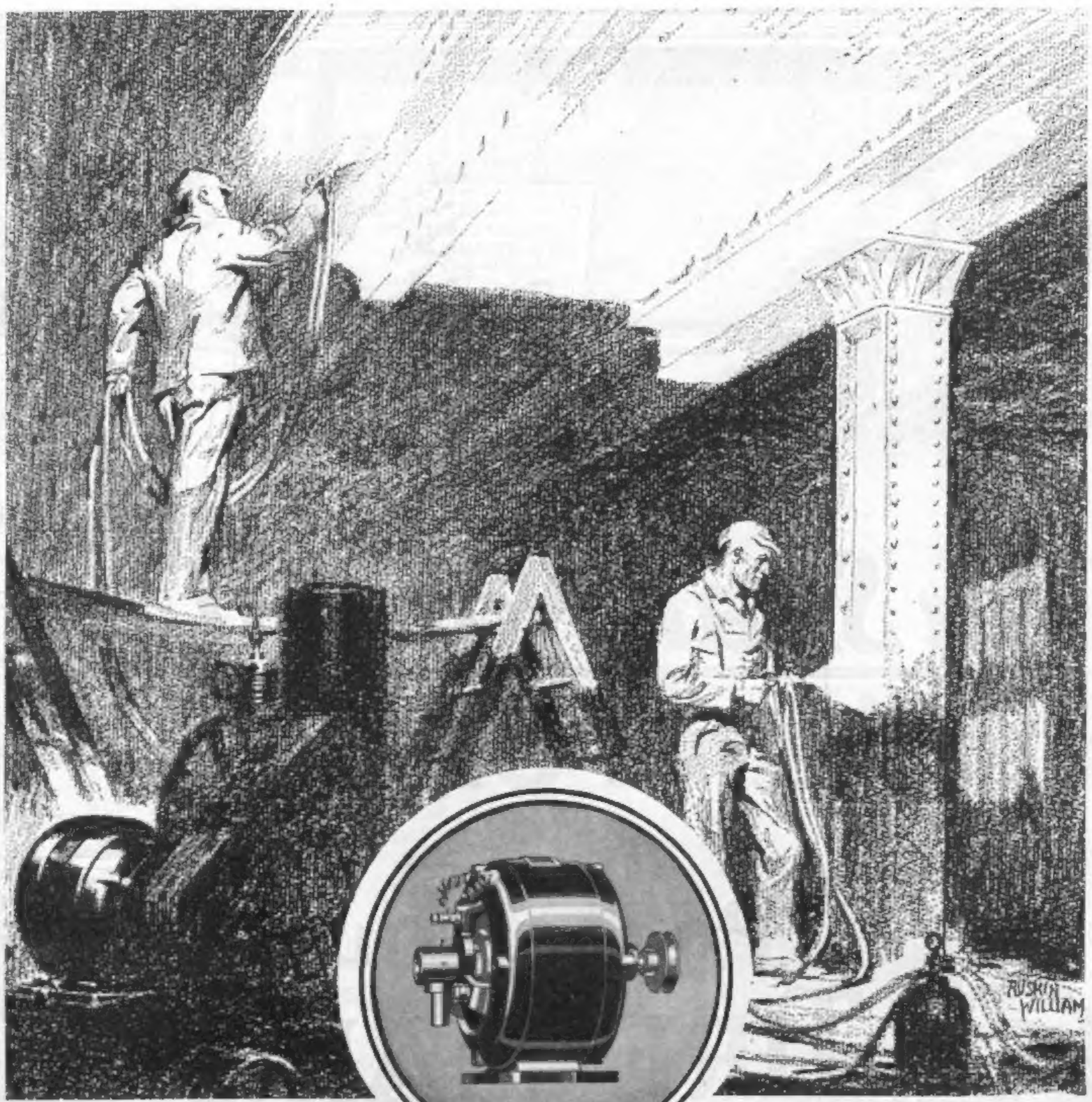

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